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MEMOIR, &c.

MEMOIR AND REMAINS

OF THE

REV. HENRY VAUGHAN, B.A.

LATE OF WORCESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD;
VICAR OF CRICKHOWEL, BRECKNOCKSHIRE;
AND MINISTER OF PARK CHAPEL, CHELSEA.

"Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblameably, we behaved ourselves among you that believe;
"As ye know how we exhorted and comforted and charged every one of you, as a father doth his children,
"That ye would walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto his kingdom and glory."

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Note prefixed to this Memoir, will explain the circumstances under which it was first committed to the press. Having been prepared exclusively for private circulation among the friends and relatives of Mr. Henry Vaughan, or those who had expressed a desire to receive it, this review of his Life and Character would not have been offered to more general acceptance, had not the doubts of the author yielded to repeated suggestions from readers whose candour and judgment were entitled to confidence and respect. And it is now re-printed, not with any disposition to seek publicity for the excellences of a beloved, admired, individual; but as a memorial of Christian graces in their social, domestic, and ministerial aspect, which may be presented to the Church, with the persuasion—sanctioned by an experienced pen—that "when a faithful picture is drawn of that which is Holy and good in real life, it never fails to be interesting;" although, in this instance, the execution may claim no higher merit than that of a correct and simple outline.

C. G. C.

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PREFATORY NOTE

TO THE

COPIES PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

The original Manuscripts of an endeared friend or relative, whose loss we are called to lament, afford, in some cases, such ample records of experience in thought and feeling, that they are fondly consulted as unquestionable relics of the sentiments and the character with which we had delighted to hold converse. In the numerous papers traced by the hand of the Rev. Henry Vaughan, this resource was largely opened to his widow; and the mournful, but consolatory, occupation, discovered to her a daily increasing treasure, which encouraged the desire, and suggested the possibility, of securing for the future spiritual benefit of her then infant children, a memorial of that inestimable parent, by whose sudden and early removal, they had been deprived of a father's tender counsel, and a bright example of the graces of the Christian life.

To accomplish that purpose, the aid of some additional materials became indispensable; and expectation was na-

turally directed towards those ministers, and other friends of the deceased, who, through personal intimacy, or from correspondence, would be enabled to furnish interesting and instructive recollections of his short career. The applications made to them accordingly, were met by an invariably kind and considerate response; valuable details of intercourse aud observation were supplied from the stores of memory quickened by Christian love; and many of his own Letters, which had been preserved with much care and affection, were also contributed.

These offerings of friendship having been accompanied by expressions of cordial interest in the undertaking, and of earnest hope that those who loved and respected his memory, might be allowed to possess the intended Sketch of Life and Character; his widow was led to indulge the gratifying design of honouring his name, and acceding to the wishes of her friends, by issuing a volume of Memoirs and Remains, though not in the way of publication, yet for a circulation which had not previously been contemplated. Still, the object more immediately, and almost unavoidably, pressing upon the attention of the friend to whom the work of preparation was entrusted, has been of a limited and domestic nature,—that of perpetuating in the family circle, such plain and faithful traces of the beauty of holiness manifested in the parent, as—when his lips could no longer give their energetic testimony—might present the picture of a life, scarcely less eloquent and impressive, and, under the Divine blessing, calculated to incite his bereaved offspring to persevere in the path where an example, with so strong a claim to love and reverence, had led the way. This explanation, it is hoped, will ensure for

the performance of the task, in many respects, a liberal measure of that indulgence, for which it would otherwise have been difficult to plead.

The MEMOIR has been formed, for the most part, by a very simple arrangement of the documents which had been collected. In that arrangement, the advantage of exhibiting the character of Henry Vaughan, in the animated, affecting, language of his own heart, has not been overlooked; and wherever his Letters or other papers could be conveniently introduced in the narrative, they have been preferred as the most engaging and authentic evidence of the principles that reigned within, and produced such loveliness in the external walk and conversation. At the same time, the concurrent representations of those whose friendship he enjoyed, have been duly appreciated, and employed without reserve in illustration of the many qualities that inspired their warm attachment and admiration.

It may be proper, here, to apprise the reader that the communications quoted in the following pages—where they are not distinctly noticed as extracts from some other correspondence—were addressed to Mrs. Henry Vaughan in reply to the applications before-mentioned. And an apology is due to several of the writers, for the freedom with which detached portions of their letters have been dispersed in different parts of the work. But it will be obvious, that, by this method, it was proposed to combine in one view, the statements derived from various sources, upon each point or period brought under consideration.

Among the REMAINS, his *Letters*, excepting those inserted in the Memoir, occupy the first place, as relating to many of the events and circumstances comprised in the

preceding history of his life. They disclose, generally without study or restraint, the thoughts and intents of a heart filled with the grace that believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, seeketh not her own; but are penned by a hand that could seldom find leisure to correspond, even with those who were most tenderly loved. Allusions of a minute and familiar description, have in several instances, been retained, under an impression that, however immaterial in themselves, they might be ranked with those little things which often tend to unfold some essential traits of individual character.

In adopting a selection from his unpublished *Sermons*, the choice has partly been governed by the interest attached to those that were delivered at particular seasons, or on special occasions, adverted to in the Memoir. But, under the restriction imposed by the limits of a single volume, a large proportion of notes, and of more carefully written discourses, has reluctantly been withheld. It will be found, in those now presented, that the *brief*, and the *entire*, forms of preparation are, with few exceptions, so blended as scarcely to allow of their being separately classed as "Sermons," and "Notes or Outlines of Sermons;" and the distinction, therefore, has not been attempted. None, perhaps, even of those transcribed apparently at length, represent the subject fully as it was treated in the pulpit; but the multiplied Notes and Sketches in the hand-writing of the author, yield abundant proof that, whatever might be the degree of liberty he enjoyed in the utterance, it was his habit to meditate the substance faithfully and deeply in secret. Having been drawn out solely for his own use in addressing a congregation, they are not offered as speci-

mens of style in composition, but rather as examples of the manner in which he felt and taught the truth of God, and as a medium by which he may again convey an acceptable word of remembrance to the minds of beloved friends and brethren.

From a difficulty experienced in deciphering some parts of the Sermon-Notes, where corrections or interlineations occur in the manuscripts, the precise word indicated by the pen, may not, possibly, in every case have been ascertained. But when any such verbal inaccuracy could affect the tenour of a sentence, or cast any uncertainty upon the intention of the writer, the passage has been altogether omitted.

A few *Miscellaneous Papers* have been added; also a small collection of *Poetical Productions*, chiefly the fruit of his earlier years. The latter were never revised or finished for the public eye; but they reveal so much of the natural taste and disposition, and not unfrequently of the movements of grace upon the heart, that their claim as an attractive and useful auxiliary to the object of the Memoir, could not be refused.*

One word must be submitted, in extenuation of the lamented delay that has taken place in bringing the expected

* It will most probably occur to some readers of the present Edition, that the entire work might have been re-modelled, with advantage. But it is not without consideration that, in reducing the Volume to the limits required for convenience and facility in publication, the general arrangement has been left undisturbed, excepting that several of the Papers, Sermon-Notes, &c. originally inserted as "Remains" have been withdrawn, and others transferred to the "Memoir" in the compressed form of extract or quotation.

volume to a close.—The hand first engaged in a service most welcome to the feelings of a sorrowing friend, was not only interrupted in its progress, by a fluctuating state of health, but constrained, eventually, by continued indisposition, to resign the privilege. And the office was subsequently transferred to one, who, although influenced by the stimulus that deep and affectionate interest must impart, could only devote to this employment, grateful and refreshing as it was, such scanty fragments of time as might be redeemed from the pressure of many urgent duties and pursuits.

That the effort is in accordance with the fervent supplications of the father on behalf of his beloved children, has been a ground of much encouragement throughout this sweet and consoling labour of love. The materials that were provided, although not so complete in every branch as might be desired, have been honoured as a gift from Him whose favour can supply every deficiency, and in whose hand no instrument is too weak or imperfect to promote some purpose of His will. To His disposal, and to His tender mercy, this humble appropriation of those materials is committed, with many heart-felt prayers that the design may not be frustrated by infirmity or error in the execution.

May every friend who still delights to hear the name, and to recal the image, of Henry Vaughan, recognise in these memorials, some vestige of past and hallowed times, when in the fellowship of faith, and hope, and charity, they knew the joy of Christian counsel and communion. May those who were united to him in the tenderest and most endearing relation, prove in their own experience—as

bound up with him in bands of eternal life and love—the power of those principles which he maintained, and by which he lived. And may these records be to them as a voice, from the bright cloud of witnesses given to the church, calling upon them in the persuasive accents of paternal invitation, and with the solemnity of one who has finished his course, who has kept the faith:—"Be ye followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises;"—"LOOKING UNTO JESUS, THE AUTHOR AND THE FINISHER OF THEIR FAITH!"

30th January 1841.

MEMOIR.

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. HENRY VAUGHAN.

CHAPTER I.

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HIS EARLY DAYS AND COLLEGE LIFE.

1806 TO 1828.

HENRY VAUGHAN, whose walk with God will form the chief subject of these pages, was born at Michelmersh, in Hampshire, on the 6th of January, 1806. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Charles Vaughan, the representative of the Vaughans of Tretwr, in the county of Brecon; and was descended, on the maternal side, from the family of the Moncks of Potheridge in the county of Devon, from which the celebrated General Monck also sprang.

To enter at any length upon details of ancestry or family connection, would be foreign to the design already an-

nounced. And, whatever degree of interest would attach to many circumstances of a biographical and a local nature, which might thus be brought under review, they could not be made tributary to the proposed developement of moral and spiritual character, and may therefore be passed over, in favour of a more appropriate opening to this memoir, presented in the authentic testimony of a mother's hand:—

"You wish me to give some account of my beloved Henry's early years; but I cannot, from my sad shattered memory, bring forward any thing sufficiently forcible to convey much idea of that cherished being; save, that his early years were marked by every sweet and gentle affection of mind and manner. If he saw me out of spirits, or alone, he would bring his little book and read to amuse me. He had a great regard to truth, and very early shewed an aversion to any thing mean or dishonourable, which once struck me particularly.—When quite a child, and, running races with others, he was advised to take a shorter cut, so that he might win the race without being observed; he replied with disdain, 'That would be winning by a cheat;—I cannot do that.'

"In January 1813, when only seven years of age, he was sent to Mr. Griffiths' at Southampton,—a very large school for one so young; and though possessed of a bold spirit, yet the natural tenderness of his heart seemed to feel the harshness of the world he came in contact with; and the tyranny of the upper boys to those below them, he mentioned, not as a subject of complaint, but with astonishment that it could be any gratification to them.

"His heart ever bounded with delight at the sight of home, and he was wildly gay with the dear circle that he

loved. Deep were his affections, particularly to his brother Charles, who was nearest to his own age; and I was frequently struck with his great forbearance towards him in any matter of dispute. In 1814, we lost a sweet little girl, Olivia, which was in some degree made up to us by the birth of dear Louis, in the following April. Henry, always feelingly alive to our joys and sorrows, was remarkably fond of infants, being interested by their innocence and helplessness; and Louis had a full share of his love and attention.

"He went to Eton in 1816, from whence he was soon removed, in consequence of serious illness. In 1817 we quitted Hampshire, and went to Glanusk, near Crickhowel. Henry, ever exquisitely alive to the charms of nature, delighted in the beautiful scenery of Wales; every hill and fountain drew from him some testimony of enthusiasm; and in the full joyousness of youth, he passed some of the happiest days of his life. At this period, an anecdote occurs to my mind, indicating his mental courage, and his consideration for the feelings of others. A large Newfoundland dog, a great favourite of the young party, Henry was holding by a cord, while springing over a sunk fence. The dog not following with equal speed, drew him back, and he fell upon his wrist, which was broken by the fall. The change of his countenance marked the pain he suffered; but seeing our anxiety, when the surgeon arrived, he would not allow the slightest expression of pain to escape him; saying, It was nothing. Part of our stay at Glanusk was clouded by the distressing death of my dear little Laura, which grieved him deeply; her grave in the church-yard of Crickhowel, he never failed, according to

the interesting custom of Wales, in which he delighted, to deck annually with the choicest flowers he could find—a tribute of love which he continued to the last year of his short life.

"During our residence in Breconshire, he was at school at Swansea with Mr. Anderson, a talented man, who from illness was obliged to resign his school to Mr. Griffith, and soon afterwards died. Mr. Anderson could not part from his favourite pupil, without writing his character to his father, full of admiration of the fine qualities of his mind, and the elevated ingenuousness of his disposition. It was drawn by a hand capable of delineating forcibly what he wished to express.

"We removed to Bath in 1821, when Henry went to the grammar school there, formerly under Dr. Morgan, but at that time kept by Mr. Wilkins. At that school he met with a very clever young man of infidel, or at least sceptical, opinions, who was fond of arguing those points with him, which he combated with all the strength he was master of. And I think he was thus led to further inquiries himself, as he seemed to feel much for his poor friend's wretched state of uncertainty and unbelief.

"In 1824, he entered at Oxford, at Wadham College, where he obtained an exhibition; and afterwards at Worcester College, a scholarship, against an opponent who subsequently distinguished himself as a second class man. But never having been at a public school, or exercised much in composition, he had more than his competitors to struggle with.

"In his youthful days he evinced a playful fancy, a great discernment of character, a vein of humour, and an art

of catching the ridiculous, which did at times break forth even in later years when it flashed upon him, though always kept in due subjection—not to offend higher feelings. He likewise early shewed a talent for extempore speaking, which afterwards was applied to sacred subjects. An elegance of thought and manner, and an ambition of excelling in every thing he undertook, marked his spring of life. Admired, and full of youthful energy, he just sipped the cup of worldly enjoyment; but it soon became distasteful to him, his soul could not rest satisfied with pursuits so unsatisfactory, and he sought higher enjoyments. During his illness at Coley, to which place he travelled with a young man in consumption, he seemed much impressed with his state; and feeling himself very ill, said, with tears in his eyes, that he had wished to live for the happiness of one dear object, but it was the will of God, and he hoped to bring his mind to resign her and all to Him. A wonderful and sudden change took place, his health rapidly returned, and with it deeper and deeper views of religion. He had just tasted enough of the world to point out its delusions, and to awaken and probe the heart of others with exquisite tenderness and force.

"In this feeble and scanty review of the past, I omitted the brightest jewel in his crown, for of that you could speak most feelingly to the dear children; but as a testimony of love to the dear departed, I cannot wholly abstain from mentioning that, upon entering the sacred ministry, all ambition forsook him, but that of seeking his heavenly Father's will, and living to his honour and glory. The whole powers of his ardent soul were consecrated to Him; and in constant communion with the Holy Spirit and

blessed Redeemer, he lived on earth in the atmosphere of heaven. Could those dear children have beheld him imparting divine truths, with his angelic countenance beaming with the purest love, how would their young hearts have burned within them! But, though vanished from their sight, yet I trust the mantle from above will shield them from all the evils of this passing world."

These touching recollections—treasures of a mother's heart—while they glance at the whole life of her lamented son, depict in clear and lively colours, the blooming spring-time of natural qualities and endowments, which, in the sovereignty of Divine grace, were not suffered long to display their loveliness in mere earthly things; but, ere they had attained maturity under human culture, were summoned to that highest, noblest, service, wherein their true beauty was to be revealed. Some further particulars, derived from other sources, and tending to shew his state of mind and feeling, during the season of youth, and until the completion of his studies at the University, will now be added.

It has been seen, that his education was subject to many unfavourable interruptions; but, so far were they from restraining his desire for eminence in literary acquirements, that, at the age of sixteen, he became a candidate for a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The attempt, it will not be imagined, could, under such disadvantages, be successful; and from that period until his entrance at Wadham College in 1824, a course of study was continued under Mr. Griffith, at Swansea. He was not left, however, to the undisturbed pursuit of this world's

honour, or the pride of literature. We may discern, in some of the events then attending his path, the design of an over-ruling hand—intimations of the purpose of Him who was about to speak the word, "Follow me," with a power that should constrain him to determine for ever whom he would serve.

While he remained at Swansea, he passed some time under the roof of a relation, whose cheerful piety and Christian simplicity engaged the respect and attachment of her youthful guest; although, apparently, no more serious impression was then produced on his mind. Ardently devoted to every object that arrested his attention or regard, he was eager in the chase of pleasure, while ambitious of academic fame; and his many attractive qualities rendered him an universal favourite. His watchful friend, intent upon preparing an antidote for the poison which had become so sweet and pleasant to his taste, provided in his apartment books calculated to expose the delusive nature of the choicest favours and enjoyments this world can bestow, and to lead his thoughts to the only fountain of lasting joy. These proofs of her solicitude for his best interests, were followed up by a more direct mode of influence; and often did he hear her, in strains of affectionate fervent devotion, invoking spiritual blessings on his head. Her elevated hopes and desires could be little understood by this young aspirant after earthly distinction; but he was not insensible to the tenderness and solemnity of her pious prayers, which always held a place in his faithful memory, and were frequently spoken of with gratitude in after life.

Of the days that followed, on his return to Oxford, a

slight survey has been drawn by his attached and early friend, the Rev. E. Blencowe, and communicated in a letter, from which an extract may here be introduced:—

"You ask me for a sketch of Henry Vaughan's college life. My account must be necessarily a brief one, as during the earlier part of the time in which we were fellow-collegians, though we were sometimes companions, I was not by any means one of his most intimate friends. He came to reside about half a year later than myself. The most prominent feature in his character was ardent ambition for scholastic distinction; and considering himself a good deal behind-hand in scholarship, owing, as he told me, to disadvantages in his education from frequent change of place, he laboured hard to recover lost ground; and by sitting up late to read, particularly at a subsequent period when he was about to be a candidate for a scholarship at Worcester College, he inflicted a serious injury on his constitution. The speedy result was a severe illness; and I do not believe that he ever entirely recovered from the effects. Till this attack came upon him (which was, I think, soon after his exertions had been, to his no small delight, rewarded with success at Worcester College) the voice of truth must state, what he afterwards felt in the bitterness of repentance, that he was living without God in the world. Not that he was impervious to religious impressions. He has told me that conscience was not dead, but his heart had never been bowed before God; the prodigal son had not yet cast his eye towards his Father's house, from which, as he confessed to me, he had gone very far astray. But his very amiable disposition, his buoyant spirits, his ardent temperament, rendered his society always welcome, and

he never failed to diffuse mirth around him. That there was, even then, a vein of deeper feeling below, I have little doubt. I remember being surprised one day to hear him say, that he had read 'Mason on Self-Knowledge,' with great interest.' '

The removal of his father, from Bath to the rectory-house at Llangattock, took place after he had been one year at Oxford; and if in his boyish days he had been so much charmed with the scenery of Wales, still greater was his delight in returning to it at an age, when every wild and favourite spot was revisited with the enthusiasm of a poetic taste. Few, only, are the specimens that have been preserved, of his talent for the art; but one, evidently a hasty and unfinished sketch, discovers too interesting a picture of his views and sentiments at that time, to be omitted. It affords a pleasing ground of confidence, that the incorruptible seed had, even then, begun to put forth signs of life in his heart; and anticipates, in a remarkable manner, that work and labour of love to which he was subsequently called. Those friends, who know what satisfaction he enjoyed, when appointed to minister in the valley which gave occasion to this effort of the youthful imagination,—those, who know how zealously he persevered in that sphere of duty, as the attainment of his highest earthly wishes,—will perceive, in the following lines, some strivings of that Spirit, whose gracious counsel and comfort were so richly granted in riper years:—

" What is there in these mountains and these woods?
What is there in these streams and rushing floods?
What is there in these forest glades and dells?
That, with such tides of joy, my bosom swells.

Is it, dear Wales, the fashion of thy grace,
The softly smiling beauties of thy face,
That hold my soul in such unyielding chains?
Sources of joys most sweet, and bitterest pains;—
Joys, when those charms and soft delights I view:
Pains, when I parting heave a sad 'Adieu.'
Thee, more than beauty, more than grace, endears,
Brightens with joy, or dims my eye with tears.
Thee, sweet remembrance of my earlier days,
Passed in a vale through which thy Ischa strays,
Stamps with a charm, a spirit-stirring spell,
Which hearts may feel, but words are weak to tell.
Where are ye fled, dear years of boyhood, where;
Where are your thoughts untroubled by a care;
Where are your games, and freaks, and wanton play,
With which ye sported through the live-long day;
Where is your health, and spirit's constant flow,
Your heart dilate, your ardent bosom's glow?
These all revive and live in this fair scene;
They live recalling all that I have been,—
The airy dreams which hope had raised so high,
Painting, in colours bright, life's chequered sky;
The enchanting picture which young fancy drew,
Fair truth concealing from my blinded view;
The days of sunshine, nights of tranquil rest,
The cheek unfurrowed, unmolested breast;
These, and the thousand joys, our spring-time knows,
Ere the bud burst into the full-blown rose.
That love were cold indeed, that did not rise,
Swell in the heart, and overflow the eyes,—
Love for those scenes which bring such precious store
Of days gone by, of joys to be no more.
But hence! away! remembrance of the past!
Those days, those joys, were not bestowed to last;
Too futile days, too trifling joys for man;
Too vain to work Heaven's soul-redeeming plan.
What! though I feel not now the same as when

I rambled thoughtless through thy glade and glen,
Or, if not thoughtless, thinking things of nought,
With whim or fancy, freak or mischief, fraught;
What! though my heart has now been schooled in pain,
Taught what in life is solid, what is vain,
Taught too by sickness, spirit-searching rod,
Its ways to prove, and humbly walk with God;
Shall then my country be less dearly loved?
Nay, rather, it shall hold a heart improved.
In boyhood's hour my love was but a dream;
Now it shall strengthen to a deep-laid scheme,—
A scheme of joy eternal, to be won
Amid those dales through which thy streamlets run;
Won by a life devoted to its God;
Those paths pursuing which its Saviour trod.
O yes, dear Wales! as on thy mountains bare
The shepherd tends and feeds his fleecy care,
So, in thy vales, I too would feed a flock,
Far from tumultuous scenes, the world's rude shock.
Yes, in some peaceful solitary nook,
A flock would feed, and hold a shepherd's crook.
I want not wealth. True riches are not found
Hid in dark mines, deep-buried in the ground.
I want not honour; 'tis 'a broken reed;'
The hand that leans on it will surely bleed.
But this I would, this forms my constant prayer;
A shepherd's toils, a shepherd's joys, to share;
To keep a flock, and keep it safe from harm,
Gently to nurse the young ones in my arm,
The weak to succour, and to guide the blind,
Hold fast the faithful, and the lost to find,
To give the hungry as their daily food
A heaven-sent manna, soul-sustaining good;
At never-failing wells to quench their thirst,—
The wells of life, from love divine that burst.
This, this I would. And you, dear Wales, should hold,
In thy deep glens and shaggy woods, my fold."

About this time, the family, with which Henry was afterwards connected by marriage, removed from an estate in one of the distant counties of England, to a property in the immediate vicinity of his father's residence at Llangattock. Among the landscape beauties of that property, lying in a rich and diversified part of Breconshire, and for many years in the possession of his ancestors; he had been accustomed to ramble with something of a romantic feeling, as he viewed the present, and reflected on the past; but those scenes were now, with a change of occupancy, to receive an accession of attractive influence, and to become associated with his fondest hopes for the future. The recreations to which the surrounding country invited, the cultivation of literary taste, and the exercise of varied accomplishments, led to habits of intimacy among the youthful members of the two families; and an attachment was soon formed between Henry and the younger daughter of Mr. Johnson. It was not long before they discovered that, in a round of intellectual pursuits, and what are often termed innocent pleasures, although blended with a veneration for sacred things, and much of pious sentiment and feeling, they had not entered on the path of peace. The many obstacles that combined to prevent their union, the discipline imposed by frequent separations, alarming illness, and numerous trials, with some providential escapes from personal danger, were made instrumental in bringing them to the "God of Love and Peace," by the true and living way. No sooner had Henry tasted the blessedness of "receiving the atonement," than every talent committed to his charge was brought under the constraining influence of the great principle, "We love Him, because

He first loved us." And in no effort were the energies of a new life employed with more intense interest, than in directing the dearest object of his earthly affections to the same throne of grace, where he had found rest for his own soul. That the conversion of both, should have taken place nearly at the same period, he esteemed—as he then expressed himself in writing to a friend—to be "among the greatest mercies God had showered upon his undeserving head." And of this engagement, he was enabled to speak, as "resigned into the hands of God, to be preserved pure, deep, and enduring."

By a few, but expressive, touches of the parent's pen, this decided renewal of heart, although other dispensations had also been working together to that end, has been connected more immediately with his illness at Coley. The continuation of Mr. Blencowe's letter, from which an extract has already been taken, will afford some valuable and impressive details of the experience through which he passed at that momentous season :—

"I cannot now precisely call to mind when his absence from Oxford, occasioned by his serious illness, commenced; or what was its duration. I think he was away a whole year or more. When he came to reside for a time at Worcester College, being further removed, I saw but little of him, and it was not till long afterwards that I became acquainted with the deep and entire change which had been wrought in his heart, his affections, and views. We were walking together, and our conversation turning on religion, we gradually discovered that we had much to communicate on what we had both experienced since we had joined together in thoughtless mirth at Wadham. At

different times, he described to me the progress of the work of Divine grace and mercy on his soul. The illness which cut short all his hopes of classical honours, and brought him to the verge of death, was the instrument of God to lead him to repentance and to Christ. He suffered much in body; but he has told me that the agony of his mind, when he began to realize eternal things, was far more terrible. But he was now praying to God. Once, when he had been deprived of sleep for several nights, and the distressing effects seemed to threaten delirium, he knelt in earnest supplication that, if it were God's will, repose might be granted him. Tranquillised, no doubt by his prayer, he lay down; and refreshing sleep of some hours ensued. Without accounting this a miracle, a softening feeling of gratitude to God arose in his heart. It was, I think, on a Sunday evening, after he had received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in Llangattock church, that he walked out alone, and ascended the Fwddog hill. Communing with his own thoughts amid the silence around him, he then, for the first time, felt a gleam of hope break in upon his inward darkness—a hope of pardon—a delightful impression that the peace of God might yet be his. The Scriptures were now the subject of his eager and diligent study. He read them as one searching for hidden treasure; the ardour of his mind was the same, but it had found a new channel. Heavenly hopes now took the place of earthly; and the enthusiastic energy, which before was limited to the pursuit of academical honours, was henceforth directed with an entire devotion to higher ends—to his own salvation, the glory of God, the good of man. He loved much, for he felt that much had been forgiven

him. The change which he had undergone, could not but evidence itself in his whole conversation. Seldom, indeed, does religion, when embraced with earnestness, fail to strengthen and exalt the mind, by calling in, as it were, its scattered faculties, and concentrating them on one object —the only one really worthy of them."

This conflict of a soul, oppressed with a sense of sin, and rising out of that dark and suffering state into light, and peace, and hope, was succeeded by an abiding joy, and entire surrender of the heart to God, of which an account is given by another beloved college friend, the Rev. S. Everard:—

"My personal knowledge of dear Henry, did not commence till he was fully devoted in heart to the service of his dear Redeemer; and I have sometimes rejoiced that I never saw his noble talents, his refreshing conversation, and animating spirits, employed otherwise than in subjection to the Lord. It is undoubtedly an addition to the happiness of my connection with him, that his dear and bright image is always associated with religion, though often with the happiest and most joyous seasons.

"I shall never forget the commencement of our unbroken and close friendship. One Sunday morning, in the summer term of the first year at Oxford, I went into the park for a few minutes, between chapel and breakfast time, and found Henry there. We had met before, in company with Blencowe, but this was the first time we entered into conversation. The day naturally led us to the subjects uppermost in our hearts; and I, who had secluded myself from the society of my own college through

fear of being tempted beyond my power, was charmed to find another, besides Blencowe, to whom I could speak freely, and who could answer me from an overflowing heart. Our walk was prolonged to the utmost, and from that time there were few days during the remainder of his residence, in which we did not pass many hours together. At that period, besides his natural spirits, joy was one of the Divine graces which, together with faith and love, were strongly marked in him; and to this day, I am bound to give thanks for the comfort and refreshment his presence always afforded to both Blencowe and myself.

"He was not, you know, a good correspondent. Whatever he had in hand, was engaged in with such earnestness that he could seldom turn aside to write on other subjects, where the call was not imperative; and I really did receive but few letters from him. I have a rule, also, to destroy all letters that have not something of particular moment in them, to save the time which overlooking many letters consumes. I have therefore only two of dear Henry's letters by me. The first contains most valuable directions for extemporary preaching, and though almost worn out by the many who have studied it, it shall be sent you in a few days. The other I shall most likely forward with it."

It is manifest, from these quotations, that in the early stage of his spiritual course, much sweet counsel and encouragement were derived from the friendship commenced at Oxford. The united desire of the three young fellow-collegians to animate and strengthen each other in the

way of holiness, was confirmed by the residence of Mr. Blencowe and Mr. Everard at Crickhowel, during the long vacation in the autumn of 1828; and although, in succeeding years, local separations allowed but a limited personal intercourse, excepting in one season of joint ministry to be hereafter noticed, the tie which had once bound them together, proved a continued source of mutual joy. At the conclusion of a letter from Henry, in which he had unbosomed his hopes, and fears, and cares, with all the freedom of a friendship cemented by the "love of the Spirit," we find that bond of union thus recognised:—"I have much to say, my dear fellow. This letter, upon reading it over, seems to be full of presumption. But I speak to you *two friends*, as I feel. You are the dearest I have upon earth; you two, and my nearest relatives, are as my own soul. God bless you both." And that the affection and confidence he had expressed, were reciprocal, is witnessed at a later period by Mr. Everard:—"I had long been accustomed to feel the thread of my own existence interwoven with our dear Henry's, and imperceptibly imbibed the feeling, that my own departure would be the first to loosen the triple cord that God had mercifully formed between Henry, Blencowe, and myself."

A Bible, which Henry used during the remainder of his college residence, bears testimony, from the numerous passages marked in it, how closely the Scriptures were then studied. He could now say with his favourite poet:—

"Oh! when reflecting on these truths sublime,
How insignificant do all the joys,

The gaudes, and honours of the world appear !
How vain, ambition ! Why has my wakeful lamp
Outwatched the slow-paced night ? Why on the page,
The schoolman's labour'd page, have I employed
The hours devoted by the world to rest,
And needful to remit exhausted nature ?
Say, can the voice of narrow Fame repay
The loss of health ? Or can the hope of glory
Lend a new throb unto my languid heart,
Cool, even now, my feverish aching brow,
Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,
Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek ?"

Many of his friends can remember the open declarations he then made of the opinions and principles by which he was governed, in the altered aim and habit of his life so obvious to all. And in the summer of 1828, having accompanied his family to Swansea, it was remarked, on the first Sunday of his stay there, that, "on quitting the church, he separated from the lively throng by which they were surrounded, and joined a person habited in mourning. This was the daughter of that excellent relation before mentioned, whose happy spirit was realising the joys, of which a foretaste had been granted to her while she dwelt on earth. Surprise was expressed at his desertion of companions more suited to his age and natural vivacity. His answer at once proved that he was no longer a lover of pleasure; and it must indeed have been soothing to his sorrowing friend, to perceive how fully her deceased parent's wishes were being accomplished."

These reminiscences must not be closed, without some

portion of a letter from his brother Charles, in which, passing rapidly though most affectionately through the progress of an admired life as well in nature as under grace, he recurs especially to the period assigned to this chapter :—

"His general character is now distinctly alive in my memory. As a boy—for we were at school many years together—he was remarkable for sweetness of disposition, and acute sensibility of feeling, a high sense of honour, and a most affectionate heart; he was loved by all his schoolfellows; and I may safely affirm that never was there a person more valued and loved than he, in after life. At college no one, I believe, could have warmer or truer friends; his memory is deservedly cherished by all his cotemporaries. And when religion, through much trouble and affliction, taught him to feel the emptiness of earthly, compared with heavenly, honours,—when, for the sake of this, he thought little of the high distinctions he was once so ambitious of,—when his character was being matured and refined by the grace of God for those spiritual excellences which adorned his ministry ;—what a sweet picture of the Christian's progress, through doubt and darkness, to assurance, and light, and peace, and joy, does he present to my mind in looking back upon the years that are gone. He, like other saints who now like him are blessed, once trod, though not the path of sin, perhaps the path of vanity; he saw its folly, he saw its emptiness; and the Lord in mercy brought the conviction of this truth on his soul, and led him through trials and struggles, through doubts and fears, to the cross of his Redeemer. From that blessed period, one thought was ever in his mind, one hope

was ever in his breast—the thought of his Saviour and his God, the hope of eternal glory. This reflection—the review of his pure and holy life, his faith, his love, his meekness and humility, his charity, his devotion, his every thought and every wish for the eternal well-being of himself and others—this, though it cannot destroy the sting we feel at his loss, yet can reconcile us to it, and enable us, with Job, to exclaim, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

CHAPTER II.

ORDINATION—MINISTRY AT LLANGENNY—CURACY AT CRICKHOWEL —STATE OF HEALTH ON ENTERING THE MINISTRY—HIS MARRIAGE.

1829 AND 1830.

In the year 1829, the subject of this memoir, whose entrance into life has been recorded in the preceding chapter, was ordained to that sacred office, which had sometimes engaged a serious thought in earlier days; but upon which his heart was now fixed with a stedfastness of purpose, implanted by the hand of Him who changeth not, and sustained by a fervent desire, in every way to apprehend that, for which he had been apprehended of Christ. It would have been deeply interesting to follow his tender, lowly, devoted spirit, through the experience and the preparation he must have realised, at that solemn season. But, among the papers that have been preserved, none afford any light upon those points. From the correspondence, however, of which extracts have been given, it is evident that old things had passed away, and all things had become new;—

that He, who, when he putteth forth his own sheep, is pledged to go before them, was leading him in an appointed path;—and that while an amiable and affectionate disposition, with an elevated and accomplished mind, had rendered him almost a faultless object of admiration in the eyes of many who enjoyed his society; "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," had discovered to him the deformity of the natural man, even when disguised in its fairest robes; and taught him to cry, hating the garment spotted by the flesh, "None but Jesus." Having obtained mercy—"Mercy" must be his theme. His burden had been cast at the foot of the Cross;—it was therefore his determination, "to know nothing save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." The still small voice that had revealed peace in his soul, saying, "I am thy salvation," had also given the word, "Feed my sheep." And no stranger's voice could divert him from pursuing, with eager steps, the example of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost, to preach the Gospel to the poor, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

Llangenny, a romantic and retired village in the vale of Usk, situated about three miles from Llangattock, was the scene of the first ministerial duty committed to him. He was there called to officiate as reader of the English service, which was used in the church alternately with the Welsh. But the limited nature of this appointment, was not suffered to hinder the exercise of the pastor's office; and although the materials from which any particulars of his labours in that place can be gleaned, are extremely scanty and defective, evidence is not wanting of his having

entered upon the work, animated by a sense of its privileges and its responsibilities, and rejoicing in the recollection that he was pledged "to be a messenger, a watchman, a steward of the Lord, to teach and to premonish, to feed and provide for the Lord's family, to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for his children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ for ever."* Those great doctrines of the Gospel, which had been made spirit and life to his own soul, were drawn out, distinctly and successively, in plain and familiar expositions; and to the energy of his public ministration, were added that faithful testimony in private and domestic visits, and that quick observation of all passing local events, with a lively improvement of them, which gave so much effect to his office, and excited so much affection for his person, in succeeding years.

On directing the attention to this opening of his short but brilliant day,—when, in the ardour of a first love, he regarded a delicate state of health and constitution as an internal monitor urging him to "work while it is called to-day,"—it is difficult to restrain a feeling of regret, that none of those interesting details are now to be obtained, which might have been supplied by one whose self-denying exertions were identified with every benevolent undertaking in that parish, but who was herself called to enter into rest, a few months before Henry had finished his course. His college friend, the Rev. E. Blencowe, already named, has alluded briefly to the period now before us:—"The cure to which he was first appointed,

* Ordination Service.

was, I believe, Llangenny; and his own family can, better than I, speak of his unwearied labours there during the year he held it. He told me afterwards that he was conscious he had overworked himself, and thought he never got rid of the effects of his exposure to weather, and incessant talking from cottage to cottage. Whether it was allowed him to see much fruit, I am not aware." But the communication of an eye-witness, although written with pain and difficulty under the effects of tedious and severe indisposition, is more explicit:—

"Immediately after his ordination, Mr. Henry Vaughan entered upon the curacy of Llangenny, preaching his first sermon there, in which, after detailing the duties of the ministerial office, he earnestly entreated his congregation to pray for him, that he might be made 'sufficient for these things.' For of this, we may at least be sure, that he himself ceased not to entreat the Lord. And we know that these prayers were abundantly answered.

"During the short time he remained in this, his first charge, he ceased not to warn and to entreat, and rightly to divide the word of truth, giving to each one his portion in due season. In the scattered cottages of his poorer hearers, he was a frequent, and always a welcome, visitor; for his cordial smile, and ready hand, at once attracted those whose affection, continued kindness secured. His visits to the rich were frequent; and to them, he uniformly displayed that mixture of faithfulness and tenderness, which formed so marked a feature in his character, and made it impossible, from his entrance on the ministry, for any one 'to despise his youth.' To the lambs of his flock, he was affectionately attached, and

greatly beloved by them; and he possessed the art of arousing, and keeping up, the attention of his youthful pupils, to a considerable extent."

A letter, addressed by himself to one of the parishioners, during a temporary interruption of his duties there, will shew still more distinctly that those, for whom he had engaged to watch, were closely bound upon his heart:—

"I have been (he writes) unavoidably occupied these two last days, partly in superintending the distribution of coal among the necessitous in Crickhowel parish, and partly in assisting to raise a subscription for a similar purpose in Llangattock parish. I saw Mrs. P . . . , and read and prayed with her, on Sunday; she appeared to me to be sinking very fast. Could you contrive to see her to-morrow? I should not like her, in her precarious state, to remain longer unvisited by a spiritual counsellor. If, therefore, you cannot engage to visit her, I will. My reason for thus encroaching on your charity, is, that a slight cold, which you might have heard me complain of, threatens to fix on my chest; in which case I might be disabled for some time. If I could only get one or two days entirely within doors, I should hope, by God's blessing, to get rid of my cold altogether.

"Poor dear Mrs. M . . . has been sadly neglected, in the scramble I have been in of late. Could you or A . . . look in upon her? I hope N . . . will take pains with the children I sent her; I mean particularly in teaching them the catechism. Has the coal been distributed at Llangenny yet? Several applicants put in their claim on

Sunday last. Please to give E . . . 2*s.* 6*d.* for me. I have no security to offer but my slender person. . . . . .

"We must make hay while the sun shines. God only knows how long I or you may be at Llangenny. Try and convince Mrs. . . . of sin. A bad temper, and a little want of honesty, have been her stumbling-blocks. Oh, that she may be found with Christ! Mrs. T . . .'s faults are self-righteousness and insincerity. My plan was to choose some passage on the Redemption, and apply it in such a way as to tell her of her faults, with much plainness, and as much tenderness as I could."

These expressions of solicitude for "the family" brought under his care, when viewed in connection with other evidence, may justify our indulging the idea that they flow, not so much from a conscientious desire to be faithful in the work and service laid upon him, as from a heart moved by the constraining power of that love which is of God. The attachment, formed at that time between the minister and the people, did not terminate with his removal to another, and more extended, sphere of labour. This little village was a scene in which he always delighted to linger; and the hearty, but respectful, salutation that met his occasional visits, in subsequent years, could not be observed without an impression that he had there made full proof of his ministry. In many cases, there was the mutual recognition of a bond of fellowship, too firm and sacred in its principle, to be broken or weakened by intervals of time or place.

That his own soul prospered, while he thus sought and

laboured for the prosperity of others, may be confidently inferred; and although there is but little in the way of express testimony upon that point, yet some verses of a devotional character, written whilst he was at Llangenny, and under the expectation of heavy trials, breathe so much of the spirit of adoption, and of that lowliness of heart in which the Divine presence is known and enjoyed, that they may be treasured as the experience of one, in whom God had commenced his perfect work. They are as follows :—

" Darker, darker, make thy frown.
Lower, lower, press me down.
The cause I know; I know the end.
In sorrow Thou art still my friend.

Sin—the cause. Oh, hateful cause!
Sin against love's gentle laws.
The end—deliverance from its sting,
And glory to our conquering King.

Let fiercer storms, then, vex my soul;
Let broader billows o'er me roll.
Do all thy will. Thou canst intend
None but a good and glorious end.

There was a time when every woe
I dreaded as my soul's worst foe.
Sorrow, now, I deem a sign
That Jesus, and his life, are mine.

Then spare not, spare not, gracious God!
To use affliction's chastening rod.
I feel my need. Oh! well I know
There's mercy dealt in every blow.

I fear Thee not with slavish fear;
Thy very stripes to me are dear;
Dearer far than smiles would be
From any other, Lord, than thee.

Let all thy pleasure, then, be done;
Perfect the work thou hast begun.
If by suffering; welcome pain!
By Thee inflicted, it is gain.

It is gain, though quick the smart;
It wounds, at once, and heals the heart;—
Wounds but to heal. Oh! welcome pain!
By Thee inflicted, it is gain.

What gain, no tongue can tell us now;
We can but faintly guess. To know,
Would be to taste the cup of love
That waits the glorified above."

In the year 1830, he was appointed to the curacy of Crickhowel by his highly-valued friend, the Rev. George Bevan, in whose refined and cultivated mind, as well as Christian benevolence and activity, he found the endearing sympathy of a kindred spirit. He now enjoyed in him, though for a short season indeed, not only the support and co-operation of one who felt the responsibility, and delighted in the exercise, of his holy calling; but also the counsel of one who was experienced in carrying out plans, for ameliorating the moral and spiritual condition of his people, and for ministering to their temporal advantage. Henry Vaughan was too ready to appreciate any excellence he could discover in another, and too much impressed with a conviction of insufficiency in himself, to estimate lightly the privileges of this friendship, or the extent and impor-

tance of the work that had been wrought. Referring to their intercourse at an earlier period, Mr. Blencowe remarks, "I well remember the characteristic enthusiasm with which he described to me dear Mr. George Bevan, of whom he spoke with warm gratitude, as having been of great use to him at the time when he was yet unsettled and perplexed in his religious views." And the sense he entertained of the benefits resulting from Mr. Bevan's pastoral exertions, is also noticed by the same correspondent:—"It must not be supposed that, of the good which was effected at Crickhowel, he claimed all the origination. Often did he acknowledge, with deep feeling, the labour of years bestowed by his excellent predecessor, and attribute to him the merit of having broken up the rough ground, and smoothed the way for subsequent labourers." Upon this subject, Henry also touches in the following affectionate and faithful terms, in a sermon preached on succeeding to the vicarage, from which Mr. Bevan had retired in declining health:—

"Allow me to call your attention to what has been already effected. Most gladly do I embrace this opportunity of publicly expressing my sense of the valuable labours of my beloved predecessor. With him the ministry was in truth a work, a labour, of love. His time, his fortune, all his talents, were devoted with unwearied perseverance, and constancy, and zeal, to the cultivation of the Lord's vineyard. Whatever there is of comfort and convenience, of order and decency, in the place in which we are assembled —this he hath wrought. Whatever advantage has been hitherto, or may be hereafter, derived from our schools, he, under God, must be regarded as the main instrument

by which it was effected; for the very building in which our children assemble, was one fruit of his abundant charity. To him, too, under God, must the sick that receive gratuitous relief, feel themselves mainly indebted. The dispensary was another effect of his discreet management, and well-directed zeal. In short, wherever we turn our eyes, we see monuments of his useful and pious labours; and there are few amongst us, I believe, who do not bear some memorial of it, in benefits conferred personally on ourselves; and none more than he who now addresses you. And what return can we make? How shall we repay these eminent services? How, but by carrying on that work in which his heart was engaged. How, but by building up on that foundation which he, with so much toil, hath laid. Commending him then, my beloved brethren, to your warmest gratitude and most earnest prayers, let me request your attention while I entreat your help and furtherance in carrying on that which hath been so successfully begun." . . . . . .

Before we pass on to any details of his own exemplary zeal and diligence in maintaining and extending this work, or of the co-operation rendered by the people to whom he so emphatically appealed; it may not be an unprofitable digression if, with a view to give glory to the excellency of the Power by which he was sustained, we bring to remembrance the slight and delicate structure of the earthen vessel, chosen to receive that heavenly treasure which he was commissioned to dispense.

By those who knew Henry Vaughan, only from the report of his incessant labours, or his admired talents and

attainments, it would not be imagined how slender a form, how susceptible a constitution, were exposed to continual weariness and painfulness in the varied duties he undertook. But those who, enjoying the endearments of personal intercourse with him, perceived how soon his little share of bodily strength was exhausted, and how frequently symptoms and sensations of impaired and declining health followed even an ordinary degree of exertion, could not but be seriously apprehensive for the effects of a zeal restrained by no earthly motive or consideration. While the field of usefulness spread before him at Crickhowel, excited the energy of an enterprising spirit, willing to encounter every hardship, and to brave every opposition, if by any means he might save some; he appears to have suffered much anxiety from those ailments of the throat and chest, to which he was more or less subject during the whole course of his ministry. It was, however, an anxiety, not for himself, but in behalf of those who were perishing for lack of knowledge, or were in need of the pastor's watchful care.

In some notes, or partial journals, about the time of his entering upon the Curacy, we find him casting this burden, with much entreaty and many lamentations, upon that God who had visited him with His saving health: —

"O God, most weighty are the concerns that lie upon our conscience—the care of thy people committed to our charge, of which the Holy Ghost hath made us overseers! Most solemn is the vow that rests upon us, to devote ourselves wholly, soul and body, to this labour of love, by which souls may be converted unto Thee. O God! where, where is our strength to fulfil our promises and pay back

our vows. I am as a withered leaf driven before the wind. I am as a broken reed, as smoking flax. If the air is but a little ungenial, if the winds blow but a little keenly, my frail being is nipped. I am obliged to seek shelter, or I should perish. And yet, my God, abroad is my work, abroad amongst the careless and sinful,—there, where the world, the flesh, and the devil, are compelling souls by force into their snares, or enticing them by guile. O God! I pray Thee quickly to restore me. To be thus confined, when thy enemies are loose, is pain and grief to me. O Lord God, again arm me with strength, and send me forth, and that speedily! Hear me! O hear me for Christ's sake! Amen. Amen."

"A few words spoken now, weaken me. Much reading would destroy me. O God, my God, how shall I discharge my office? Shall I go against the advice of friends and physicians, and venture forth at all risks, confiding in Thee? Or is it rather Thy will that I should moderate my exertions, recover my strength, and then come forth refreshed and vigorous? What is thy will, O God? Am I for life or death? I now hang in suspense between two worlds. Which way, which way is the scale to incline? It were better to leave this scene of sin, trouble, and disappointment, and to be with Christ. . . . . These are the multitude of thoughts that arise within me; and though I be sometimes afraid, yet put I my trust in Thee. Yea, and will ever trust in Thee, whose love first found me out, and ever since has kept me up. O, confirm my faith. Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief. O Lord, increase my faith!"

"Many are the thoughts within me, O my God, and

troublous. I am a minister, having a dispensation of the gospel committed to me; and yet my strength is so small that, to dispense it as I ought, I am not able. I am as a leaf driven to and fro. A breath of wind might slay me. On Thee I rest. I have none in heaven, none on earth, but only Thee. Yet, who am I, and what have been my fathers, that I should expect thy care? O God, we are wretched, blind, naked, miserable, poor, helpless; and that is our title to thy consideration. Jesus Christ, Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, grant us thy peace! O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us! It is promised that our trials shall not be greater than we are able to bear; it is promised that as our day is, so shall our strength be. I keep my mind as a weaned child, and on this promise hang. O Lord, help me, help me; I have none, none but Thee!"

"O my God! again I make known to Thee my wants, in groans and tears. O God, how, how shall I discharge the office committed to me? Souls are perishing around, and I have not strength to take thy gospel to them. O Lord, haste Thee to help me! Thou knowest our frame; Thou rememberest that we are but dust; Thou wilt not crush us. In Thee is our trust. Oh, hold us up; strengthen our weakness; enable us to make thy salvation known —thy great salvation—to lost sinners."

"O God! all around me, sinners are perishing; and I have not strength to go amongst them, and warn them of their danger. I fear lest their blood should be required at my hands. If so, what will become of me! O Lord God, strengthen our weakness! Restore me yet a little!

Already I have found answers to my prayers; and here, on my knees, I acknowledge thy goodness, and confess my utter unworthiness. Still, I am emboldened to pray; for thy mercies to sinners, through Jesus Christ, are infinite, and never fail. Continue, then, thy loving-kindness; and, if it be thy will, perfect that which thou hast begun. Oh, that thy people committed to my charge, should be as sheep without a shepherd! It is gall and wormwood to my heart. My God, my God, haste Thee, haste Thee to our help and succour!"

A season of returning activity revived, in some measure, his depressed spirit; and thanksgivings are mingled with his supplications:—

"God has certainly heard my prayers, offered up for health and strength. I have this week been enabled to go through more duty, with less suffering, than for a long time before. To-morrow (Sunday,) I am to be almost idle. This is a sad grief of mind to me. Is it, or is it not, a desertion of my post? Perhaps one week's rest now, may save a long absence from my flock. God grant it may be so. There is much, very much, to be done with my congregation, and in the parish generally. If God should continue my strength, I purpose being more active in many ways, particularly in catechising the children, which I have lately, from necessity—so at least I flatter myself—much neglected. O God! bear with me; bear with my infirmities. If more strength be not soon given me, had I not better resign my charge into abler hands? I cannot bear to see sinners perishing all around me, and not stand forth to rescue them, by the grace of God, from perdition."

And a letter to Mr. Everard, written in the same year, unfolds, with the liberty and candour of Christian friendship and confidence, his thoughts, and hopes, and apprehensions, concerning his own health of mind and body :—

" You say much, and that much, with your own peculiar love and kindness, respecting my health. You will be rejoiced to hear that it has pleased God completely to restore it. I am still, however, by the doctor's positive orders, forbidden to continue any of my clerical duties. A month is the time to which the discontinuance of them has been limited. The immediate cause of my illness was a cold, which, from circumstances, I was prevented from taking means to get rid of. From my head it passed to my chest, and there produced a slight inflammation of the lungs. Dr. Lucas used prompt measures, and has, by the blessing of God, succeeded in effecting a speedy cure. How many gracious ends of Providence, my blindness and hardness of heart have defeated in this visitation, I am ashamed to think; some, however, have, by the power of his grace, been led, I trust, to their designed effect. Death has been more seriously contemplated than ever before. How sweet is it to find by *experience* that this enemy, like all others, is under the feet of our conqueror, in whose conquest we share. Oh! how completely under his feet! How else could I have been emboldened to pray that God would take me now, even at this time, if such were his pleasure; and am emboldened to pray so still. Consumption, and all its host, how terrible did it once seem! But it is so no longer. By what more easy passage, could we desire to enter into the joy of our Lord. I know not why, but I cannot divest myself of the impression, that my days

are not to be many in this world. I look upon my illness this spring as a gracious warning. May I, by God's grace, employ whatever time is given, in making my peace with God through Jesus Christ; and in labouring, through the same aid, to bring others to rest their hopes of eternal life on the same foundation. The doctors do not regard my illness as any thing more than a common cold, aggravated and made more difficult to cure, from want of care; and, indeed, no symptoms of any more serious complaint have appeared. Still it is to be considered that my frame is altogether weak, and easily susceptible of injury in any part. My profession calls for almost an incessant use of the lungs; and a delicacy in that quarter may at the least be argued from this winter's experience. Most cheerfully and gladly do I leave the matter in the hands of my God, who is also my dear Redeemer."

Those allusions to repeated attacks of the same kind, and to frequent indications of failing health, which will be found occasionally in his own letters and those of his friends, of later dates, will sufficiently prove that the opinion he then expressed arose, not from any unfounded alarm, but from a calm and clear perception of his tenderly-constituted frame. There was ever present in his mind and heart, one paramount claim upon body, soul, and spirit, to serve and to glorify his God and Saviour; but whether by life or by death, he could peacefully rest upon His wisdom to determine. The cessations from labour which drew from him such importunate supplications as have been recited, were imperative, no less through actual debility, than by medical advice; and whenever he could possibly escape

from the restraint of either, he was checked by no thought of prudent care; no time was then lost in pressing into the harvest-field that lay around him.

That the illness more particularly spoken of in the letter just quoted, was not of long duration, an interesting evidence is afforded; for, within a few months from that time—but after several years of painful delay and anxiety—the only object that could compete, in his devoted affections, with the work of the ministry, was attained; and the happiness of the married state, was added to his cup of simple, sanctified enjoyment.

CHAPTER III.

GENERAL VIEW OF HIS MINISTRY AS VICAR OF CRICKHOWEL.

1832 TO 1836.

THE history of a parochial minister, consecrating the best powers of natural and spiritual endowment to the flock placed, in the providence of God, under his care and oversight; and regarding that flock as the chief object for which he is to live; cannot, however important in itself, be expected to contain much of striking peculiarity. In fulfilling the numerous duties inseparable from the office of the Christian pastor, there will be an uniformity of arrangement, as of principle, in the employments and exertions of those who are guided by that Spirit, upon whose counsel they are all equally dependent for wisdom and strength. And it is scarcely possible, in referring to the multiplied objects which claim the unremitting attention of every faithful servant of Christ, to avoid a repetition of circumstances, connected alike with the pathway of all who watch for souls as they that must give account. But every one to whom Henry Vaughan was personally known, would

freely acknowledge that, in his peculiar way of executing whatever his hand found to do, there was a charm not often witnessed. It was not merely his natural gracefulness and suavity of manner, an affectionate tenderness of feeling, the countenance expressive of a pure mind and loving heart, the complexion wearing a sweet transparency, as if it would not conceal the gracious workings of the inner man;—it was not only the attractive, the ingratiating, exterior and deportment; or the holy fervour when in the congregation, the light of warm benevolence in the eye when visiting the cottager, the ready sympathy in every case whether of joy or sorrow, the kind accommodation of thought and word to the little ones of his flock;—it was not by any, or all, of these qualities, that interest and attachment were excited in so remarkable a degree. They possessed, indeed, a commanding influence; but it was an influence far short of that which accompanied the impression (sometimes almost an unconscious one), that all he uttered, and all he wrought, proceeded from the power of the Divine presence in his soul. His words, whether in counsel, instruction, admonition, or comfort, were felt to be, not the result of a sanctified judgment, or a spiritual discernment, alone; but rather as a stream of Sacred Truth from a fountain springing up within him unto eternal life. "I know whom I have believed," seemed to be the experience, interwoven with every testimony, and directing every pursuit.

For the reasons above-mentioned, details of an ordinary nature, and common to all local ministrations when conducted with zeal and fidelity, will only be introduced, in reference to the labours of Henry Vaughan, so far as they

have acquired some particular interest, from their connection with records under his own hand, or from communications made by his friends.

It was towards the close of the year 1832, that he became Vicar of Crickhowel; and his solemn view of the relation thus established between himself and his people, appears from the first sermon he preached on being called, in that office, to stand alone among them as their spiritual leader and instructor. "On the last Sabbath-day, (he says) I was, after having taken on my soul the vows and duties of the sacred order of the priesthood, solemnly and authoritatively instituted to the vicarage of Crickhowel. I now therefore address you as *my* flock, as *my* people. How sacred is the bond that henceforth subsists between us; how strong the obligations which, as so many bands of love, should bind us one to another, and all to Christ. One thought is overwhelming with me.—How I shall fulfil this ministry? how I shall acquit myself in this office? how I shall dispense this stewardship? how I shall account to the great Master, for this charge of souls? When I consider, on the one hand, the weakness of the instrument; and on the other, the arduousness of the work; my faith almost fails; and I could with Moses, desire God to send and bring forth his people by some other hand. But no! the hand is to the plough. 'Forward'—shall be my signal,—'Forward.' Death is behind. Christ, Heaven,—before. 'Forward,' conquering and to conquer. For he has promised. . . . . And now, my brethren, pray for us; that we may be able to open our mouths boldly, and speak as we ought to speak for God, without partiality or hypocrisy; that we may not shun to declare the whole

counsel of God; that we may preach the word, be instant in season and out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine; that we may be an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity; that we may not count our lives dear unto ourselves, so that we might finish our course with joy, and the ministry which we have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. And oh! my dear brethren, may God grant that when the chief shepherd shall appear, you may be found my crown of rejoicing."

A few considerations, briefly stated on another and later occasion, when introducing a Curate to his congregation, may not inappropriately be noticed here, in illustration of the high and holy ground upon which he took his stand as an ambassador for Christ. The Scripture selected as the subject of discourse, was, "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied;" and among various concluding remarks, noted in the manuscript, he makes these in reference to the ministry. "Finally, this subject seems to set before us,—1. *The sweet pledge of ministerial success:* 'He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied.' Yes, nothing shall prevent it; not sin; not the world; not principalities or powers; He has sheep to bring, and they shall hear his voice. 2. *The purest motive to ministerial exertion.* What can ministers, what can people, desire more than to satisfy the soul of Christ? The love of Christ constrains us to this—bears us away like a torrent. 3. *The strongest bond of ministerial union and affection.* To be one in this work, is at once an introduc-

tion, not to acquaintance, but to the most sacred bonds of friendship. Who, that love Christ, love not all that seek to glorify Christ, and to satisfy his soul? Let us enter, then, on our mutual relation, confident of *His* blessing, who openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth; united in the sacred bond of the mutual desire, to love and to satisfy Christ's soul that travailed for us; and urged on by the pure motive of increasing the joy, and promoting the glory, of Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us.'

In a letter* written at the request of his friend, Mr. Everard, on extemporaneous preaching, will be found many observations tending to shew both his opinion and his practice with regard to that and other branches of ministerial duty. And an Ordination Sermon preached at St. David's College, Lampeter, partly preserved in manuscript, not only contains sound views, but evinces so much depth of experience in the things of which he had been called upon to treat, that some quotations from his address to those who were charged with a stewardship in the house of God, may not be out of place when adverting to his own character in that high and holy vocation :—

"We will not," he remarks, after a general introduction and arrangement of his subject, "waste precious time in criticism, but proceed at once to reflect on the dignity and importance of the sacred office. Its dignity, how shall we estimate? Shall we consider by whom, and at what time, it was appointed? If so, then we shall find, that He who ascended up on high, and led captivity captive—Jesus,

* See Letter, No. I.

openly triumphing over sin, death, and hell—'gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers.' Its origin is glorious with the glory of the newly-risen Redeemer. It reflects the first rays of the Sun of Righteousness arising on the world with healing in his wings. Shall we look to the ends for which it was ordained?—'For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.' Is not an office ordained for such ends, in dignity more angelical than human; has it not more of heaven in it than of earth? Shall we look to the terms in which the Holy Ghost hath spoken of this office? Then we shall find it called, 'a dispensation of the grace of God,' a 'ministry of the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God,' a 'preaching of the unsearchable riches of Christ.' We shall find it designated as 'the ministry of reconciliation,'—'of the New Testament,'—'of the word;'—with humblest reverence be it spoken, 'a ministration of the Spirit.' . . . . . But why need we multiply words? If the minister, whose hands hold the seal of authority, and on whose shoulder rest the keys of government; if the judge who interprets and administers the laws; if the ambassador who represents the interests of his sovereign in foreign courts;—if these be important in their several offices; if the witness that attests and confirms the truth; if the watchman whose vigilance keeps the city; if the soldier whose valour defends his country; if the physician whose skill administers health, if the father whose love and

prudence should bless a family; if the husbandman whose laborious industry and patient perseverance till and cultivate the earth,—be each in their various relations, important;—then, how important that office which unites all these in one, and ought to unite them in their highest perfection."

Giving due weight to the external and the internal call, as "essential to a lawful exercise of the ministry," and observing that "if individuals might be judges of their own qualifications, and plead an internal call as a sufficient ground for undertaking the office of the sacred calling, the house of the living God would soon be converted into a Babel or a Bedlam;"—he proceeds, "No human authority can send whom God does not send. It matters little, who signs our commission, if God do not. If our credentials are not first sealed in heaven, in vain are they stamped with man's authority. If we have not been inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, we are prophets after the deceit of our own hearts. . . . . I would then ask, as in the sight of the living and heart-searching God, in the first place and above all, whether you are savingly and experimentally acquainted with the truths of the Gospel. Let me not be mistaken. I am not now speaking of a knowledge of systems of divinity, and what is called the science of theology. I am speaking of the heart and marrow of all divinity, and all theology; I am enquiring as to your conversion of heart to God; I am asking whether you feel and live upon the truths of the Gospel. . . . . I ask with all earnestness, do you know the blessedness of that man whose transgressions are forgiven, whose sin is covered, to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity? Have

you, with the apostle, learned to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus your Lord; and determined to be found in him, not having your own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Jesus Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith? Have you thus made trial of Christ, the tried stone? Is He of you elect? Is He to you precious? Is He, in your religion, foundation and corner-stone—all in all? If not; then how, I beseech you, how can He be 'all in all' in your preaching; how can you purpose to know nothing among your flock, but 'Christ and him crucified;' how can you duly glory in his cross, extol his grace? And consider—consider, I pray you—whether it be possible, that God can have sent one to build his house, who knows not how to lay the foundation. . . . . If you know not the Gospel, you cannot be the fit person to preach and teach it. . . . . But let it not be supposed, because practical ignorance of Divine truth excludes from the internal call, that all who have it, may, on that account alone, conclude that they have been duly moved by the Holy Ghost. If so, then all truly religious persons might conceive themselves, as such, qualified for and called to the work of the ministry. No. There must be added a constraining, deliberate, disinterested desire to be engaged in this work. There must be a desire—the word is weak—there must be rather a kind of longing to be employed in this work, a willingness, in foresight of its difficulties, to spend and be spent in it. This desire must be constraining in the heart, the understanding, and the life; calling forth suitable affections, and leading to suitable preparations. It must be deliberate; not the sudden fervour

of a youthful and ardent imagination, not the wild-fire of a blind and mistaken zeal, but a steady sacred flame, ever burning, and never consumed. It must be disinterested; no ambitious, no covetous, no selfish views, must have inspired or fed it. And it should be accompanied with a competence of ability and ministerial gifts, of which, perhaps, judicious and experienced friends may be better judges than ourselves."

With reference to the personal and private duties of the minister, among various suggestions, of which he had experimentally proved the force, he has these: —"How can he exhibit heaven in his conversation, but by conversing with heaven? How can living waters flow from his lips, unless he has, by prayer, first drunk in the heavenly draught? No; if the duty of prayer, special prayer for ministerial graces and gifts, and for a blessing upon our work, be not diligently fulfilled, it will leave our ministrations barren as the fruitless fig-tree, dry as the valley of dry bones. Prayer is the soul of ministerial character and of ministerial usefulness. With it, a weak instrument is a tower of strength; without it, the strongest, but a broken wall and tottering fence. . . . . 'Mighty in the scriptures,' is a minister's greatest praise. What is it, that as a hammer breaks the rock, the adamant, of the natural heart? The Word of God. What is the sword, whose point penetrates the panoply of the sinner's confidence? The quick, and powerful, and two-edged Word of God. What is it, whose light giveth wisdom to the simple? The light of God's Word. What is it, that drops grace into the soul, as the rain, and gently distils it as the dew? It is the doctrine of God's Word. What is the seed that contains

all the root, all the stem, all the flower, and all the fruit, of divine grace and glory? The incorruptible seed of the Word, the instrument of regeneration and of sanctification. O, study the Word of God! Fulfil this duty, as you would fulfil your ministry! Meditate thereon day and night! Hide it in your heart; bind it on your hands; set it as a frontlet between your eyes; study it in your closet; study it as you walk by the way; study it with every human help; study it, as though there were no human help, upon your knees, with fervent wrestling prayer. It is a sealed book until the Spirit open it, a sealed fountain until the Spirit broach it. Those only understand it, to whom it is given from above, who are taught of God."

These passages convey the utterance of a heart consecrated to the Lord from whom the "internal call" had proceeded, and affianced to the church in which the sanction of an "external call" had been conferred. With feelings of true membership, he inculcated the respect and attachment due to the ministerial rank and authority instituted in that church; and with a fervent desire that his people should be numbered with the true worshippers, he laboured to promote among them an intelligent and spiritual use of her forms and liturgies.

In a paper containing "Arguments in favour of adhering to the Established Church," he thus temperately advocates the former:—

"I am not one of those who would contend for bishops, priests, and deacons, as the constitution of the Church laid down in the New Testament so precisely, as to say, departure from it must be schism. On the contrary, I

find that Ἐπισκόποι and Πρεσβύτεροι are interchangeable terms. But still, since that constitution has prevailed from the Apostles' days, and is sufficient for the purposes of order, &c, and is established among ourselves in a form, far indeed from original purity, yet not so corrupt as, even in the opinion of its adversaries, to endanger salvation; charity demands, not a blind acquiescence in all its faults, but a warm attachment to its excellences, and fervent prayer for its amendment, with firm but gentle remonstrances; that so, its communion may be preserved, and peace not broken by inordinate attachment to that idol of the day—private judgment; whose blind worshippers rend the church with schism, and the state with rebellion. I do not apply my observations to such as secede from real scruples of conscience, though I still think them wrong in judgment."

A discourse on the collects, epistles, and gospels, appointed for the several Sabbaths throughout the year, which he characterises as "not only selected by our church with admirable piety, but arranged with a judgment no less remarkable in a most harmonious order, so as to present to her members a complete system of evangelical truth in its two grand divisions of faith and holiness;"—he opens in this manner:

"As a traveller hastily passing through a country however lovely, knows little of its many charms and beauties; he never climbed its mountains, and from their lofty brow surveyed the enchanting vales that stretch beneath; he never threaded the solitary paths which by the side of wood and stream lead to fertile meads and pasturing flocks; he has not visited the peasant's rural cot, and is a stranger to

the joys and occupations of his sequestered but happy retreat; his view has been confined by the bounding hedge, and his prospect scarcely extended beyond the dusty highway :—So is it with the careless and formal worshipper in our own beloved church. He passes through its ceremonies and services, as a mere thorough-paced traveller; and hardly stays to enquire into its beauties and excellences. He never, if we may be allowed to continue the comparison, in spirit ascended her lofty heights, and delighted himself with a view of the Canaan stretching in loveliness and fruitfulness below. He never, shod with the sandals of peace, has trodden the secret paths by which, beneath her protecting shade, and beside her refreshing streams and living water, she leads her children into green pastures. He knows not the tranquil peace and sweet contentment, with which she cheers the solitary retreat, and makes even the desert to flourish with the fruits of righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Thus to be known, she must be observed and studied. Those, however, who do thus know her, can alone either appreciate her value, or use her services with edification and delight."

Under circumstances explained in a subsequent part of the memoir, he enjoyed the refreshing privilege of associating with him, in pastoral labour, his friend the Rev. E. Blencowe; who, in the fellowship of daily ministration and domestic intercourse, had formed the judgment expressed as follows, in a letter to which these pages are already much indebted :—

"Of his ministerial life after I was connected with him at Crickhowel, as I took no notes at the time, I can only

give some general reminiscences. I think I was most struck with the absorption of his mind, thoughts, and interest, in one subject—that, to which, by converting grace and by holy orders, he was devoted. No bodily frame, much less his, could long sustain the never-ceasing wear and tear of a spirit so ardent, so restless. What George Herbert said of himself, might with much truth be applied to our friend, 'that he had too thoughtful a wit, a wit like a penknife, in too narrow a sheath, too sharp for his body.' There was, of course, much of natural constitution in this, but it was bent to the highest purposes. When I now look back to the daily domestic life of one with whom I was so intimate, I think I may say with truth, that I have scarcely ever met with any one, whose practice on the whole was more in accordance with his preaching. His temper was admirably good. In tuition he seemed to blend kindness with firmness in a very eminent degree. As a father, his tender affection for his children was tempered with much judicious firmness and constant watchfulness. Eternal things had obtained such hold upon his mind, that to them, every thing was referred. His example in improving opportunities of spiritual and useful conversation with any he met, was a very bright one. Of the one subject nearest to his heart, he never wearied. When out on a walk for pure recreation, a cottage-door was seldom past, without some word of good spoken to the inmates. He seemed, indeed, ever to carry about the conviction, that his life was not to be a long one, and that the night was coming in which none can work.

"A conspicuous feature of his ministerial character, was faithfulness, arising out of a deep sense of the responsibility

of the care of souls. I observed this feeling work strongly in his mind, one day, when, in a walk with me, he discovered a family who had been, for a long time, resident in his parish without his knowledge. I never saw him more pained, though he had no wilful neglect to regret. His intercourse with his parishioners, was marked by a very straight-forward reference to the one thing needful, and by the plainest and most stirring language when he dealt with the careless and ungodly. But this was united with the most kind and friendly consideration for their bodily wants. While he knew that, by many, his zeal was accounted rashness or mere enthusiasm; his argument was, 'If the Bible be true, let us try to act up to it.' Energy like his must command success, under God's blessing; and few were the plans he took in hand, for the good of his people, or the promotion of the gospel, which did not succeed, and that eminently. Where his spirit was at hand, there never could be any fear of an enterprize breaking down. His talent as an extemporaneous preacher, must be allowed to be considerable. I mean not, that he preached without preparation. Notes he always made; and when time permitted, he worked them out fully on paper. I have always thought, and I have heard others say the same, that the manner which appeared most natural to him in the pulpit, was the tender and affectionate, the gentle and persuasive. His attachment to the church of which he was a minister, was sincere and decided. He considered its doctrines scriptural, and its liturgy sublimely beautiful. While making every allowance for dissent, where it arose from peculiar circumstances, and honouring its *pious* followers, he not the less accounted it, in itself, a

real evil, contrary to the precepts of Christ and his apostles, which enjoin us to be one body,—not in spirit only, as the false liberalism of the day would interpret, but in outward form and discipline.

"Truly, the righteous is taken away from evil to come, and we know not what trials coming on our national church, he has been spared from witnessing or sharing."

A friend and parishioner, no less respected than beloved, ever ready to promote his views, and to aid in every possible way his efforts for the welfare of his flock, and the honour of his Lord, writes :—

"I must confess to you the reluctance I feel in undertaking even so slight a sketch of the ministrations in this place, of your lamented husband, my friend and brother in Christ, as your kindness is willing to accept. Well to know and not to love him, would have been to be blind to, and thankless for, a rich and abundant blessing—a blessing which, if measured by the time I was permitted to enjoy it, was but of short duration, but if by its effects, will, I trust, have no bound but eternity itself. But how can I express all I feel of one, in whose prayers—and he was essentially a man of prayer—I have been privileged to partake ; under whose ministry myself and family were permitted to profit ; to whose friendship I was admitted, and to whose dying hours I was allowed to minister. Yet I feel with you, that amongst the testimonies of distant friends, a voice should not be wanting from the scene of his earlier, his maturer, and his departing days. Would that it might recommend to the love of a single soul, that religion of which he was so bright an example, that others might be led to follow him, as he followed Christ.

"Of his church ministrations, I would say, that they were distinguished by earnest, affectionate devotion. His discourses were mighty in the Scriptures, and powerful in the application of their doctrines to personal holiness. He greatly delighted in illustrations or analogies drawn from the works of nature, and was happy in turning passing events to spiritual instruction.

"A very marked feature in his parochial character, was his love and care for children. With attendance on the Sunday school, commenced his usual out-door sabbath duties; and a short lecture in the evening to the elder children, usually closed them. His questions and explanations were well adapted to the youthful minds of his hearers, and were instructive to all. To the weekly schools, he gave a large portion of his attention; to all he was a liberal subscriber; and to that for infants, which owed its establishment very greatly to his exertions, he dedicated, in addition, the use of his small vicarial glebe. In no part of his church duties did he appear more earnest and impressed, than in the service of holy baptism; and to children he occasionally addressed portions of his discourses.*

"I offer this imperfect sketch of some of the prominent features of your dear husband's ministry here, with unfeigned humility, conscious how little worthy it is of being added to your testimonies of affection from others. As such, however, accept it as a help rather to a more complete delineation of his character by another pen, than to form an actual part itself."

* Some intervening passages of this letter, have been transferred to other parts of the Memoir.

By a resident in the adjoining parish of Llangattock, where the custom of alternate Welsh and English services in the church, caused many of the inhabitants to become frequent attendants at Crickhowel, the following view has been drawn, as well from a partial enjoyment of the sabbath and week-day privileges of his ministry, as from the intimacy of private friendship :—

"I am rejoiced to hear that a memoir of our dear lamented Henry is in preparation, so that we who have known him and his labours, may now be able to transmit to those for whom we feel the deepest interest, an outline of the character of one so worthy of their imitation; and, at the same time, convey to them a lasting memorial of the faithful preaching and ministration of him, by whom we were privileged to be taught—whose life, too, bore so many evidences that he was not only a preacher of the truth, but a doer of it also. I feel assured, also, that even we, who were his companions, and thought we knew him intimately, have yet many things to learn of him, which his modest, unassuming character, prevented our knowing, but which the communications of different friends will at length bring to light.

"Of the faithfulness of his preaching to his congregation at large, and also to the little flock which was in the habit of meeting privately at Oak Cottage, I had, perhaps, as large an opportunity of judging as most of his own especial charge; and without venturing to give an opinion upon its style, I may, I think, be permitted to join with others in testifying how closely it accorded with Scripture; how constantly he proclaimed the universal corruption of mankind, and the just wrath of God; the impossi-

bility of man's redeeming his own soul; the all-sufficiency of Christ for the redemption and justification of believing sinners; the free gift of grace to all who repent and believe, who love and obey; and how invariably he maintained holiness of life to be the test, and necessary consequence, of true faith. In short, in every discourse, whether on the history, the doctrines, or the precepts, of the Bible; all must, I think, agree that all tended to practical piety, to the exaltation of God, and the abasement of mankind. The fervency of dear Henry's manner, and the pure spirit of devotion which pervaded his discourses, and his ministration of the offices of the church, I never can myself forget, nor can I believe the impression to have been less strong with others.

"Neither his friends, nor his flock, could doubt the warmth of his feelings and sincere affection: so completely were they manifest in all he did, both for and among them. But the extent of his solicitude for his sick poor was unknown to me, till his first visit to London, when one of these was confided to my charge. I had then the satisfaction of learning, not only how far his Christian love for them carried him, but also (rare perhaps as is the occurrence) that, in the case in question, his labour had not been in vain, for his services had been appreciated and were gratefully acknowledged."

But it was not only among those who were to be regarded as his own peculiar charge, that his vigilant ministrations and kind offices were exercised. It not unfrequently happened, that casual visitors to the beautiful vale of Usk, seeking recreation in the scenery of South Wales,

found an unexpected enjoyment in their introduction to the vicar of Crickhowel, and perceived that they were immediately brought under a pastor's affectionate care and attention. The intended journey, losing much of its previous attraction, was sometimes deferred or abandoned, in order to prolong a season of spiritual fellowship and improvement in his society, from which it had become difficult and painful to separate.

The recollections supplied by families and individuals with whom a lasting friendship had thus been formed, will throw some light upon his character, as a minister that was ever abounding in the work to which he had been called.

A member of one of those families writes as follows:—

"You might justly suspect me of being insensible to your kindness and confidence, in neglecting so long to state, as you had desired, the impression I received of dear Henry's character on our first visit to Crickhowel. I must admit having felt very reluctant to attempt this; not because the scenes we were then privileged to witness, have lost any of their interest in my affections, or faded in any degree from their distinctness in the memory; but because I am conscious that any outline I could give, must fall very far short of a faithful representation. Indeed, there is a developement of feeling and principle, as well as an endearment, arising out of every-day intercourse, and the many little events and circumstances of domestic and social life; there are evidences of the inner man, in voice, in countenance, in manner; which cannot, I think, be explained or expressed by any pen. And the more prominent characteristics of God's faithful servants, bear so

near a resemblance to each other, that they lose, in mere verbal description, the peculiarity we are disposed to claim for a beloved friend.

"Previously to our visiting Crickhowel, in 1831, we had no knowledge of Henry, excepting through your correspondence with A . . . , and you will forgive us, if we made some allowance for the indulgent eye with which you might reasonably be supposed to regard him. But when the opportunity was afforded us to observe his course, we very soon discovered that you had not drawn any imaginary picture of his excellences. The half had not been told us. We were prepared to meet a faithful, devoted, affectionate, educated, minister of the gospel; but we did not expect to find, in the retirement of a small Welsh town, such an one as he proved to be. It is difficult, without seeming to indulge the fancy, to speak sincerely of the effect produced upon the mind by that deep, unvarying, animated, tone of piety, and tenderness, and affection, which marked his ministry, whether in public or private. These qualities must, undoubtedly, have exercised an attractive influence upon any observer, united, as they were, in an engaging person, with a refined and highly-cultivated mind. But to one who could rejoice with him in the grace that bringeth salvation, that which might have been admired as naturally amiable, became rather an object of veneration, as touched and beautified by the power of a divine hand;—the workmanship of Him, who is mighty in operation, would be acknowledged and magnified.

"Never can I forget the first Sabbath we saw him in the work of public ministry. There was a purity, a devo-

tion, a serenity of expression on his features, with a peculiar delicacy of frame and complexion, that could not fail to create interest and rivet attention, even in a perfect stranger. His whole aspect and deportment, were in sweet accordance with the sacred nature of the office in which he was engaged. The appearance of the outer man, suggested the idea that the spirit within had found access to the heavenly places. A voice, capable of every touching modulation, seemed to pour forth its solemn tones from a heart in communion with the Father of spirits. One could not but feel, that the prayers of the Liturgy flowed from his inmost soul, and were entering into that within the veil. And when he opened the sacred volume to read the lessons of the day, (which, as they recur in each succeeding year, bring with them endearing and elevating recollections of that impressive hour,) it was not, as though he was turning to well-known, oft-repeated truths; but there was a glow of interest on his countenance, and a life and energy in his utterance, expressive of the feeling, 'I have found unsearchable riches.' Every passage was given with an emphasis and solemnity, as if it were the first time it had been announced, and might, with many who were present, prove the last. The revealed will and counsel of a heavenly Father, had manifestly kindled a joy in his own soul, which, if possible, he would have imparted to all around him. We were almost inclined to regret that one, who, by a poetic taste, an excursive imagination, and mental powers of a high order, was so well qualified to excite attention among persons of refinement, should not have his lot cast in a sphere, where his endowments might be more extensively appreciated and enjoyed. Such

a thought, I am very sure, would have met with no encouragement on his part. To feed the little flock, placed under his pastoral charge in the providence of the Chief Shepherd, was a work upon which his heart was intent; and to promote the present and eternal welfare of the people entrusted to him, had become an object from which he could not be turned aside.

"His ministry in the congregation, impressive, and powerful, and faithful, as it was, formed but a small part of the labours to which he was devoted. In teaching and exhorting from house to house, he was never weary. No habit of study, no indulgence of his natural delight in literary research, was allowed to limit his efforts in personal and private communications with his people. If the poor were slow of heart to understand the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, as he unfolded them in public discourse; they could not long remain ignorant of the nature, and the power, of those heaven-born principles, by which he was governed in his care for them. Something more than human kindness would be discovered in that tender, condescending, sympathy which patiently received the sufferer's tale, ever prompt in affording relief, according to the need of soul, of body, or of estate. They found in him that love of man, which has its origin in the love of God; and they had reason to confess, that while he could bear with their infirmities, and endeavour to alleviate their distress, he was faithful and uncompromising as their spiritual instructor;—at once securing their affection, and commanding their respect. Indeed, I remember sometimes to have made the remark, during our stay at Crickhowel, that many of his poor people were in danger of

placing him where their Saviour ought to be, and of regarding him as their 'all in all.' For although it was too evident, that many who were sitting under his ministry, remained cold and unmoved; he was not left without encouraging proofs of attachment from all classes. How far that attachment arose from the fellowship of the spirit, it would not be easy to form an opinion; but it was a heart-stirring sight, when some of those who, in seasons of trial and affliction, had received especial marks of his thoughtful care, in temporal as well as in spiritual things—were crowded together in the church-yard, to greet him as he passed from the sanctuary, and to enjoy renewed tokens of his remembrance. The manner in which he would allude, as they addressed him, or waited for his notice of them, to the particular burden that pressed upon each, shewed that the individual cases were distinctly treasured up in a faithful, sympathising heart; and the effect of such a recognition, upon those who have a scanty share of earthly comforts or of man's regard, may be readily imagined. It might, however, be feared that not a few of those, who were thus gathering of the fruits of the Spirit in which he abounded, although attracted by the loveliness of the branch that bare them, knew but little of that source of life from which they were derived. But I am now speaking of the early days of his ministry in the parish; and I believe he afterwards had much reason to rejoice in a more deep and solid work.

"While adverting to this subject, I call to mind many an imposing scene that I have witnessed, in his anxious visits to the cottages of the poor. The contrast between the delicacy and refinement of his appearance, and the

torpid, and sometimes decrepid, state of those whom he had sought out, would unavoidably arrest one's attention. I could not but observe, with feelings of deep solemnity, how the heavenly light that seemed to play upon his countenance, and the earnest, enquiring, heart-searching look that would accompany his words, differed from the apathy and the gloom, betrayed in the demeanour of many upon whom he was expending so much energy and feeling. I have seen him, in the humble, cheerless dwelling, declaring the perils of a sinful state, and the blessedness of a returning penitent, with a zeal, a fervour, an animation, which, it is generally supposed, could only be put in action by the excitement of a numerous assembly;—and, not content with a mere faithful testimony of truth, endeavouring to dismiss his own natural gracefulness, and to adapt his utterance to the capacities and habits of his obtuse hearers; if, by any means, he might gain access to their hearts.

"I cannot pass unnoticed, one of the kind offices in which he engaged during our sojourn at Crickhowel. It must always be retained gratefully in my own memory, among many other marks of considerate affection; but it may, perhaps, be esteemed as much an act of pastoral ministry, as of personal friendship. With him, indeed, these were inseparable; for his ministry as a pastor was exercised in private with the solicitude of a friend; while the intercourse of friendship was ever hallowed, as the means of imparting some spiritual gift. At the period to which I refer, I had occasion to pay several visits to London, for a few days; and before the hour arrived for my departure by the morning mail, he was to be seen, with a constancy that never failed, and the light step of a mes-

senger of good tidings, bounding over from his cottage to ours, and bearing his Bible under his arm, prepared with some suitable passage, some word in season, some affecting prayer, evidently designed to calm those feelings of regret or disquiet that might arise on such interruptions of the family circle, and to lead our hopes and desires to that sure habitation from which the children of God shall go no more out.

"This friendship, it was our happiness to cultivate, by correspondence with him, and by mutual visits, in subsequent years. But bearing in mind the season to which you directed my attention, I have confined myself to recollections of our first visit. Were I to pass into particulars of any other period, they would only lead to the conclusion, that whatever were the relations in which he moved, or the duties to which he was called, the mind and spirit he manifested were invariably the same, and the freshness and vigour of a love, drawn from an inexhaustible source, were equally apparent. I will, therefore, only advert to one point more, as developing a quality, in no small degree peculiar to his character.

"To speak of the care he bestowed upon the members of his own household, cannot be necessary; but few, I believe, of the servants in those families where he visited, either as a friend or a minister, were unaffected by his kindness and gentleness of manner in addressing them. There appeared, in some cases, to be an eagerness to receive any word of spiritual instruction he would drop, as proceeding from a friend, who delighted to acknowledge that Christian fellowship, wherein there is no distinction of 'bond or free.' And I have seen what delight would

be occasioned by his approach, and with what interest his glance or his voice would be waited for, as he passed on entering or leaving a house. I remember, also, when, in the hurry of preparing for his journey homeward, after spending some days with us in town, he was compelled to leave us very hastily; he requested in his next letter, that the servants might be thanked for their kind attentions to him, desiring it might be explained to them, how much he regretted, that the suddenness of his departure had prevented another interview, which, he added, grieved him and disturbed his thoughts on his journey."

The next, is a tribute from another member of the same family :—

"Very pleasing are the recollections of our first visit to Crickhowel, in 1831; and our immediate introduction at Oak Cottage, upon our arrival, can never cease to be remembered with interest and gratitude. Our intention, when we left home, was only to pass a fortnight in that neighbourhood, and then proceed on a tour through the southern counties of Wales. But, in the mean while, the intimacy and confidence which daily increased, so rivetted us to the spot, that we felt a chain of love cast around, from which it was impossible to extricate ourselves; and in consequence, our stay was prolonged to four months. During that period, we had frequent opportunities of meeting. Scarcely a day passed without some intercourse; and the character of our beloved friend unfolded in the brightest colours. His cheerfulness and vivacity in society, tempered as it was by grace, his affectionate sympathy, his delicate consideration for the feelings of others, his affability and

condescension to dependents, added to great faithfulness, endeared him to all. But I find it difficult to give an adequate idea of the impression, his loveliness of character, his highly refined and cultivated mind, made upon us. Suffice it to say, that regret, as the time of our leaving drew nigh, could only be equalled, by a sense of the privilege, we had been permitted to enjoy.

"The following spring, 1832, was rendered interesting by a visit from him, when his winning manners captivated all who met him at our house, while his evident and deep spirituality, when engaged in conversation, shed a lustre upon the whole.

"In the autumn of the next year, as you well know, we passed a considerable time under his roof, and were again witnesses of a character which increased more and more in our esteem and affection. I can truly say, I look back upon those days with a degree of pleasure which those only can feel, who, like ourselves, have formed part of the domestic circle; and though his time was necessarily much occupied then in attending to the pupils, and in consequence but few opportunities afforded for meeting, beyond the hours when families usually assemble, yet we were occasionally permitted to accompany him in his mountain rambles to some distant cottage, to whose inhabitants he conveyed the message of love, in a manner not to be easily effaced from our recollection—filling us with admiration at that sweet spirit which shone through every circumstance and event of life, from the affectionate pastor, to the gifted intellectual friend.

"His removal to Chelsea, was a source of extreme pleasure to us; though, singular as it may appear, we were

disappointed, owing to his numerous ministerial engagements, in not having that frequent intercourse we had at first anticipated. The last time I was permitted to see him, was a few days before his return to Crickhowel, when he visited me in my chamber, to which I was confined by illness; and his delicacy of appearance made me fear that he was still suffering from the effects of recent indisposition. His prayer at parting, was comforting and consoling, and it was with the deepest regret that I received his tender farewell; though little thinking we should never meet again in this mortal body."

From the testimony of a party, also occasionally taking up a summer residence in his parish, it will be seen among various characteristic details, that the impression generally made by his appearance upon those who observed him, was very sensibly felt, and gave a peculiar solemnity to the first words that were heard from his lips, remarkably suited, as they were, to the state and experience of one so evidently labouring on the very verge of an eternity which he was prepared to enter with peace and joy:—

"Our first acquaintance with Mr. Henry Vaughan was in the year 1831, and I must consider our meeting with him as especially directed by divine Providence. On a summer's excursion, at the recommendation of a friend, we went to Abergavenny, where, we were told, we might procure nice lodgings, and could not fail to be delighted with the beauty of the scenery. In the first part of the promise we were disappointed. A lodging to suit us, we could not meet with. After staying a night or two at the inn, we proceeded to Crickhowel, where we were assured

we should be more successful. On the evening of our arrival, just as we were settling ourselves in our new habitation, we heard a cheerful church-going bell, and were told it was for the week-day lecture. This was a joyful announcement, for it sounded like a diligent pastor over a mountain flock. We made our way to the church, but did not arrive in time for the commencement of the service. On entering, we observed in the side aisle, by the sittings appropriated to the poor (for the little congregation was chiefly composed of Welsh villagers) a pale and interesting young man. He was giving out this verse of the Evening hymn :—

> 'For death is life, and labour rest,
> If with thy gracious presence blest.
> Then welcome death or sleep to me,
> I'm still secure, for still with thee.'

Then in a sweet and solemn voice he led the air. The following prayers and discourse, plain and unaffected, but solemn and heartfelt, convinced us that we had indeed lighted on a treasure among the mountains.

"We omitted no opportunity, during our stay in the romantic little town, of attending the services and lectures at the church, and had frequent opportunities of noticing the kindness of manner, with which he would address the poor who came in his way as he passed to and from the church, enquiring into their various circumstances. At the close of one of the weekly lectures, he advanced towards us, and enquiring where we were residing, he promised to call on us. The interview was edifying ; we soon found he was not a preacher only, but a practiser of St. Paul's advice to Timothy, 'keeping that which was com-

mitted to his trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings.' We thanked him for his attention, which, as strangers, we had not expected. He replied, that Christians ought not to be strangers to each other. After a few moments spent in common-place remarks, his Bible was taken from his pocket, and a most interesting conversation ensued; his visit was concluded by a fervent prayer. In departing, he promised to introduce his wife to us; which promise, in a few days was fulfilled; and from that time, we felt an interest in Mr. Henry Vaughan and his family, which we never lost.

"For three successive summers, a visit to Crickhowel was a treat we used to look forward to, with delightful anticipation. In the summer of 1833, we left the West of England, and from that time we had but little communication with Mr. Henry Vaughan. During the short periods, we at various times spent at Crickhowel, we ever found his visits and conversation most profitable. Nothing appeared to weary him so much as the common chit-chat of the day, and to questions on such topics his answers would be as short as possible. But, allude to the Scriptures, soon his Bible was in his hand, his manner would become fervent, and his countenance animated in the extreme.

"In the house where we lodged, was a poor dying man, who was frequently visited by this servant of Christ; we sometimes joined the little party in the sick man's room, and found it good to be there.

"In all his engagements in his ministry, in visiting the sick, in his cottage lectures on the mountain-side, and in zealous love for the people of his charge, he was the

brightest example of a parish priest I ever saw. Often have we heard him say, in reference to individuals in his parish, 'I do think they are improving, yes, I am quite sure I can see a change for the better.'

. . . . "The accompanying reminiscences, though they may not be thought worthy of a place in the memoir, may perhaps be interesting to you. Indeed, many beautiful little pictures are vividly impressed upon our memories, in which the figure of dear Mr. Vaughan is the most conspicuous object. One in particular: when we were admiring the lovely view from the church-yard gate, we saw a funeral procession advance. In his place, as officiating minister, was Mr. Vaughan. The paleness and deep solemnity of his countenance, and the impressive seriousness with which, as the mournful train passed, he pronounced the words, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God;'—were most striking. I could not at that moment help thinking, that a short time would see him also among the silent dead.

"Though you, my dear Mrs. Henry, can never cease to lament one who was so dear to you, it must be a source of inexpressible consolation, that you can think of him, as waiting amongst the saints who shall accompany his Saviour at his return."

And one of the ladies who formed the party last mentioned, expressed herself as follows, in writing to a friend by whom the tidings of his sudden departure had been conveyed:—

"We were all deeply affected by the account you gave, of the illness and final removal of our dear friend. It was impossible not to feel the bitterest grief for the loss of so exemplary and delightful a character. But he is taken to his rest. When we were at one time anxious to take up our residence in his parish, that we might have the advantage of his ministry, which we found peculiarly profitable to us, I often thought, when looking at his delicate frame, that possibly that ministry was near a close. Still we used every means in our power to accomplish our plan. We have seen at last, the reason why we could not succeed."

Two letters have likewise been kindly contributed by the respective members of a third family. One writes :—

"We were on our way to Tenby, in June 1834, and took up our abode at Crickhowel for a day. We were particularly pleased with the lovely situation of that sweet place. In the afternoon, we heard the church bell chiming for weekly service, and were pleased to enter the sacred walls of that beautifully-situated church. We were much gratified by the simple manner in which the service was performed, which consisted of a selection of prayers from the Liturgy, and a short sermon, calculated to inform and improve the class of persons who attended, mostly those of the lower orders. On the following Sunday, the Rev. Henry Vaughan, who had previously been confined by illness, appeared; and we never can forget the benignity and humility of his countenance when he appeared in the church, or the impressive manner in which he delivered the important message of his great Master. His text was, 'He that keepeth his commandments, dwelleth in

Him, and He in him.' He said much on the meaning of the word 'to keep,' as signifying to prize, to lock up in the heart, to lay up, to cherish.

"After this delightful Sabbath, we had the pleasure of a more intimate acquaintance with this most interesting clergyman; and it was impossible to be in his company, without perceiving how completely every thought of his heart was brought into obedience to the will of God. We never met any one, whose whole mind appeared so completely absorbed in the one thing needful. He seemed unable to speak, but in holy language; and yet there was no appearance of dictating, or of self-sufficiency. It was a pure, cheerful, rational, heartfelt piety, which pervaded all he said or did; and the profoundest humility of mind was mixed up with those words which were indeed 'sweeter than honey to his mouth.' We felt, 'it was good for us to be here,' and therefore prolonged our stay for three weeks; during which time, we often enjoyed the privilege of hearing him unfold, in his simple and affectionate manner, the leading truths of the gospel." *

The second letter, above referred to, is as follows:—

"This incidental, but most happy spiritual, acquaintance with such a worthy pastor, inspired us with a desire to linger longer at this sweet place, Crickhowel, than we had at first contemplated, in the hope that we might be able to cultivate a better acquaintance with such a truly Christian man; when our inclination was matured into a resolve, by the amiable vicar himself honouring us (strangers as we

* The remainder of this letter will be found in another part of the memoir.

were) by a display of reciprocal feeling of kindness. He called upon us at our inn, and stretched forth the right hand of good fellowship and hospitality, by an invitation to his own favoured residence, where for three weeks we had the blessing and advantage of spiritual intercourse with him and his amiable family; and our departure was accompanied by heartfelt regrets, at leaving behind us such kind friends, as we were then privileged to consider them, with mutual expressions of regard. Such kindred sentiments could not end there, and we endeavoured, by friendly correspondence, to cherish a reminiscence of our most happy and agreeable sojourn at Crickhowel.

"Understanding that you contemplate publishing a few of the letters of your deeply lamented and revered husband, we hope it may not be intrusive if we presume to send you copies (the originals we cannot part with) of two of his letters, by which we have been highly favoured, and which we esteem valuable records of our intercourse with such an amiable man, and worthy of a place in your contemplated publication."

By the Rev. F. J. Faithfull, rector of Hatfield, testimony is also borne to his ministerial and personal character, as observed on visiting Crickhowel:—

"Day after day passes by, not without many thoughts of your oft-repeated request, or without many a wish that I had finished my task. But the more I think of it, the more impossible I find it to write any thing which can adequately express what I feel respecting our dear departed friend, or give the slightest idea of the impression made on my mind by my first visit to Crickhowel.

"I entered your house, wholly unacquainted with the character of Mr. Henry Vaughan, excepting that I had heard that he was a zealous and faithful minister of the gospel. And I shall never forget the impression made on my mind, when, having been introduced to him by you as a relation, he took me into the adjoining room, and kneeling down implored a mutual blessing on our acquaintance. There was a devotion in his manner, a spirituality in his expressions, and a heart-felt fervour in his words, which to me savoured more of the spirit of prayer than any thing I had ever heard. And every subsequent opportunity I enjoyed of seeing him, tended to confirm the opinion, that he was, in all its requisites, truly a man of prayer.

"We passed many hours together during my stay, and I was peculiarly struck in our walks, and visits, and general conversation, with the manner in which he was able, on all occasions, to introduce something spiritual, and to draw from the works of nature and art, and from the simplest circumstances which occurred, matter for devout contemplation and religious instruction. There was no forced application, no studied attempt, in what was thus advanced; it seemed to flow naturally from a mind enriched with all the stores of ancient and modern literature and imbued with a pure Christian spirit. He seemed to have turned all that science, and history, and poetry, had offered to his highly-cultivated mind, to one sole object—the advancement of the glory of God, and the spiritual improvement of all around him; and wherever, or however, he was engaged, this appeared to be the prevailing, the over-ruling. desire of his heart. I cannot describe the

effect produced on my mind, by this rare combination of the highest literary attainments, and the deepest spirituality; nor do I think it possible for any one who had not witnessed it, to understand its influence in shewing the beauty of holiness, and drawing out to their full perfection, the simplest as well as the most exalted truths of our holy religion.

"I was also much struck, during this visit, with the strong feeling of attachment which was displayed towards their minister, by the poor whom we met or visited, and the lively interest taken by the children in the schools, when he addressed them individually or collectively. Every word seemed to reach their hearts, and every eye was fixed on him with an expression of respect and affection, which evidenced the powerful influence he had acquired over their infant minds.

"As I passed only one Sabbath at Crickhowel, my opinion of his performance of his ministerial duties in the church, ought not perhaps to be asked; but I do not think that any person, who had once witnessed the simple, unaffected, and devout manner in which the prayers and portions of Scripture were read, or listened to the clear exposition of the truth, the affectionate appeals, and the earnest desire which was evidenced to win souls to Christ, could ever forget what they had seen and heard."

CHAPTER IV.

HIS CARE OF THE POOR—SUPERINTENDENCE OF SCHOOLS AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS—ATTENTION TO ALL CLASSES OF HIS PEOPLE.

Allusion is made, in several of the letters recently quoted, to the confidence and affection of the poor towards Henry Vaughan, arising from a sense of his love and care for them. Here, he may be said to have found his own especial work. A call to administer comfort among the most hopeless, or the most distant, of his parishioners, was never treated as unreasonable or intrusive, however unexpectedly it might break in upon study, or momentary relaxation, or the hours of nightly repose. Without a murmur or a pause, he would spring from his bed, in swift obedience to every summons that would draw him to the couch of any sufferer; and to every necessity and distress of body or of mind, the appropriate relief was contributed, with a liberal hand, and the seasonable word of a "lip that feedeth many."

"To be forward in remembering the poor," is indeed a duty that ranks among the first claims upon every minister

who would be accounted faithful, and might therefore be considered as undeserving of more particular notice; yet it may tend to a just delineation of character, if a few extracts from some memoranda in his own handwriting, relative to this branch of labour, be here transcribed.

The journal of one week, at a period when his pupils required a large portion of time and close attention, may suffice to shew that the sick and the afflicted, as well as the affairs of his parish generally, were ever near his heart:—

"*Monday.*—Visited Elizabeth . . .; sick. Found her attentive and somewhat alarmed about her state.

"Visited Sarah . . .; sick. Observed that when the gospel was pressed home to her conscience, violent fits of pain always came on, which prevented my proceeding. Do not feel satisfied of her sincerity. May the Lord in mercy turn her heart!

"Saw Mrs. L . . . , and strongly expostulated with her on permitting J . . . 's visits to her daughter.

"Called on Mr. . . . , newly come into the parish. His assistant promises to attend the adult school on Sundays.

"In the evening, called at John E . . . 's, and found their little girl, Mary, apparently in a dying state. She had, in the course of the day, several times enquired after Mrs. Rodgers, and wished to know whether they were singing hymns, or praying, at the infant school. Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers, my dear curate, and self, having met together, joined in solemn prayer for the child and afflicted parents.

"Admitted five new scholars into the free school this day. . . . .

[*Here follows a list of the sick.*]

"*Tuesday*.—Saw John P . . . , and after conversing some time, preached to him from Luke v. 12. Thought him more seriously disposed. O Lord of life, turn his heart!

"Visited Elizabeth . . . , and had an opportunity of warning John D . . . , her lodger, to flee from the wrath to come.

"Found John E . . . . 's little girl better. Gave a few words of warning to his wife; which may the Lord bless.

"Thus has this precious day gone by. How little has been done, O Lord, for thy glory. Oh! if I should live to see it, make the morrow more profitable, blessed Lord and Saviour. . . . .

"Will endeavour, by God's grace, to set on foot a subscription for an organ.

"*Wednesday*.—Engaged principally this day on the Twyn, with T . . .; she is dead. O Lord! in the midst of life we are in death. Teach us to live each day as if it were our last. O Christ! give me thy grace and spirit. Cleanse my soul. Renew my heart. Wash me in thy blood. Cover me with thy righteousness. Lead me in the path of life. Bring me to glory. Have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner.

"Lecture this evening, Acts v. Learn from it, by grace, to speak the truth in love; to cultivate simplicity and godly sincerity in all things; to beware of covetousness; to be careful of promising, punctual in fulfilling; to put entire trust and confidence in God's protection against all adversaries; faithfully to speak the truth as it is in Jesus; and to suffer reproach and persecution with all meekness and even joy, looking for the help and grace of Jesus Christ

the Prince and Saviour, who alone can give repentance and forgiveness of sins.

"*Thursday.*—Visited the afflicted family of T . . . , on the Twyn, and preached to many of the neighbours collected together, from Isaiah xl. 6, 7, 8.

"In the evening preached from Phil. iii. 13, 14. Congregation encouraging. The Lord make the little one a thousand!

"*Friday.*—Attended half-yearly meeting of the Dispensary, and with my beloved fellow-labourer, succeeded in introducing prayer before the commencement of business. Thine, O Lord, be the praise, for the strength of thy grace. Let us wax bolder and bolder in confessing Christ before men.

"Called in the evening to visit Mr. G . . . , of C . . . Found him near death. Fearful that his state is *bad*. O Lord Jesus! have mercy on him, and that speedily.

"*Saturday.*—Rode before breakfast to C . . . , to see Mr. G . . . . Conversed and prayed with him. His sufferings appeared very great. Felt no satisfaction as to his state of mind.

"Little class still very encouraging. Lectured them to-day on John iii. 14 to 16."

The warm interest, with which he was accustomed to enter into all the circumstances of each individual case, (although he was too constantly engaged in active exertion, to adopt the regularity and precision of a continued journal) may be discovered, from the details occasionally recited in his notes. Two of these will be acceptable, as examples; the first of which is as follows:—

"P . . . , whom I have been attending for three weeks, through a trying sickness (inflammation in the chest) is now considered by his medical attendants to be past recovery. The Lord Jesus have mercy on his soul! I have hope of his state, through the mercies of his Redeemer. He has, for some time, appeared penitent and sorrowful for his sins; and called on Jesus, with earnestness and fervour. Oh, that he may have called on Him out of a sincere and true heart. The principal, and almost only, evidence of his change, which it has pleased God to bless me with, is this:—He was, in the days of his sin and folly, a great amateur in boxing, and had purchased likenesses of two eminent prize-fighters. These were suspended in a conspicuous place on the wall; and having attracted my notice, I requested that I might be permitted to take them away. Upon which, he cried out with much fervency, (the tears starting into his eyes at the same time) 'Take them, and grind them to pieces; I don't wish to see them no more.' After this, I read and prayed with him. And again, before I left him, he reminded me that I was 'to take those pictures, and break them to pieces.' My mind dwells upon this evidence of his sincerity, with pleasure. I may add to it, that his patience throughout a painful and trying sickness, has been great, as far as my observation has gone. The passages of Scripture which I have endeavoured to instruct him from, have been—the healing of the leper as recorded by St. Luke, chap. v. 12 to 15—Christ's forgiveness of the sinful, but penitent, woman in the pharisee's house, Luke vii. 36, &c.—the parable of the prodigal son, Luke xv. 11, &c.—of the wise and foolish virgins, Matt. xxv. 1, &c.—also Luke xi., in which the

efficacy of importunate prayer is illustrated by a familiar comparison. I found that this passage, from the familiarity of the comparison, took particular hold of his mind. These passages, with the fifty-first psalm, have formed the groundwork of my instructions and prayers. His mind, when I first visited him, was wholly unenlightened, and his heart untouched. His heart, I humbly hope, has been in some degree reached, and his understanding somewhat improved, on the cardinal points of the nature of sin, the need of the Atonement, the necessity of a change of heart, and the office of the Spirit in the work of salvation. Upon the whole, it is a case in which my hope is founded rather on faith in prayer, than on any assurance arising from the evidences of the fruits of the Spirit. Once more, may the Lord have mercy on his soul, for his name's sake, for his love's sake. Amen and Amen!

"Visited P . . . again this morning (10th June 1831). Found him scarcely sensible. Prayed for him with his wife; he not being able to join with us. His wife tells me that he calls frequently on the name of Jesus. On parting with him I asked, 'Is your hope in Jesus?' 'Yes, hope in Jesus,' he replied; and immediately sunk again into stupor, which, unless God speedily help, will soon be the stupor of death. May the Lord Jesus save his soul, for His mercies' sake!"

The second extract from Notes of Cases, however cautiously it might be viewed as an instance of death-bed conversion, will present an interesting scene in the annals of pastoral visitation:—

"Case of Mrs. . . . The history of her life may be comprised in few words;—she lived to the world, the

flesh, and the devil; and of them reaped ruin and misery. I became acquainted with her about a year ago, and have preached the Gospel to her again and again; but the grace of God never appeared to accompany, and I always left her, as far as I could perceive, as unmoved as I found her. On December the 5th, I was called to attend her in a most dangerous fit of illness. The complaint was accompanied with partial derangement of mind, and her situation was altogether most pitiable and distressing. My only hope was, that God, whose ways are not as our ways, might be bringing her to Himself through this last and severest affliction. With this hope, I prayed earnestly with her for the grace of God; but, as before, went away without comfort. Her state seemed more desperate than ever; for, added to her usual worldliness of mind, there was aberration of understanding. At intervals of reason, the usual complaints about her troubles were to be heard, but hardly a word about her soul, or Christ. Active remedies were applied by her medical attendant, by which in a few days she was much recovered, and regained the possession of her senses. In the mean while, the Physician of souls had been not less active. To my surprise, I was sent for on the Wednesday to read to Mrs. . . . , who, I was told, was once more sensible. On my arrival there, the woman with whom she lodged, much affected, exclaimed, 'Oh! sir, a most blessed change has taken place since you were here.' 'What, in her soul?' 'Yes, sir, in her soul; she is now constantly in the act of prayer, seems happy and peaceful, speaks much of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the hopes of heaven.' 'Well, here is the answer to our prayers, and the fulfilment of our hopes. Un-

bounded is the grace of God, and unsearchable in its operations. Can I see her?' On entering the room, I remarked at once a striking difference. Patience, composure, and peace marked the before restless and uneasy patient. Her hands too were clasped, and her lips moving as though she were engaged in prayer. On approaching the bed, and speaking to her, I found she was weak and exhausted, and rather confused in her ideas. What she said was to this effect: 'I am dying—Lord Jesus—merciful—merciful—I shall soon be in heaven—I shall soon meet you, my dear Mr. Vaughan, in heaven—God bless you.' Her mind strayed occasionally, and her conversation wandered, but not as before into worldly things. Her conversation was in heaven, even when least rational. I was particularly struck with the love and contentment, which seemed shed abroad in her heart."

His care for the flock, over which he was called to preside, while it led to constant, self-denying, visits,—bearing a shepherd's voice to the remotest corner of the fold,—was no less diligently exercised, in every way that his thoughtful, benevolent, spirit could devise. In the hospitalities of his own house, he provided means of improvement, combined with the moderated indulgence becoming a Christian family, for nearly all classes of his people. Often would he bring home with him, from the infant school, some of the younger children, who had attracted his particular regard; and encourage them with marks of kindness and sources of amusement, such as their own parents were unable to bestow. From the other schools, both boys and girls, as well as their teachers, were invited,

and entertained at appointed times. And the poor and distressed, as they had opportunity, were among the many visitors who partook of his personal attention, and received freely at his hand of temporal and spiritual gifts. One of the scenes of truly Christian festivity, arising from these efforts of ministerial love, has been thus described: —"He used to give a dinner, annually, to the most promising of his people in the middle ranks, dining with them himself; and by a continual reference to their one Blessed Lord and Master, for whose sake he was willing to be the servant of all, he checked an unbecoming familiarity on the one hand, or too great a restraint on the other,—leading them, by the most condescending sweetness of manner, to feel that he was indeed a Brother in Christ. Few, perhaps, who have not been placed in similar circumstances, can quite understand the difficulty of maintaining, for several hours, the pastoral character, without fatiguing the guests. But although he afterwards suffered much, from the exhaustion occasioned by exertion both of voice and mind, it appeared, at the time, to be no effort. He would draw them round his blazing Christmas-fire, and with a child on each knee, would rivet their attention by his animated conversation; inviting them also to speak in return, upon subjects of mutual interest, as teachers, district-visitors, missionary collectors, or in some way as helpers together with him. And when it was proposed, for his sake, to sing a hymn, it seemed almost an interruption; but in singing he delighted; and although promising to rest, his voice could not be restrained from joining in the simple melody of many thankful hearts."

The attachment felt for him by the little ones in the schools, has also been noticed in several of the letters received from his friends. Of his gentle, encouraging manner in speaking to those of tender years on Divine Truths, some lively evidences remain, not only in portions of his own printed and manuscript papers, but also in the memory of those who have accompanied him to the oft-frequented scene of instruction, or listened to the addresses from the pulpit occasionally directed to his more youthful hearers. An extract from one of his sermons, preached on Palm Sunday,—when, according to the prevailing custom in Wales, the graves of departed friends and relatives were decorated with flowers by the surviving mourners,—will at once bear witness to his interest in an expressive token of remembrance and affection, not unworthy of the Christian mind, and also afford an example of a kind yet faithful word adapted to the age of childhood :—

"Ye young, that are in the prime and pride of life! turn not away your eye from instruction. Perhaps the grave of a brother or a sister as young as yourselves, has drawn a sigh from your heart to-day, or a flower from your hand. Presume not upon length of days. Defer not repentance on the slender security of youth and health. A fortnight hath not passed, since we committed to the tomb, one who had boasted, a few days before, all the pride and prime of youthful beauty. Of her we know little, but that she came here unhappy in her mind, sickened, and died. God grant that she may have had the hope to which we would direct you—the hope of glory in Christ Jesus. O, seek Him! for all the goodliness and glory of your age are only as the flower of the field.

"Little children! let me say a word to you. You must think, how very like your tender life is to the flowers you have been carrying to the graves to-day. You must say to yourselves, how very soon may God, if He pleases, take away a little thing like me; just as easily as I picked this flower. Yes, that He can, and much more easily too; so you must go to Jesus Christ, and pray that He will give you his Holy Spirit, that you may be a good child; then, you need not be afraid to die. Good children, when they die, go to heaven, and grow up there like beautiful flowers, and much more beautiful too. You know, dear children, God and every good thing are in heaven. And then, brothers and sisters, father and mother, if they are God's, will be there also. What a beautiful, happy place, therefore, heaven must be. Think of this, dear little children. There are many little children in heaven."

Those annual offerings of a grief allayed by hope, were thus noticed in the spring of another year, with more direct reference to the affliction of one endeared family:—

"When I saw you on Sunday last, strewing the grave of your dear departed sister, with the evergreen, and the earliest flowers of spring, I could not forbear falling into the following train of reflections.—How soon may you, too, sleep beneath the sod! The very next year, a brother's or a sister's hand may be spreading nature's wild flowers over your graves, and their hearts intermingling with those sweets, the sweeter fragrance of the pious tear. Dear children, I love to see your gentle offices to the dead, your fond remembrance of the departed; go, bring more of the never-fading laurel, of the modest primrose, and the perfumed violet; and weaving them into a garland, wreathe

them around the memory of her you so dearly loved; and as you wreathe them, think, how like to your dear sister's graces and fate, are these flowers and this unfading green. They are beautiful, and she shone bright in the beauties of holiness. They are sweet in themselves, and scent the surrounding air; and thus was her heart a sweet savour of the grace of Christ, and that savour was the atmosphere she threw around her. They have been cut down in their early bloom, and yet are fragrant even in death; thus was she, too, cut down like an early flower, and being dead yet speaketh in the sweet recollections of her piety and her works. These grew and flourished in the retirement of an humble shade, lively emblems of that humility which veiled her excellence from the eye of observation. Once more, dear children, resume your pious task; add more, much more, of the never-dying green, that it may remind you that her graces are now woven into a crown of glory that shall never fade away."

No object was more dear to him, or brought more constantly and affectionately under the inspection of his vigilant eye, than the schools. The rules and regulations to be observed by all connected with them, were drawn out by his own hand; and with a view to the first and highest design of education, he received the Sunday School teachers at his own house on Saturdays for prayer and instruction. It was an habitual, rather than a momentary, feeling which he expressed, on commending such institutions to the liberality of a congregation:—

"I must be excused, if I am moved by the peculiar impressiveness and solemnity of the scene before me. When

I behold these little ones, lining these sacred walls, and so far, in this holy place, elevated above the earth; I could pass over space and time, and imagine them already fair ornaments of a temple not made with hands, and singing everlasting praises before the throne. Now, we know much lies between them and those blest abodes. Still, I will at least take occasion to hope and to pray that those, whom charity hath so early admitted into this noble pile, Divine love will prepare for mansions eternal in the heavens. . . . . Consider, then, these children. They have not yet embarked on life's great ocean. To what distant quarters will they soon be scattered. One, it may be, will have to brave the perils of the great deep; another, to fight his country's battles in a foreign land. One may serve in the house of some one as great as Naaman the Syrian. All will have to go through the cares, and sorrows, and disappointments of life. . . . What an interest do these schools derive, when you remember that the fathers and mothers of generations are before you. What an encouragement to sow, when you remember that an acorn may become a forest; and that from a grain of wheat, numberless granaries might be filled. . . . . See them assembled, perhaps in distant villages, perhaps in distant lands, perhaps amidst the hovels of this great city, teaching their children also, to *set their hope in God*. . ."

He was permitted to realise much joy and satisfaction in this part of the vineyard given to his culture. It was one of those duties in which his plans were forwarded, and his cares were lightened, by the faithful partner of his lot, ever ready to follow where he led the way. And although

sometimes assailed by disappointment and opposition, they were ever encircled by an attached little band, among whom it was their delight to scatter the seeds of future peace and holiness. The following memorandum furnishes one of the many instances that might be mentioned, as presenting signs of an effectual work in the hearts of the children :—

"Ever watchful against anything that might draw their feet into the paths of the destroyer, he opposed himself to the annual pleasure-fair held in his parish. By kind counsel and admonition, many of the children were restrained from attending, on the ground of its being one of the vanities of this wicked world, which they had renounced at baptism. And very encouraging was it to him, to find, on the first, and on other occasions, a long list of names set down as 'Resolved to give up the Fair.' The houses of many of them being in the centre of that scene of rural dissipation,—led to the idea of their schoolmaster, attended by the teachers and others, taking them up a neighbouring mountain, where, furnished by the kind liberality of friends with simple, yet abundant, provision, they might spend the day in innocent sports and healthy exercise. And may we not believe that they were the really happy ones, and what they affirmed was true, that even the distant sound of the gay music, reminding them of the scene below, did not make them wish to return; but that their hymn of praise sounded more sweetly, from the contrast? Of course, there were cases of backsliding, but they were few. On one of these anniversaries, they, without solicitation, put the little pocket-money they had saved for the purpose of being spent at the Fair, into the Church Missionary box. It amounted to nine shillings."

Not least, among the sources of comfort connected with the education of the children, was the aid of a pious and judicious superintendence. The girls' Sunday and day schools, had long been conducted by a faithful and approved mistress. And about the end of the year 1833, a family well qualified for the work of instruction, no less in natural ability and decided principle, than through experience in tuition, were attracted to Crickhowel by esteem for the character and ministry of its pastor; and were appointed to responsible duties in the schools. To them, as fellow-labourers after his own heart, he could, with perfect confidence, entrust the management of the boys' schools, and also of the infant-school.* In the latter, which had

* Mr. James Rodgers, the excellent master here referred to, had long desired to become more extensively useful, by engaging in some sphere of labour among the Heathen. And an opportunity was afforded, by the determination of the Trustees of "the Mico Charity," to establish schools for the negro apprentices and their children. The feelings entertained towards him and his family, by their beloved vicar, may be perceived by an extract from a letter written, in addition to other very honourable testimonials, on their leaving Crickhowel for the island of Jamaica. Mr. Vaughan then stated:—"In bearing "my testimony, as a minister of the parish of Crickhowel, to "the character of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Rodgers, I can truly "say, that I have not, in the course of my ministerial expe- "rience, met with any, in any sphere of life, of whom I enter- "tain a higher opinion. With unbounded zeal and unwearied "self-denial in the sacred cause of religion, they unite humility, "prudence, and deference to those in authority, with every "quality calculated to promote the objects of good government, "as well as the salvation of souls. While in my parish, not "only have they been signally blessed in the immediate depart-

been established by his own efforts, with the benevolent aid of his more wealthy neighbours, he seems to have had peculiar delight; and when, at the time of its formation, some difficulty occurred as to the choice of a site for the building, he freely dedicated to that use, the small portion of glebe-land annexed to the vicarage—assured, in his generosity and largeness of heart, that no objection could ever be made to an appropriation so gratifying to his own feelings. The security of the tenure was, indeed, questioned by those who were united in promoting the execution of the plan; but he succeeded, if not in removing, at least in over-ruling, every caution, by some persuasive appeal, drawn from the liberality of purpose which reigned in his own bosom; and, with great joy, he saw the school-

"ment of the schools in which they laboured, but generally "throughout the circle in which they moved; and I may add, "far beyond it, their example of pious and prudent devotion, "their faith, hope, and charity, have exercised a most salutary "influence. Wherever they go, I feel a happy confidence that "they will prove a blessing to their employers, and to those "amongst whom they labour. Most heartily do I commend "them to the kind offices of all who are in authority, and of all "who seek the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom." Mr. Rodgers sailed with his family, on the 22nd of July 1836; but his zealous and successful exertions in the various duties allotted to him on his arrival at Kingston, were of short duration. On the 23rd of August 1837, he sunk under the effects of fever, having remarked on the preceding day to the minister who was with him:—"If I had not looked to God and trusted in Him "when in health, I feel I am so weak and depressed in this "sickness, that I could not do it now. But all is right. I have "no fear of death. And if I die, I know it will be well with "me."

house raised upon the glebe. This was an institution for which he felt especially solicitous, on his departure from Crickhowel, to enter upon another scene of labour; and to one of his influential parishioners, he thus expressed himself at that time:—"In leaving this happy scene of my ministerial duties, few things give me a deeper pang, than the state of the infant school. Its funds are very deficient. Would that Mrs. . . . . and yourself could see it to be your duty to give it your liberal support. Its instruction is confined to religion; the children, as soon as they can walk, are taken to church; and I cannot but regard the institution as the nursery of all that is sound and good. Of the persons who are at the head of it, we have the highest character for ability and piety. My mind would be relieved of a great weight, if I could see an institution, which I really consider as important, and more so than any in the place, put on a firmer and more lasting foundation." It was in these rooms, as a sacred and endeared spot, that he used to close the duties of the Sabbath evening; by assembling as many of the children from the various schools as could be collected, for the purpose of examining them upon their improvement of the past day, and impressing upon them the instruction they had received.

While he could thus look upon the young and tender of the flock, with the mind and spirit of Him who would say, "Forbid them not; of such is the kingdom of heaven;" he did not shrink from the degraded and repulsive condition of those, who were men of strength and maturity in ungodliness and dissipation. Not only in cases of sickness and destitution, was he prompt to minister; he was ready

also, to meet the workings of the carnal mind in every odious form. The intemperate, the disorderly, the vagrant, were followed into their dark and loathsome dwellings; vicious habits were detected and exposed; and faithful to his Lord, and to the soul of the abandoned outcast, his gentle spirit could assume the sterner tone of love, when needful, to reprove, rebuke, and exhort, with all authority, as well as with all long-suffering. Societies and institutions, formed among different classes of his parishioners, and designed to promote their moral improvement or temporal comfort, came under his observation; in some of them he took an active part, and sought diligently to have them established and conducted in the fear of God, and upon scriptural principles. Over the Temperance Society in Crickhowel, he watched from its commencement, endeavouring to raise it above the character of a mere social compact resting on human motives, and to see it rather sanctified as a pledge to consistency, among men who knew and confessed that they were called to live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world. "He presided at its meetings," (writes one who materially assisted him in this and other works)—"regarding it as another banner set up in the name of Christ; and the very last occasion on which he was able to go out, was to attend a committee-meeting on the subject," with a view to prevent a threatened disunion among the members, which had caused him so much uneasiness, that it was only in his constant refuge, importunate prayer, that he could find strength or resolution to take any part in the proceedings.

To check the progress of immorality, by every possible means, he felt to be an imperative duty; and in addition

to his own faithfulness in laying the axe to the root of the tree as a minister of the Gospel, he had recourse to the restraining power of the magisterial arm. His concern upon this point led him, at one period, to make nightly visits in places of revelry and dissipation, where he was not exempt from painful and even tumultuous resistance; but the encouraging support he received from secular authority, in maintaining the interests of morality and religion, was with him a matter of repeated and grateful acknowledgment. On one occasion, having been informed that the church-yard of a neighbouring parish had been chosen as the scene of an annual fair, with its attendant riotous and profligate excesses, he repaired without delay to the spot, and calling in the aid of the resident magistrate, succeeded in quickly dispersing the unhappy multitude. But, not content with merely interrupting a desecrating trespass on the very threshold of the house of prayer, he followed many of the fugitives into the beer-houses, pressing after them from room to room, and compelling them to hear at once the voice of mercy and the firm reproof. For there was in his countenance and deportment, an aspect of holy determination, an expression of purity of purpose—the calm energy of principles and powers not of this world—that seemed to intimidate, to command attention, and to arrest the hand of violence, when he stood, with closed doors, in the midst of an angry, disappointed rabble.

CHAPTER V.

HIS ADVOCACY OF MISSIONS.

A MISSIONARY spirit, so manifest in all the pastor's work, could not be limited to the bounds of his own parochial fold. The condition of the Heathen myriads, sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death; and the working of Divine love in the hearts of men who could "leave all," and go forth to perils and privations, as ministers of light and life; excited, on the one hand, a deep and bitter commiseration, and on the other, feelings of admiring thankfulness and joy. Of those honoured messengers of the churches, he had said, "The self-devotion and self-sacrifice of missionaries, we have long regarded as the sweetest savour of Christ that scents this tainted and evil world; to our eye, the light which they hold forth, has ever appeared a bright and shining light; such as, men beholding, must be led to glorify the Father which is in heaven." In this view, he laboured to engage the active sympathy of his people; and his efforts were not in vain; as their liberal contributions, and their personal attendance on

appointed occasions, abundantly proved. "Under his fostering care, (to quote a letter from Crickhowel) the missionary cause in this parish assumed a very interesting aspect. At the yearly meeting, he drew around him large assemblies of his brother clergymen. As minister of the place, he led the proceedings of the day into one great channel of usefulness; and over the increasing church collections, he would exult as one that had found great treasure, and with especial delight over the pennies."

Those seasons of joyful solemnity are also referred to in another letter:—"The Church Missionary anniversary at Crickhowel occurred during one of my visits to dear Henry, and remains among the most pleasing recollections of past days. Very often does the mind recur to it, with sacred and refreshing delight, as a festival of Christian love. It was on one of those serene days in October, when every rural object seems to bear witness to the loveliness of peace. The face of nature appeared to smile, in sympathetic calmness, on the work of charity that was to occupy every heart that day. And as the morning sun gradually broke through the tender mist, one company after another was to be seen hastening down from the hills, into the happy valley, to realise that unity which is as the dew of Hermon, and to take sweet counsel under the pastor's roof, where every hospitality, and every testimony of Christian fellowship, awaited them. On no occasion, perhaps, did he who received them, experience greater enjoyment, than when he could thus gather around him a goodly company of faithful brethren in Christ, intent upon devising liberal things, and promoting that great purpose of Immanuel—'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth

peace, good will towards men.' When once assembled, no time was suffered to be unemployed. The morning and evening services in the church, with a meeting in the afternoon, allowed no more than necessary intervals for rest and refreshment. The assistance of clerical friends had been obtained for the sermons, but his own energy and gracefulness in speaking, and the statements and appeals he made in support of missionary enterprise, may, I believe, be ranked amongst the choicest offerings of the day. It was next to an impossibility, not to catch some spark of that fire of love and zeal with which he was evidently filled. There was an enlargement of soul, indicated in every look and expression, that could regard each individual before him with affectionate interest, while his heart was going forth to the ends of the earth, comprehending in its benevolent ardour the multitudes of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation. Exalted views of a spiritual work,—a manifestation of Almighty grace and power in distant, benighted lands, did not prevent the most kind and thoughtful attention to the comfort and accommodation of those who were present with him. And I well remember, as he was preparing his remittance to the parent society, on the next day, what grateful satisfaction animated every feature, when the liberal amount of the collections had been ascertained, which he could not suffer to pass on to their destination, until he had again opened his own purse with a free hand."

The Rev. J. F. Beddy of Monmouth, among some general notices of his character, bears testimony to his

zeal as an advocate of missions, in his own parish, and in other places;—

"I shall never forget our first interview. We had exchanged letters respecting a society, on behalf of which, he was coming to Monmouth to preach a sermon in my church; and those letters had made us known, the one to the other, as servants of the same Lord and Master, and children of the same heavenly King. He accordingly greeted me with the affection of a brother, and from that period until his removal to Chelsea, I experienced the same invariable kindness. You could not be any length of time in company with him, without perceiving that he was one of the 'excellent,' as the Lord calls his saints, in whom, he adds, 'is all my delight.' Strong affection, kindness, humility, meekness, and gentleness, were all strikingly exhibited in our beloved friend. Were they not also expressed by the sweet and musical tones of his peculiarly soft, and most engaging, voice? He seemed to carry along with him, and to diffuse around him, and to spread abroad in every place, the sweet savour of the name of Jesus.

"I once met Mr. Henry Vaughan at Hereford, at a meeting of the Church Missionary Society, and accompanied him and another friend, as a deputation to visit a few of the auxiliary associations; and it was, I think, the most delightful journey that I ever had. He had recently lost a beloved child, an only daughter; and the description he gave, at one of those places which we visited, both of the death of his dear child, and of his own feelings, was such, that tears flowed abundantly from many eyes. He made this allusion to domestic trials, for the

purpose of shewing what an evil thing sin is, and how fearful its consequences; and in stating the support and the comfort which the Gospel gives, in the greatest and most painful afflictions, he took occasion to urge upon his hearers, the blessedness of being themselves acquainted with that Gospel in all its reality, and in all its power, and that they should exert themselves to assist in sending forth the Gospel to heathen lands. You know how much his heart was interested in the missionary work, and how strong the desire which he himself had, to be employed in the missionary field. New Zealand, in particular, called forth the liveliest interest.

"On those occasions when he had to preside at, and conduct, a missionary meeting in his own parish, he seemed to be in a singularly joyous and happy state of mind Lovely as was his Christian character at all times, it appeared to acquire an unusual degree of splendour on those missionary and festal days. It was his aim and desire, and prayer, that those days might be profitable, not only with reference to the important object which brought his friends around him, but also with reference to those friends themselves. It was very delightful to meet, in his truly peaceful and happy home, a large number of Christians, the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, who had come, and some of them from distant places, to joy and rejoice with him in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. Having used the word 'peaceful,' I am forcibly reminded of a circumstance truly characteristic of our beloved and deceased friend.—The first time that I went to Crickhowel, he met me at the inn on the arrival of the coach; and when we reached his home, and had

entered, he turned towards me, and with a countenance expressive of the utmost kindness and affection, he said, 'Peace be to this house'—putting these words into my mouth, and adding, 'I like that salutation.' Our dear friend was anxious that no time should be spent unprofitably while his guests were with him, and therefore, as soon as convenient, after dinner, and before the hour arrived for the evening meeting* at the infant school-house; a portion of scripture was read and expounded by one clerical brother, and prayer was offered by another; then, some subject connected with the business of the day, and which had been previously chosen for discussion, became the theme of general conversation.

"The last letter that I received from my dear friend and brother, contained an invitation to go to a missionary meeting at Crickhowel, in which he said, 'You know we look to you for help, to conduct the business of the day in a prayerful and spiritual manner.' This, indeed, was his chief desire; and hence he would look to persons even so much inferior to himself, in order that he might attain this end."

It was not, however, to one body of missionary labourers, that his interest, or his support, were confined. The exemplary and beneficent missions of the Moravian Episcopal Church, too often overlooked and unaided by Christians of other denominations, presented to his mind such

* A slight discrepancy may be apparent in the accounts of these anniversaries, as given by different friends. It arises from their having alluded to different years, when some variations in the arrangements of the day had taken place.

attractive evidences that the hand of the Lord was with them, as to rivet his steady attachment, and secure his most willing service. When the spirit of enterprise and self-denial, manifest in almost every page of their remarkable history,—when their boldness in design, and their patient endurance in labour,—the tenderness of their love, united with inflexible firmness,—were first commended to his attention; they were met at once by respondent principles in his own heart, derived from the same source, and conducing to the same end. Soon after he had become acquainted with the extensive work effected through their humble means, he called a meeting on their behalf in the Town Hall of Crickhowel; and so intense was the interest with which he entered into the facts then brought forward, that—when a long series of details in illustration of their progress and success, with the oppressive atmosphere of a crowded room, had induced no slight degree of weariness in the hearers,—he rose, with reviving joy and animation in his countenance, taking up in succession many of the striking points that had been mentioned, and arraying them in a freshness, a brilliancy, a grace, that dispelled all sense of fatigue, and seemed to carry those who listened, into the realities of the scenes he sketched.

An indefatigable and successful pleader for those missions, fully competent to form an opinion of the traits of character he has noticed, writes of him thus:—

"I was much struck with the facility and effectiveness with which, evidently under the powerful operation of love to a body of self-denying and devoted brethren in Christ, and an earnest desire for the salvation of the heathen, he entered into the case of the Moravian missions when it

was brought to his notice. Within a very few days, and in the midst of other laborious occupations, he had so fully mastered that subject, comprehending the history of the church extending over many centuries, as well as of the missions, that he was enabled to plead the cause in public, and to enter at considerable length, and with singular accuracy, into a great part of the facts connected with it; and his ardent mind became so powerfully drawn towards it, that for several successive years, he not only repeated his advocacy, but travelled some distance for that purpose. But for his pressing avocations and delicate health, he would doubtless have done much more in behalf of a cause, in which his heart had evidently become more deeply interested, the more he entered into the consideration of its claims on the Christian sympathies of the followers of the Lamb. The force and ability with which he pleaded, generally won upon his audience, and he was frequently invited to repeat his appeal on some early occasion."

Several of his own letters will also afford evidence of the warmth and energy with which he pursued this work of love, regardless of a state of health unequal to the exertion. But as those letters generally embrace other topics, they are classed with the correspondence hereafter included in the "Remains;" and one only will be introduced in this place:—

"Crickhowel, 16th May 1834.

. . . . "And now for my Moravian tour. I propose (God permitting) to be at Bristol, where churches have been promised, on the 8th, 9th, and 10th, of July, taking

St. Arvan's in my way. After that, I should wish to return home, and be present at my own Sunday duty on the 13th of July. On Monday the 14th, I am willing to start again, and will occupy churches in Cheltenham, Gloucester, and Worcester, if they can be procured, during the whole of that week. Perhaps Mr. Close might be induced to let me have his pulpit on Wednesday the 23rd. And some other may be procured at Gloucester on the following day. I might then get to Worcester with ease by Saturday, and preach twice on Sunday the 27th, if two churches can be had, for the glorious cause. The Birmingham tour must stand over for the present.

"I shall be able in the course of the year, I trust, to do something more immediately in my own neighbourhood; but I cannot promise more at present than I have undertaken. Will you communicate this to dear L . . . , and tell him that I have hardly known how to write before; —the spirit being willing, but the body weak.

"Christian love to all my dear friends. God bless you all.

"Yours in the bonds of Christian affection,

. . . . "H. V."

In the excursions which, from time to time, were undertaken in this manner, an intercourse—truly delightful to so affectionate a disposition, and a heart so filled with the grace of love—was opened with many faithful and experienced servants of the Lord; and while devoting himself simply as a labourer in support of foreign claims, he proved the truth of that word, "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself." His character, wherever he

sojourned, presented the same marks of spiritual life; and, like another who walked in the light of God's countenance, he bowed the hearts of all the people towards him, as the heart of one man.

The Rev. J. Venn, of Hereford, in whose church Henry had pleaded for the missions of the Moravian Brethren, remarks, to a friend of his, after expressing much cordial interest in the proposed memoir:—

"I do not recollect having ever seen Henry Vaughan, more than upon two occasions; and then, only in company with others. But what I then saw, together with what I had heard of him, made an impression upon my mind, which nothing will ever remove,—that his character was singularly lovely, and that there was a most rare and attractive combination in him, of the best endowments, both of grace and of nature."

By a lady at Clifton, whose hospitable home afforded a Christian welcome to those, whom the missionary cause brought into that neighbourhood, the following account has been given of the esteem and affection with which he was regarded there:—

"You ask me to write of your beloved husband. It would be difficult to turn my mind to another subject when addressing you, though I cannot attempt to be of any use in the way you suggest. If any thing like that justice is done to him, which I am sure his friends would desire, it would be truly interesting to them. We both feel quite incompetent to give even our own impressions of the beauty of his mind and character. I could tell you how much we

loved and valued him;—but that, you know;—that we felt for him almost as a brother, and that all with whom we had the happiness of bringing him acquainted, highly appreciated him; but where was it otherwise?

"We have found three letters, only, and a little fragment. The last, unfortunately, has the half relating to the details of business torn off; the object being to leave the sweet passages at the end, more obvious; but had we anticipated, it would have been left entire. Other relics too, would have remained. There may be more, and if so, you shall have them. I know you will kindly return them. In the part torn off that letter which speaks of leaving Crickhowel, he referred to his well-known feeling respecting pupils, and desire to give himself wholly to the work of the ministry, as the sole inducement to think of a removal.

"But to indulge a little in recollections. We never can forget the evening when we first saw him. You know that it was when he first preached at Bristol for the Moravian Missions. He came to us as a stranger, and often have we applied to the circumstance, that text in Heb. xiii. 2. My sister has more than once remarked, that it was as if an angel had come among us. Many minutes had not passed, before—in reply to some wish expressed respecting the object of his visit, with allusion to the many calls of a similar kind in this place,—he said, in his own gentle way, that he thought we were too apt to arrange our expenditure on a wrong principle; first, to form our own plan of life, and then see what we can give to promote the cause of God; whereas, the first enquiry should be, out of what God has entrusted to us, how much can we give for the advancement of his cause and glory; and then to ar-

range our mode of life, with the remainder. You know the manner in which he would enter on such a subject, and the impression calculated to be made upon strangers. But such, we could not long continue. The commencement of our intercourse gave us an idea of his lovely character, which was strengthened on every succeeding interview. We felt his friendship to be among the privileges connected with our abode here. His sound judgment, deep spirituality, simplicity and singleness of mind; the union of decision and gentleness; his extreme openness, and affectionate confidence; joined with so much cultivation and refinement, formed him to be loved beyond almost any one we have known. We felt him to be not only a delightful companion, but a most valuable friend; and fondly hoped that he was given to us, as such, for life;—or rather, we should have hoped this, but for the latent apprehension of consumption. He did not look as though destined to be long here; and that ethereal expression, which beamed in his countenance, spoke more of heaven than of earth. We feared that zeal in his Master's work would shorten the term of labour; and tried, once especially, to persuade him of the duty of being careful of his health; but there was a heavenly-mindedness in his way of receiving the suggestion, which overpowered and silenced by its influence, although it could not alter our convictions. You well know how entirely he had given himself to God for missionary work, especially in connection with New Zealand, if his providence should open the door; 'but, while my dear wife feels about it as she does at present, the door is not open,' was his remark. I think, his friends would all have agreed with you, that the

character of his fine mind marked his post of labour to be intended elsewhere. But there was such a beauty, in the manner in which he spoke of his feelings on the subject, shewing that his will was given to God in the whole matter.

"His visits were peculiarly delightful to us, from the enjoyment it had afforded him, to find unexpectedly so many excellent clergymen here. The name of dear Mr. Biddulph had been familiar to him; but except Mr. Hensman's, he knew of no other; and told us he had associated Bristol with little, except the riots, and the bustle of the Bush Inn as he used to pass through in travelling. His first visit for missionary purposes, opened to him here almost a new world; and his heart seemed filled with the joy of Christian communion, among our many faithful ministers.

"We were much struck with the warmth and tenderness of his Christian sympathy with those, even personally unknown, but fellow-members of the same spiritual body. Their sickness, cares, afflictions, became his own; and his heart was poured forth in prayer for them continually, with all the fulness of interest of one who felt himself a brother in Christ. Several cases occurred during his visits to us, to which I allude. His mind seemed engaged very closely with the work of God, wherever he might be. One morning, I remember, while expounding at family prayer, his turning to us with the remark, that he had been led to choose that particular passage, from having observed that most of the clergymen he had seen here, were advancing in life; and that he thought it should be a subject of special prayer among Christians here, that God

would raise up, and prepare others, to supply the room of those whom, in his providence, he might remove from among us.

"In speaking* of our visit to Weston, I am led to hope that you may have some notices of his upon the subject of baptism. We had attended a clerical meeting there, when that had been the topic of discussion; and it seemed to me that I had never heard any one take so strong a view, so consistent with the whole baptismal service, giving its full effect, without being hampered at some point, or exceeding the bounds of scripturally evangelical truth. I have often wished to recover his sentiments on that subject.

"His principles as a very decided and thorough churchman, bring me to the point whence I set out (for he could well connect the two), viz. that our intercourse commenced with his preaching for the Moravian missionaries, for which, you know, how affectionately he was interested. He appreciated the character of that church, and has endeared himself much by evidences of genuine Christian union with its members. The meeting he attended here for the London Association in aid of those missions, at the house of a friend, was rendered particularly pleasing by his method of eliciting, in conversation, much detailed information, which was very satisfactory to persons present, who were unacquainted with them.

"If you can be tired, my dear friend, when he is the subject, you must be so, long ere this; for what is worth saying, you know far better; and it will seem only diluting beauties on which your mind is often dwelling. I trust

* Some portions of this letter have been reserved, for introduction in other parts of the Memoir.

you are enabled to recur to them with thankfulness to God, and to add, respecting the whole, though it be still with tears, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.' May your pilgrim steps be taken, daily leaning on the arm of a better 'Beloved.' I have written amidst many interruptions, on the return of our missionary week, of which we used to speak to him, and at which he desired to join us, if it might have been. Our last interview was at the Carshalton missionary meeting, at which he kindly assisted, in compliance with our request, though under much inconvenience. You were soon to leave Chelsea, and we looked forward to a renewal of happy intercourse from and at Crickhowel. But it is more exalted intercourse, to which we must now look. It is but a little while, and such partings, with all that has caused them, will be done with for ever."

Another friend also writes:—

"It was my happy privilege to accompany dear Henry on one of his missionary circuits—I think the first—when I could not but feel a sympathising joy, in observing how much his spirit was refreshed and delighted on coming forth, for a short season, from the retirement of his own parish, to commune with those Christian brethren, into whose society he was brought by the office he had then undertaken. Nor did it form a small part of my enjoyment on the tour, to see what interest he excited wherever he appeared, and how many marks of brotherly affection and esteem he received at the hands of those who were in the ministry. It is, perhaps, almost too trifling a circumstance to mention, but I often call it to mind with much pleasure, as one among many other acts of kindness ren-

dered in the same spirit, and accepted as they were offered —in the simplicity of a believer's love. On the first Sunday, he was to preach three times—twice in the town where we had met the preceding day, and also at the intervening afternoon-service in a parish distant a few miles. Soon after the close of his morning duty, the minister of the church where he was expected in the afternoon, rode up to us, having determined that his own horse should return with Henry to the village, and bring him back again to his evening appointment. Thus he was soon mounted; attended on foot by this considerate minister, on one side; and by myself, on the other, as his attached armour-bearer, having charge of the weighty Bible which he was accustomed to use in the pulpit. I am unable to convey an idea of the impression made by the cordial manner, in which this timely attention was bestowed, or by the fellowship that was realised as we passed along that lovely country, in animated conversation, cheered by a smiling genial atmosphere; but I think we felt the force of that similitude—'like the precious ointment on the head of Aaron.'

"Although he could not forget, that he was journeying in the cause of those who had gone forth, not counting their lives dear unto them; neither could he neglect any opportunity of ministering to individuals, or in social and domestic circles, on his way. Many were the methods and occasions in which he bare witness to the grace of the Lord Jesus, privately; and scarcely any conversation or interview terminated without fervent prayer. Wherever he went, I am sure it might be acknowledged, that the name of Jesus on his lip, was as ointment poured forth. I re-

member, particularly, the tenderness and delicacy with which he endeavoured to improve the days of mourning in the house of a widowed lady, where he was hospitably accommodated. When requested to lead the morning worship of the family, he selected as the subject of meditation, the visit of the sorrowing women and disciples to the sepulchre of the Saviour; and spoke of looking into the tomb of one who had recently been taken from us, with a gracefulness of sentiment and expression, that evidently inflicted no feeling of distress upon the bereaved family around him, but imparted the consolation he designed. I thought at the time, how few would have ventured, at that moment, even to glance on a subject, on which he could so acceptably enlarge.

"In addressing different congregations, upon the main object of his tour, he appeared to exercise much judgment and discrimination. For instance; at one church, where the pulpit was unexpectedly granted, and where he had reason to believe that the truth as it is in Jesus, was not clearly or fully declared, he preached to the people from the first verse of the 61st chapter of Isaiah, setting forth the great leading doctrines of the everlasting Gospel, with as it seemed to my fond ear, a persuasive beauty of feeling and eloquence that could not be resisted. While, in speaking to those who were esteemed as advanced Christians, and known to be bringing forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness; he entered, without restraint, into the breadth and depth of the revealed mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. I remember, upon my referring, in conversation, to some points in one of his sermons, his observation was, 'How merciful, that my God did not

send me down from the pulpit, like a fool, without a word to say.' On one occasion, I perceived, at the commencement of his sermon, a momentary flush—not of perplexity, for that he could not feel in a Christian assembly—but of sensibility. Accustomed to instruct a flock whose faces were all familiar to him, and with whose spiritual and temporal condition he was well acquainted; he now found himself in the midst of a people who were personally unknown to him, and who, till very lately, had been constantly hanging upon the lips of a much-loved pastor, whose place he was occupying. Not altogether free from emotion, he alluded, in a few words, to his position among them as a stranger; and then with much sweetness of tone and countenance, addressed to them the apostolic salutation, 'Grace be to you, and peace, from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ;' adding immediately, 'Now I shall not feel as a stranger.' In the succeeding discourse, he spoke with all the liberty and confidence of one who was persuaded that they who listened to him were 'saints and faithful brethren in Christ Jesus.' This was an annual sermon for the missions of the Moravian church; and the collection that followed, nearly trebled the usual amount. Many of the congregation pressed round him at the conclusion of the service, to hail his introduction to them; and his visit at that place led subsequently to many earnest invitations, not only to renew his advocacy of that particular object, but also to take a part in pleading for other works of Christian benevolence, which were zealously promoted there."

CHAPTER VI.

RECEPTION OF PUPILS FOR CLASSICAL INSTRUCTION.

A.D. 1833.

The income derived from the Vicarage of Crickhowel rarely exceeded £70, or £80, per annum. Consequently, some pecuniary disadvantage attended his acceptance of the appointment, with that scanty revenue; in lieu of the stipend, which, by the liberality of his immediate predecessor, had been attached to the curacy. The remedy for a defective provision, to which the clergy are compelled so often to have recourse, at the lamentable expense of health, and time, and much anxiety, was reluctantly adopted by Henry Vaughan; and a limited number of pupils were received under his roof, for classical tuition. It then became a duty, admitting of no delay, and requiring much serious and prayerful consideration, to supply, as far as possible, the loss to which his people would be exposed, by this additional claim upon his interest and energy. And he could not but regard it, as a token of favour and good-

ness from the hand of that God and Saviour whom he delighted to serve and to honour, that his friend, the Rev. E. Blencowe, was enabled to unite with him in the stated work of pastoral ministry. Thus, while unavoidably resigning some portion of those labours, to which he would gladly have devoted all the powers and acquirements he possessed; there was a consolation that may easily be conceived, in presenting to his flock one, of whom he could most cordially say, "Receive him as myself." But, in adverting to this happy season of a friendship, originating in college days, and now matured in the privileges of ministerial co-operation; it ought not to be forgotten, that this most effectual aid was rendered with a free, disinterested, love, that would accept no other recompense than the joy of serving in the gospel, and becoming, at the same time, the fellow-helper and the guest of an esteemed, endeared, brother.

Whatever regret may be felt in contemplating the ardent spirit of Henry Vaughan restricted to the daily tedium of literary instruction, it must be gratifying to bear in mind, that his office, as a witness for the truth of God, would be combined with that of a gifted and affectionate preceptor. He was, indeed, debarred from some of those active efforts of the pastor's life, for which his soul continued to thirst; but the testimony of Jesus could not be separated from any duty or employment in which he was engaged; and it therefore now assumed, in part, a different form, maintained and carried on in a new channel. So sweet an example of joy and peace in believing, would have a powerful tendency to dispel that gloomy impression, too often connected in the youthful mind with the idea of

religion; it would be seen that the confession of the name of Jesus, might consist with the talents and accomplishments of the scholar; and the value of human learning, and of intellectual exercise, would be kept in just subordination to the authority and dignity of the Sacred Oracles.

But it was not to the youths alone, placed under his care, that his thoughts, and affections, and sympathies, were directed. The relation in which he stood to them, opened the way for much spiritual and profitable communication with their parents and connections. A few letters, referring to his engagement as an instructor, will shew something of the spirit with which he performed that duty, and the numerous offices of Christian consideration and regard to which it led.

The mother of one beloved pupil writes :—

"I lament to say that my return here, prevents my getting access to any thing I might be able to copy for you, from dear Mr. Vaughan's letters. Most heartily should I rejoice, could I contribute any thing that might be suitable for the interesting little work you refer to. But I do not think I possess more than a few lines, beyond what related to general subjects of education, or of a personal and private character. From the moment I heard of him through my cousins, I set my heart upon my dear John's enjoying the great blessing of such a tutor. I believe my friends, Mr. S . . . and Mr. R . . . , undertook to ascertain the practicability of the object I had so much at heart, by writing to your dear husband; and I received the blessing of the fulfilment of my desires, as a distinguished honour and privilege from our gracious heavenly Father,

for which I felt most thankful. My spirits were much depressed when I took my dear boy to Crickhowel, stranger as I was to you all, and at a distance from all my friends. But the first interview at the parsonage filled my heart with confidence and comfort; so much did his lovely spirit and tender Christian kindness breathe in all he said, and in his whole manner. I can never forget the impression it made upon me. The sweetness of heavenly consolation was impressed with such a holy realising power, tone of voice, and elevation of soul beaming in his bright pale countenance, that I felt as if he were a being of another world. And then, you know, it was his habit to close every thing with prayer in his little study; when his soul seemed to be at home, at its true rest and centre of love and bliss. They were bright and hallowed days; for he condescended peculiarly to meet every little circumstance and person in the spirit of love and sympathy; and his heavenly spirit was ever delighting to cheer and elevate all around him, and impart its own impulse and sacred character. And all the while, he was so bright and intellectual, and full of taste and harmony; and yet he was full of sport and play, when with the dear children, making himself completely one of them. It was a very rare combination of heavenly grace and intellectual endowment and cultivation, with every thing lovely and beloved, that shone in our delightful friend. But to my heart he spoke of heaven, as a soul already on the wing for its glorious rest, that could not stay with us long, and would fain draw us upward with haste after him. When I think of Montgomery's beautiful hymn, 'For ever with the Lord,' I feel

his beloved memory identified with it. How much he enjoyed the Brethren's hymns!"

And again :—

"You know what a tender sympathy he felt, and how precious his thoughts and feelings were to the sorrowful heart; and I was in such deep grief when I took my dear boy to him first, and found his spirit such a source of comfort and elevation to my soul, always, in every thought and in every letter, exciting to praise and hope, as well as to prayer. And then afterwards, when my precious M . . . was brought low, and my heart again passed through such depths of conflict and depression, your dear husband seemed to identify himself with us in all our experience, and poured forth such a balm of consolation as only those can know who are filled with the sweetness of Jesus. Ah! there they are, now and *for ever*, my beloved friend. Think only of their present blessedness, and let us rejoice for them, and praise our God, though in sorrow and heaviness. I hope you find the thought of this, a most precious help to rise by faith to your Saviour, and to lay aside weights, and the sin that so easily besets us."

With the mother of one of his pupils, he thus condoles on the death of her husband :—

"I have made known to dear J . . . the melancholy intelligence contained in your letter. He feels it deeply; but this I cannot regret. 'Jesus wept.' A gracious heart is tender and full of feeling. Religion does not blunt, but quicken, every sensibility of the soul. May his sorrow be a gracious one—humbling and sanctifying. It shall be my

object, in dependence on the Divine blessing, to give it that character. Thus shall I be most effectually consoling you, and bearing a part in my fellow-Christian's sufferings. Great, indeed, have been yours; but all those, be it remembered, who stand before the throne of God clothed in robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb, have come out of much tribulation. We are now to suffer with him, that we may be glorified together. Yet, what are all our sufferings? A light affliction which is but for a moment, compared with the eternal and exceeding weight of glory which is so soon to follow. Truly, we may with the apostle reckon that they are not worthy to be compared. Believe with an implicit faith in God. Do not suffer your mind to wander into questions that you can never solve. Sometimes, God permits us to see the reason of his dealings; at others, he plants his footsteps in the deep, and forbids us too anxiously to trace his mysterious ways. Keep your soul as a weaned child, and do not exercise yourself in matters too high for you. Let it be your main endeavour to derive practical improvement from the dispensation. Those who go to God for guidance, He will never leave ignorant of their duty. To the word of God, then, my dear fellow-Christian,—to the throne of grace,—to Jesus Christ,—to the heavenly Father,—to the Holy Spirit,—fly in this time of need, and ask, 'What wouldst thou have me to do?' The answer will be, 'This is the will of God, even your sanctification.'—Sanctification now; and hereafter glory. Be content with this. Live by faith a little while longer. You will see face to face, and know even as you are known. Be patient, and hope, even to the end. In every thing by prayer and supplica-

tion, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God; and the *God of peace* shall keep your heart and mind through Jesus Christ. I shall account it a privilege, to sorrow with and pray for you. God bless you with his grace, mercy, and peace, now and ever."

On a pupil returning home for the vacation, he conveys to the mother this word in season:—

"I send dear J . . . home in good health, and I trust improved in the most essential points. He has behaved exceedingly well, and is in all respects with us as a son. Indeed, all my pupils give me their affection and entire confidence, which is the best gift they can confer. I think you should act on the principle of PARENTAL AUTHORITY. Although it is right, at times, to explain to children the grounds of our conduct, it is not at all times. They should be taught to obey, on a principle of implicit obedience. They will hereafter frequently be called upon to obey God, without perceiving the immediate reasons of his commands. It is good therefore to train them to this in their youth, by requiring, at proper times, a similar obedience towards ourselves. True love is made up of respect and affection. It will not do to build on affection alone. Authority, sanctioned by, indeed founded upon, God's word, must do its part; 'it is but the graver countenance of love.' With you, I should wish him to read the book of Genesis, and if possible the first twelve chapters of Exodus. From thence to the end of Joshua, I have read with my pupils this half-year."

To a parent, in affliction, he addresses himself :—

"I am truly happy that you have been enabled by Divine grace, to surrender your dear boy into the heavenly Father's hands, and to submit your will to his. This resignation will assuredly be blessed. It often, I believe it usually, happens that God removes the rod when we are ready to receive it without complaint. True wisdom is a simple thing. Let us look on these things as Christ himself did, 'I thank thee, heavenly Father, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.' Willingly, most willingly, if it were my duty, would I become a person of one book, and with babes and sucklings study nothing but that Word, which alone is able to make us wise unto salvation. How apt is other knowledge to distract and mislead. Be content if your boy promises to be a good boy. Wrestle with God unceasingly for his soul, and as to all the rest, say—'Thy will, not mine, be done.'"

Also, on another occasion :—

"We shall endeavour not to forget you in your peculiarly trying situation. Your safety and strength will be, closest communion with God, and prayer. You will have need, indeed, of that wisdom that cometh down from above, to shape your course aright. Remember, dear friend, how narrow a way the Gospel is. Remember, how universally, without respect of persons, its unworldly principles apply. Remember, how despised a thing it is in the wisdom of the world, how contrary to the pursuits and pleasures of this world. If you cannot do good, withdraw; by no means countenance by example what your

conscience and judgment disapprove in principle. 'If any man love father, or mother, brother or sister, more than me, he is not worthy of me.' "

How far he was, from regarding this burdensome duty as an unwelcome task, when once he had entered upon it, may be discovered in a few lines extracted from a letter on missionary affairs :—

"In my reply to your relation and friend Mrs. . . . I recommended her to send her son to S . . . , for reasons which I need not repeat, as I dare say she will communicate them to you. I will only now add, that it cost me a good deal to act according to the convictions of my judgment and conscience ; for I entered much into the maternal feelings which had prompted the desire to place him under my instruction. What a world this is ! How stern often appears the path of duty ! How impossible it is, to give unrestrained vent to the affections of the heart ! If it were possible, I felt at the moment, that I would willingly have taken under my roof all the widow's children, yet was obliged to refuse *one*. But if we can sometimes feel thus, what must the feeling of our heavenly Father be, whose hand is not shortened that it cannot save. To Him, may not the widow safely commit her children ? Will not He abundantly provide for them, and bless them ? Oh, yes ! What a grain of mustard-seed is our faith ! I comforted myself, at the time, with the persuasion that I should pray for her, and him whom I could not receive. How easy is it to promise prayer, but

> 'What various hindrances we meet,
> In coming to a mercy seat.'

"I look forward with much pleasure to my relation as a tutor to the son of a Christian indeed. Our delight should be "in the saints that are in the earth." Certainly, if faith and prayer do not sanctify every relation, there is neither usefulness nor comfort."

CHAPTER VII.

REMOVAL FROM CRICKHOWEL TO CHELSEA.

A.D. 1836.

No one who had been admitted to the privileges of his home, during the few years of his engagement with pupils, could suppress a desire for his liberation from a charge, which was evidently reducing the small portion of health and strength he had possessed, and wearying to a soul that longed for more constant, uninterrupted, ministration in the midst of his flock. It is true, that he could not have his youthful circle formed around him, without feeling an affectionate anxiety for them, infusing life and interest into his daily toil; but, at the same time, he could not resist the conviction, that this was trespassing unduly upon the proper exercise of his holy vocation. And, when, under the pressure of fatigue in mind and body, he would have welcomed a repose and relaxation in the bosom of his family, which he was peculiarly fitted to appreciate and enjoy, the cares of the church put in a claim to continued exertion that could not be refused. Still, his removal from the

"peaceful, solitary, nook," so longed for in early days, and seemingly marked out, in many respects, by an all-wise providence, as his appointed sphere, could not be suggested by any friend, solicitous for his comfort, as well as for his usefulness, without exciting deep concern and distress in his mind.

Temporal advantage, among all its coveted and alluring forms, had none that could offer any attraction in his eyes. It may be said, without hesitation, that he could not entertain a desire or a thought for any worldly goods, excepting as the means of honourably enjoying a most simple mode of life. Neither house, nor land, nor any other earthly possession, could present a charm to be compared with the humble cottage and garden which he occupied. There, he was surrounded by the people, for whom he was persuaded, the Lord had called him to watch; there, was the scene of his domestic joys and endearments; there, he could meditate, and pray, and praise, and form plan after plan for the present and eternal welfare of those who were committed to his pastoral oversight; there, his eye was enchanted, and his toil-worn frame occasionally refreshed, in gazing upon the stately mountain and the happy vale, clothed with the bounties of his Father's hand. An earthly patrimony could rouse no feelings of anticipation, while those free gifts of a heavenly Parent were spread around him.

"Though, were his sight conveyed from zone to zone,
He should not find one spot of ground his own,
Yet, as he looks around, he cries with glee:
These bounding prospects all were made for me;
For me, yon waving fields their burthen bear,
For me, yon labourer guides the shining share."

So deeply was he troubled at the idea of leaving a people, among whom he had laboured nearly from his very first entrance upon the ministry, that he would gladly have relinquished the charge of pupils, and attempted to live upon the trifling pittance yielded by the vicarage. But the probability, or rather the certainty, that perplexing difficulties must have ensued, was too obvious to himself and the partner of his bosom, to allow of such a step. While resting confidently on the providential goodness of their God, they were fearful of tempting him by precipitancy; and could not justify themselves in neglecting any provision which, through the disposal of events, appeared to be offered them at his hand. To refuse one opening or opportunity, because it was not altogether such as they might think good for themselves, or for others in connection with them; and then to be expecting the discovery of some more eligible path; would have been, in their apprehension, vainly and presumptuously to cast themselves down, that it might be seen how God would lift them up. And it was under the influence of these considerations, that they were induced to concur in an arrangement which required their removal from Crickhowel.

The conflict experienced, when the choice of another station was presented, is perceptible, in some degree, from Henry Vaughan's letters at that time. To the friend who first intimated the probability that Park Chapel, Chelsea, might be open to his acceptance, he wrote—

"Crickhowel, 11th February, 1836.

"My dear Friend,

"The contents of your letter gave rise, as you may suppose, to great searchings of heart. I cannot yet bring myself to think that the offer will be made me; if it should, I can only say, at present, that I shall seek counsel of that God who has led me hitherto; and decide, I hope, according to his most blessed will. Of course, the few next posts will be looked to with no ordinary interest, as likely to bring some more certain tidings.

"You will be glad to hear that the Divine blessing is much more manifestly prospering us here. This, of course, would increase the difficulty and responsibility of leaving. But I am not yet prepared to judge. As I said before, when it comes decidedly before me, I shall give the subject a full, patient, and prayerful, consideration. Meantime, my dear friend, how can I sufficiently thank you for your kind and unwearied interest in the welfare of those, in whom you have seen nothing but sins and imperfections. Believe me, though a bad letter-writer, I have not a bad memory in which to retain the remembrance of that affection, which consciousness of ill desert makes more free and more precious. Kind Christian love to T . . . and L . . . Dearest B . . . and the children are well. We sigh for a sight of you. May we all sigh more and more for the sight of Him whose coming shall gather, no more to be separated, all that love Him, and look for his appearing. God bless you with all the blessings of Jesus Christ and his Spirit.

"Yours most affectionately in the bonds of Christ.

"H. V.

"We have, during the past year, passed through dark waters, and more than ever experienced the loving kindness of the Lord. He is faithful. We know it. All praise be unto Him for ever."

Two of his most faithful and beloved parishioners were addressed as follows, while he was in treaty for that chapel :—

"Crickhowel, 17th February, 1836.

"My dear Mr. S . . . ,

"I can most truly say, that it is with the deepest pain I inform you that there is a probability of my being removed from Crickhowel. Without any solicitation on my part; indeed without my knowledge of any of the circumstances which led to it, the offer of Park Chapel, Chelsea, has been made to me. The income of this chapel will set me free from the painful necessity of taking pupils. Few know how painful this necessity has ever been to me; and yet, believe me, I now feel that any thing would be less painful, than leaving my dear charge here. I am anxious, in a matter of such deep responsibility, to secure an interest in the prayers of all those who are interested, —as by many proofs I know that you and dear Mrs. S . . . are,—in ourselves, and still more in the welfare of immortal souls. As yet, I have decided nothing. God will, I trust, of his infinite mercy, guide my decision aright. With kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. S . . . , and with a lively sense of all your kindness,

"I am, my dear Mr. S . . . ,

"Yours ever most faithfully and affectionately,

"H. V."

"Crickhowel, 24th February, 1836.

"My dear Friend,

"Doubtless, the suddenness of my departure for the great metropolis, occasioned some little surprise to those who are kind enough to take an interest in my affairs. I hardly know how to tell you and your dear family, the business on which I went. Without the slightest application on my part, and wholly without my knowledge, the offer of Park Chapel, Chelsea, has been made me. The income is not large, but it would relieve me from the necessity of taking pupils, and leave my soul, spirit, and body, at liberty for that work to which I have solemnly devoted myself. My heart is overwhelmed within me. I can at present hardly endure the thought of leaving dear Crickhowel and my precious flock. Indeed, I refused to give any decided answer while in town, that I might solemnly and deliberately weigh the awful responsibilities attaching to a question of such moment. I cannot write more on this subject. Never was I so tried as now. May God give me a right judgment in all things. We entreat a place, my dear friends, I may truly say *dearest* friends, in your most fervent prayers. God be with us all.

"Yours most faithfully and affectionately,

"H. V."

The change, when decided upon, was communicated, without delay, to the friend with whom he had first corresponded on the subject :—

"Crickhowel, 26th February, 1836.

"Dearest Friends,

"This day's post takes a letter to Mr. Harding contain-

ing my acceptance of Park Chapel. We see our way clearly; so do all the friends whose judgment we value here. I shall, during the first year, keep my dear pupil J . . . , as his mother would have sorrow upon sorrow if I did not. . . . .

"You will be anxious to know how we feel about this change. I answer:—determined to follow, with good heart, him who hath called us; deeply afflicted, more and more afflicted, at the thought of leaving all that is dear here. Pray for us, dear friends! I do not forget, in all these plans, that we know not what a day may bring forth. Kindest love from all to all.

"Yours most affectionately in the Lord.

"H. V."

Also to his missionary correspondent at Clifton:—

"Crickhowel, March, 1836.

"My dear Christian Friend,

"Many, many apologies, for having neglected to write and tell you that I shall not be able to avail myself of your kind hospitality, at your approaching anniversary. My own people have a right to claim every moment of my short time with them. Added to which, I have upon my mind all the business and cares of our speedily approaching removal. I have no doubt, the unexpectedness and suddenness of these plans have amazed you, as much as ourselves. Let me tell you all about it. You know how contented I was at Crickhowel; how little I thought of change; how full I was of plans which all took for granted that I was to remain there. Never did I breathe to any of my

friends, a hint that I wished for any thing but just what I had. However, they and, I am led to think, a kind Providence had been at work. . . . .

"Soon after Easter we must depart from hence. We are full of heaviness. We wish to be so. A sad necessity takes us hence. Our people's hearts are full of sorrow; so are ours. But if they were worse, we know who can cure them. The will of our God be done, then. He will support and carry us through. He is sufficient for us.

"Farewell, my dear friends; pray for us. Before us—what a field, what a wilderness, what a crown! Within us—what weakness! Above us—what a God and Saviour, who rideth upon the heavens in our help! The Lord be with you. I grieve that I shall not now see your face, and that of other dear friends. Once more, the Lord of peace be with you both.

"I am, with kindest love from my dear wife,

"Yours most affectionately in the bonds of Christ,

"H. V."

And to a relative, his removal was thus noticed:—

"Most heartily do I thank you and dear J . . . , for your warm congratulations on what you are pleased to call my promotion. Oh, that it may prove such! That is true preferment, which advances us in the favour of God, and in meetness for his presence. If this should be blest to such ends, we shall have reason to rejoice, indeed. At present, my heart is much overwhelmed within me. The change is sudden and great, A thousand tender ties are broken by it. But I sought it not. It is the Lord; let him do as seemeth Him good."

At the request of several friends and parishioners, and with the sanction of his diocesan, he retained the Vicarage together with Park Chapel. This arrangement was formed with mutual satisfaction, as rendering his return to his people at any time practicable, and securing to them, through their vicar, some influence in the appointment of his substitute. And deeply as they lamented the prospect of separation, they could not, when he had finally determined upon a removal, withhold any co-operation that might give facility to his plan. A subscription was accordingly set on foot, which, added to the produce of the vicarage, would make the salary of the curate* £100 per annum. His letter, acknowledging this mark of considerate affection, has been preserved :—

"It is indeed, my dear Mr. S . . . , highly gratifying to my feelings to know that my wishes have been met, as you assure me they have. Such proofs of regard cannot fail to deepen and perpetuate the interest I have ever taken in my beloved flock. May I be made more deserving of their esteem. And may their liberality return from the Father of mercies, in ministerial blessings,—at present, through that pastor who is to succeed me,—and, if such be the will of God, at some future time, through him who deeply mourns the necessity which removes him from among them. In great haste,

"Yours most truly and affectionately,

"H. V."

"April 1836."

* It should be observed that the charge of the parish was not left exclusively to the minister who was appointed;—Henry Vaughan's father, who then resided in Crickhowel, having en-

Acceptable as such a token of attachment was to his feelings, far more touching were the personal expressions of regret at his departure, which met him on every side and from all classes. In the infant school-room, that endeared scene of a much-loved work, many of the humbler members of his church were assembled to exchange the parting affectionate farewell. "Those only who knew the tenderness of his spirit, can judge of the trial he then endured, amidst the sobs and tears of the little ones, whose grief could not be restrained, and the deeper sorrow of numbers who had pressed in, to share in his last blessing. And when he passed round among them, to take an individual leave of each, and to give the final word of benediction; the fervent grasp, the glistening eye, the half-uttered prayer,—all spoke an overflowing love that would have urged them to fall upon his neck and weep."

gaged to render gratuitous assistance in the duties of the cure. Mr. Blencowe had previously removed to another sphere of pastoral labour.

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS MINISTRY IN CONNECTION WITH PARK CHAPEL, CHELSEA.

The station to which he was now transferred, presented to him a populous district, with a congregation abounding in the fruits of a long course of able and energetic ministry. In their multiplied efforts of Christian love, sustained with no ordinary zeal and constancy, the members of that flock looked for an active, judicious, superintendence on the part of their spiritual guide. And in his change of place, Henry Vaughan found no abatement of care or labour. But while he entered, with his accustomed devotedness of spirit, into the various duties prepared for him, his heart and imagination could not be withdrawn from the vale, in which pastoral, social, and domestic relations and endearments had been springing up and acquiring strength and increase from year to year; and he still felt, that an important weight of parochial charge and responsibility rested upon him. The tie that bound him to Crickhowel could not be forgotten; as will

appear in a letter written to his curate there, soon after his arrival at Chelsea :—

" Chelsea, 19th April, 1836.

" My dear Friend,

" Would that various plans and occupations would allow me time for more than a salutation, and a benediction, and a farewell. But they will not. We are in all the confusion of furnishing a house. Oh! what contrast between these earthly houses, and that heavenly one in which we hope to dwell with our Lord for ever. Still the business must be done, and I am anxious to get rid of it as soon as possible; and therefore am as assiduous in this work of furnishing, as if tables and chests of drawers, pans and fire-irons, were all my delight.

" Our gracious God is, I trust, blessing you in your work. Be strong and of good courage, and he will establish thine heart and prosper thy work. Learn, my dear fellow-labourer, to glory in your infirmities. May the power and the glory of Christ rest upon you. Sorry, indeed, was I, to have caught but such a glimpse of your dear and venerable mother, and of your sister. May richest blessings of grace and peace descend upon them, and sanctify their residence at Crickhowel to themselves and others. Happy are you in the possession of such treasures. May their love comfort your heart, and their counsel direct your steps. The Lord be with them, and strengthen and comfort them always, in all things. My dearest wife fervently unites in these wishes and prayers for you all.

"I have heard nothing from home. The last Sabbath was a trying day. Let me have the list of your sick. How is poor William J . . . ? Be particular in your accounts of my dear people, over whom my heart yearns. How are J . . . , M . . . , and R . . . ? May God bless them; may he give them grace, – above all, wisdom and knowledge to seek to know Him who is the true God, and in whom is eternal life. How little did I ever do for them. The Lord supply my deficiencies. May you be abundantly blessed in your ministrations to their souls. Alas, we see too late that the *soul* should be our aim. Aim at their souls, dear friend. Press upon them the one thing needful. God be with you, and bless you. Open your whole heart to me, as I soon hope to do all mine to you. Once more, God bless you and yours, exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think.

"Tell all enquiring friends, we wish them grace and peace."

"Your most affectionate friend
in the bonds of Christian love.
"H. V."

About the same time, we find him writing to Crickhowel upon local matters, and transmitting a paper he had prepared for insertion in a monthly publication circulated in his parish:—

"My dear and valued friend, I send you the commentary. Give it a place, if you think proper. I would rather you should substitute a better. I was much pleased with your last number of the 'Advocate.' . . . . . Our

little periodical will, I trust, ever be distinguished by its evangelical (in no cant sense) principles. These alone can do the intemperate any good; and these alone form a solid ground for the abstinence and moderation which the members of temperance societies are pledged to exemplify. I cannot this time, I fear, give you any information. My time, at first entering on this new and wide sphere, is most completely occupied, so that half an hour's leisure is the scarcest thing in the world. I have not been able to attend any of the large meetings which have been going on. . . . . I shall think of you at your next monthly meeting. Let me have some account of it. May our blessed Saviour bless all who are associated in works designed to promote God's most excellent glory, and the eternal good of our fellow sinners. The Lord be with you, my dear friend, in all things. I much liked the scripture commentary of the last number. God bless the author, to whom I fancy I am not altogether a stranger."

But that the impulse by which he was governed in the duties of the vicarage, carried him, with undiminished ardour and affection, through all the engagements connected with the ministry at Park Chapel, is attested in the remembrance of his pastoral and private character, still retained at Chelsea. And in the letters which will now follow, that remembrance is presented in terms so faithful and descriptive, as to supersede any other account that might have been attempted of his sojourn there.

The Rev. R. W. Morice writes thus, from a neighbouring district :—

"In a note lately received, I have been requested to convey to you some recollections of the acquaintance and

intercourse, which it was my privilege to enjoy with your now sainted husband, during the period of his ministerial labours at Chelsea. I have very often looked back with gratitude, and I hope never without advantage to myself, on that short, but to me deeply interesting, period. And though, in communicating the impressions left upon my mind by that devoted servant of the Lord, I am certain I shall neither do justice to his memory, nor to my own feelings, yet I will attempt it.

"It was impossible for any one to know your late husband, without being deeply interested in him; and although it was in the discharge of his duties as a minister of religion that his spiritual zeal and devotedness, tempered always with sound judgment, would be most highly esteemed by those who were capable of appreciating it, yet he possessed qualifications of intellect which would always ensure respect, and a kindness and affability of manner which made him universally beloved. But if I go on expressing my opinions, I may seem rather to be giving way to panegyric, instead of detailing my recollections of him. I will therefore revert to some facts in his ministerial and social life, which will shew the foundation on which those opinions rest. It was but seldom that I could enjoy the privilege of attending his public ministrations, but whenever I could do so on Sunday evening, I did. My own weekly lecture on Thursday evening, always prevented my joining in the week-day worship at Park Chapel. His published sermons will testify, much better than I am able to do, the sound views of Scripture Truth, the deep spirituality of thought, the fervent zeal, and the peculiarly interesting and correct style, of his pulpit ad-

dresses; much of which may doubtless be attributed to his devotional habits, and especially to his practice of uniting in prayer, in the vestry, with the minister associated with him, before commencing Divine service. It was always to me a privilege, to be united with him in the discharge of duty; and a source of regret, that I could but seldom enjoy it. But there were other occasions, in carrying on the proceedings of some associations established in the parish, when his zeal and judgment were very conspicuous. In the endeavour to promote a better observance of the Lord's day, I well remember his energy. At the public meeting held in the parish for that purpose, I had made some remarks to urge upon the audience the necessity of individual exertion in their respective spheres; and perhaps had gone rather too far in dissuading them from reliance upon acts of Parliament; when my highly-valued friend commenced his address by stating that he 'somewhat' differed from me. I therefore listened most attentively to every word, but finding no difference, in reality, between us, I could not forbear (contrary to custom) addressing a few words by way of explanation, that it might not for a moment be supposed that any material difference existed between us. In carrying forward the intentions of that meeting, it was agreed that my esteemed friend and myself should draw up an address, to be circulated through the parish, on the subject. He asked me, when we should meet. I left it to him to decide, both as to time and place. He proposed coming to me at six in the morning; and accordingly, punctually at six, his animated, energetic, form entered my room, with a countenance glowing with intelligence and heavenly love. I

furnished him with the materials for writing; and felt persuaded, that I should best consult the interests of the cause, and the wishes of the committee, by leaving the composition of the address to him; and accordingly he finished it, as you will, I doubt not, recognise, from the peculiarly zealous and affectionate spirit which breathes through it.

"It was not only in public, that his persuasiveness and power were evident. In going round the parish with the rector and myself, to urge upon tradespeople the duty and advantage of abstaining from Sunday trading, I was very much impressed with his patience, judgment, and kindness of manner; it was such, that although he faithfully declared, to all who were guilty of it, the sin of Sabbath desecration, I do not remember one reply of rudeness or incivility; but in some instances, his affectionate appeal produced tears; and in every case, his judicious replies silenced the remarks of those who pleaded, on the ground of expediency, the necessity of Sunday trading.

"But another department of his ministerial duties, in which he was always deeply interested, was the education of children; and his peculiar gifts were well adapted to this important task. I have often pictured to myself, the interesting meeting of his Sunday school children and teachers; when he distributed the little books of prayers, which my own children have ever since used and treasured as memorials of him.

"I might go on with my recollections of his public ministrations; but I wish to recur to his social and private life, in which the same qualifications of sound judgment, deep spirituality of mind, and affectionate kindness, dis-

tinguished him from the generality of men. The influence he possessed in our clerical meetings, was to me most gratifying, because it was not the influence of station or seniority, or even the superior intellectual powers which he possessed, but it was that higher and better influence which proceeds from a close and habitual communion with God, and a fervent zeal for the glory of his Redeemer. I well recollect the last time he attended our meeting, on the first Friday evening in the month of December 1836. There had been amongst us a coldness and formality, before his arrival—he did not come till late—but his presence produced a warmth and interest, which gave quite a different aspect to the meeting. He was very animated on that occasion, and amidst the expressions of regret at his leaving us, he maintained a calmness and composure of mind which could only arise, in one so feeling and affectionate, from the recollection that he had sought for heavenly guidance, in the step which he was about to take, and that his chief desire was to labour in that part of the Lord's vineyard, where his exertions might seem to be most needed.

"I may here, perhaps, refer to our social meetings at Miss . . . 's, which I shall ever remember, as among the most delightful as well as, I trust, the most profitable, hours of my life; arising chiefly from his happy way of infusing into general conversation, a spiritual tendency; and from his great judgment in communicating most valuable practical instruction, from the consideration of the truths of Scripture. I must confess I have often desired to possess this power.

"I consider it among my greatest privileges, to have

known your departed husband; and it will be my constant endeavour, in dependence upon God's help, to acquire daily more of that spirit which he possessed in so eminent a degree. And be assured, my dear Madam, of our earnest prayers for you, that from the comparative desolation of this world, you may be enabled to contemplate with a lively faith, that great and happy multitude, with whom your now sainted husband is united, in ascribing salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever."

From one who stood forward to welcome him as a friend and a pastor, and, during the short period of their connection, to strengthen his hands in every work to which he was called, the following testimony has been received:—

"Your request, that I would send you a few recollections of your dear husband, and my late valued friend and minister, is too acceptable to my own feelings to be declined. It has awakened emotions which, if suffered for a moment in the multitude of other occupations to find repose, are always revived with spiritual advantage. The image of that beloved friend is often present, and never unaccompanied by a blessing. His shadow passes, as that of St. Peter is said to have passed by the afflicted; it sheds a healing balm around. And the contemplation of his Christian graces, always animates to the prayer, that we may 'follow him as he truly followed Christ.'

"It was a solemn dispensation, which so prematurely (as we speak) deprived the church of his pastoral labours, and his consistent example. But although, from the circumstance of his youth, many might suppose there was

much sand yet to run in his hour-glass; yet to those who knew him more, it was evident that he had trained his branches where the sunbeams always rest, and their fruit from very ripeness could not be long ere it fell. If ever a congregation had the privilege of beholding a minister, himself leading in the path of holiness to which he was continually directing their steps, that privilege was ours. Truly he was a shepherd going before his flock, and we knew and loved his voice, inviting us to pursue his heavenly career.

"The earliest recollection I have of him, is about the year 1832, when he came to Chelsea, and spent a little time with me; he accompanied me on Sunday to the school and to the chapel; and at that time, little did either of us suppose that he would one day be called to minister in that very sanctuary. The circumstances which led to his undertaking that charge in 1836, are well remembered by you; but you may not have known a little incident, in the course of those occurrences, to which I will advert, because it seems to me to illustrate two features in his character—his deference to the opinion of others, however inferior to himself, and his constant endeavour to glorify Christ his Saviour; and I know that it is in these little incidents, that your affection will find a melancholy pleasure. In an interview which I had with him at the house of our dear friends in Spring Gardens, with a view to an arrangement for his preaching at Park Chapel, on one of the Sundays when occasional assistance was required, he pressed with some earnestness for our sentiments as to what part of Divine truth would be most suitable and edifying, as the theme of his discourse; and when the choice was naturally re-

ferred back to himself, he selected that most appropriate of all subjects, on which to address a congregation under his then circumstances, ' Christ is all, and in all.'

" Where so many graces equally shone, it is difficult to select any, and specify them, as the peculiar virtues of his character. It was not in the display of extraordinary acts; for the routine of a pastor's history is too simple and uniform to admit of such, except in some peculiar spheres; but it was rather in the ordinary occurrences of daily life, and the numerous little incidents which compose its experience, that his varied worth was developed. Always cheerful, he was yet always spiritually-minded; and whenever we met Henry Vaughan, his tall elegant figure advanced with an elastic step, and a smiling countenance, and an eye beaming with Christian affection. We seemed to meet at the foot of the mount; but it was evident that he had been occupying a higher place on it than ourselves.

" It may truly be said of him, that when his strength permitted him to occupy the desk as well as the pulpit, he brought fully to the view of his congregation, the varied excellence of our scriptural liturgy, by all those modulations of the voice which are so essential to the due impression of its services. And as the language of confession, supplication, or thanksgiving, successively presented itself, we were led to feel the holy sadness of contrition, or the fervour of spiritual desire, or the joy and gratitude of the redeemed.

" Never can those who were present, lose the recollection of his last public addresses to his congregation at Park Chapel. With inimitable delicacy of feeling, he avoided all allusion to himself, or the approaching separa-

tion from his flock. But his choice of subjects sufficiently pointed out the occasion, and the sources of consolation to which he had fled for support under such a trial to his feelings, and to which, as having experienced their power and efficacy himself, with an unfaltering voice he directed his people. Those subjects, as you well know, were, Rev. i. 17 and 18, and Rom. viii. 35, 37 to 39,—the eternal and unchangeable office of the Redeemer, and his inseparable love.

"The impression of his short, but zealous, labours, will, I am sure, long abide with the people; and still more the fragrance of his devoted life. He decidedly stirred up a congregation, which had long been enjoying great privileges, to more active and self-denying exertions in their Master's cause. He established new institutions, and extended the efficiency of those already in operation.

"He had pre-eminently the gift, for it is emphatically such, of leading the conversation in our social meetings, so as to make them assume a most edifying character; and this, in so pleasant and easy a manner, rather by dropping a remark which elicited the thoughts of others, than by dilating on any idea of his own; till, when other looms had stopped, he wove his own web in brighter colours than all.

"His powers of mind were of no common order, and he had improved them by careful discipline. The efforts of his imagination were transcendently beautiful and impressive. But all these qualities were far inferior to his Christian graces; and of these, so beautiful was the combination, as to form a continual illustration of the truth, on which he so much dwelt while among us, and

the result of which he gave to us in his published Lectures. And it may be said, as many berries go to make one cluster, so love, joy, peace, forbearance, and the rest, constituted in him the one undivided 'fruit of the Spirit,' and that was indeed ripening daily."

The peculiarly interesting mention, contained in the two preceding letters, of the social meetings held by Henry Vaughan with the members of his flock, during his residence at Chelsea, excited the hope that it might be possible to introduce a more particular statement of the exemplary, successful manner, in which those feasts of Christian fellowship were regulated by so talented and devoted a servant of the church; rendering them an esteemed means of grace, and of much spiritual enjoyment. Application was therefore made, with that view, to a lady at whose house the meetings frequently took place; and the desired information has been kindly afforded :—

"The friends who met on those occasions were, for the most part, though not exclusively, members of the congregation of Park Chapel. Social intercourse with their minister, was regarded by them as a high privilege; while the great responsibility laid upon them by such opportunities of spiritual improvement, was deeply felt and sincerely acknowledged.

"It was the habit of our dear friend to select, beforehand, some Scripture subject for the evening's conversation; but this he always managed to introduce without the least appearance of formality, making it seem to arise out of some general observation that fell either from himself, or from any other person present. He always care-

fully avoided, at these times, any thing which might lead to difference of opinion, and disturb the harmony which, I must thankfully say, uniformly prevailed. You well knew the peculiar solemnity of Mr. Vaughan's manner, when speaking upon any religious subject, and how remarkably this was calculated to produce a corresponding feeling in the minds of those who heard him.

" Though he was the one, to whom we chiefly looked to carry on the subject for the evening, he was desirous of hearing the opinions of others, and especially of his brethren in the ministry, of whom there were generally four or five present ; but I always perceived that they were more disposed to listen to him, than to bring forward their own sentiments.

" You knew his love of music, and particularly of hymn-singing. The hymns were always selected beforehand, and tunes appropriated to them, that no time might be lost when they were called for. I think we never had fewer than three hymns in the course of the evening, and frequently more. Then followed family worship, which consisted of the reading of the Scriptures, a hymn, and prayer, which, as far as I recollect, was generally offered up by Mr. Vaughan himself.

" I do hope that the special blessing of God attended these meetings of Christian friends. I am sure it was earnestly sought by our dear pastor. It was observed by many of his friends, that there seemed to be a remarkable unction of the Spirit of God resting upon him, on those occasions. Of this, I really can give no adequate idea ; but your own recollections of our departed friend, will supply more than any words of mine can convey. The

glory of God, and the edification of each individual, were the objects he studied to promote.

"We are very thankful that it pleased our heavenly Father in his mercy to favour us, though for a very short time, with the pastoral care of one who was, in such an especial manner, an ensample to the flock."

Some idea of the impression left behind him at this place, may also be formed from letters written to his widow upon various subjects, but containing allusions to his memory, expressive at once of his own character, and that of the affectionate people among whom, with a delight that was felt to be reciprocal, his ministry was exercised during a period of about eight months :—

"We feel that we have indeed lost a very dear and partial friend, upon whose counsel and whose prayers we loved to lean, the benefit of which we trust ever to experience, and whose holy walk and lovely Christian example we love to contemplate. This, indeed, is a favourite theme with all who had the privilege of knowing him. It has made an impression, which, under the Divine blessing, must produce a salutary effect; for it is rarely indeed that so high a standard—a human standard—is presented to the view. And while we contemplate such a character, with deep humiliation on account of our short-comings, we should bear in mind, for our encouragement, that the same grace that operated so powerfully, so beautifully, in him, is offered to us also. The grand secret is, that he lived in the spirit of prayer, walking closely with his God, aiming in all that he did to promote his blessed Redeemer's kingdom. Lord, teach us to pray! pour upon us the

spirit of grace and of supplication! What a privilege it was to have our beloved friends for our guests, during the last days of their sojourn here. It was truly a season of enjoyment to us, and I trust of profit to us and to many; for those of our friends and neighbours, who joined our social evening parties, remember with melancholy delight his tender Christian sympathy with every one, and the holy sentiments which they heard from his lips. The spirit of Christian affection was poured into his heart in large measure. Dear, dear friend, he has now attained to the fuller enjoyment of that redemption and rest, of which he seemed to have a blessed foretaste."

Again:—"Can I add any thing to the comfort already yours in possession, as well as in prospect? No. But it will, I am sure, be grateful to your feelings, to be assured again and again (though you have no doubt on the subject) of the affectionate sympathy of those whom you left behind under the pastoral care of your beloved shepherd, and who were favoured with almost his latest ministrations. It was a singular and mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence, that brought him here for so short a season, and then recalled him. I cannot understand it; but I am truly thankful for our share in the benefit, and shall always cherish the remembrance of your short sojourn amongst us, with grateful affection to our beloved pastor and his beloved wife, and with thankfulness to God who inclined their hearts so kindly towards all the people of their charge, and especially towards us. We had, indeed, a great loss in his removal from us; I miss him continually; and his image is always in my mind's eye, whether at home or amongst the poor of the flock, who were so often cheered

by his labours of love. I thank God for the grace that was given to him, and pray that I may not cease to profit by the recollection of his faithful ministrations, and his beautiful example. There was so much in his daily walk and conversation that was a pattern, not only to his brethren in the ministry, but to all who came within his influence;—his singleness of heart, his spirituality of mind, his tender affectionate spirit, and conciliatory manner, and indeed so many Christian graces, that to specify them all, one must transcribe the fair catalogue of 'the fruits of the Spirit' which he so lately brought before us in the pulpit."

A third may well be allowed a place:—

"To-morrow will be the anniversary of Mr. Vores's* arrival here, ... He will not fail to speak of the day on Sunday, and to touch the hearts of many, both on his own account, and that of his predecessor, whom he still takes occasion to mention in the pulpit. He did so with peculiar sweetness on All Saints' day, which fell on a Thursday this time. He counselled us to use the season for profitable meditation on the character and present blessedness of our now sainted friends, remembering how they acquired meetness for heaven, and that the same grace which wrought effectually in them, was offered to us. He then described their and our state by nature, and told us what the renewed man ought to be, shewing that our Saviour had told us the graces he looked for in his people, when he pronounced, as in Matt. v. who are blessed. He

* The minister who succeeded Henry Vaughan at Park Chapel.

then went through the beatitudes most beautifully, and added, 'But perhaps many of you will tell me, We have known no such friend, we have lost no such relative or acquaintance, on whose Christian character we may dwell as a stimulus to our own strivings after holiness. It may be so; but there are few among you, who did not know something of your late beloved pastor, Henry Vaughan. Think of him; think of the graces that shone forth in his lovely character. His was the poverty of spirit, found only in those who are made heirs of the kingdom of heaven, and produced only by the mighty working of the Spirit of God in the soul. His was that genuine mourning for sin, which a holy God regards with complacency and tender compassion, and which the blessed Comforter delights to soothe, &c.'

"Thus he went through the beatitudes, in a manner to which I could do no justice, even if I had time; and then he bade us again to think of him, and follow him as he followed Christ."

To this exhortation, the spirit of the subjoined extract from the letter of another member of the congregation, breathes an appropriate response:—

"Oh! how do I love to dwell upon the remembrance of him, to recal his almost heavenly countenance, his touching tones which went at once to the heart, and that affectionate sweetness of manner always so conspicuous in his intercourse, whether as the friend, or as the minister of Christ. I do indeed consider it a blessing to have sat under his ministry, and a most delightful privilege to have been permitted to call such a man my friend."

CHAPTER IX.

HIS RETURN TO CRICKHOWEL.

A visit to Crickhowel, in the summer of 1836, in fulfilment of the promise he had made on his removal, was hailed by his friends there, as an opportunity for adopting some plan that might ensure his return to the pastoral charge of that place. With a view to preclude the necessity of again receiving pupils, in the event of his being induced to resume his personal ministry amongst them, the offer was made to raise a fund by subscription, which should augment the income of the vicarage to £250 per annum. And, without entering into any statement of those local affairs which gave occasion to this proposal, and greatly enhanced the liberality of the intention, it may be recorded, as a pleasing evidence, that a relation, more enduring than the mere nominal one, had been formed between the minister and the people; and that they counted it a small matter, if he should reap their carnal things, when sowing unto them spiritual things.

The perplexity thus renewed in his mind—the struggle

that must arise between the attachments he had formed with two congregations—can only be conceived by those, who knew what a warm affection dwelt in his breast, or witnessed the external effect of the painful feelings he endured. It brought him into a difficulty, from which he could not have found relief, excepting at the mercy-seat of that Father, who, he was assured, had engaged to guide him by his counsel in a safe path, and would not desert him in this hour of need. To Him he could bring this trouble, with filial confidence; upon Him this burden was cast without reserve. And in a submissive lowliness of spirit, that would not hesitate to cry, "Not my will, but thine be done," he received power to act with firmness and decision, under circumstances, in which, otherwise, he must have been tossed with overwhelming anxieties.

As soon as he had reason to expect that such a change might take place, the possibility was made known to a friend at Chelsea, in terms so clearly defining the motives by which he was influenced, and the feelings with which he had to contend, that they must not be omitted. On his way to Crickhowel, he wrote—

"My dear and valued Friend,

"I am anxious to give you the earliest intelligence of a communication, I have received from Crickhowel. I am authoritatively informed, that measures are on foot which will, in all probability, make the vicarage a competency. In that case, *my* (shall I say *the*) parishioners expect, or *demand*, my return amongst them. Should they be found ready to make so large a pecuniary sacrifice, I do not see that the smallest option is left, as to my course. Believe

me, the agitation of the question has thrown my mind and heart into the deepest conflict. I always have regarded the idea of a competency being provided at Crickhowel, as a moral impossibility; and am perfectly astonished to find that there is the smallest prospect of the grand objection to my residence there being removed. Most truly can I say, that I have felt and acted among my dear flock at Chelsea, under this impression; and given them, as Christ enabled me, my little all of interest and affection. Still, should my people at Crickhowel be moved to such extraordinary liberality, as will enable me to live among them, I dare not, as I value my own soul's salvation, refuse. You see, then, my state and trial. In confiding it to you —and you are the only member of my congregation to whom I have confided it—I feel that I commit it to a heart that will feel for me, pray for me, and counsel me. The matter is in the hands of God, the husbandman. The same God, who hath guided me hitherto, will direct me now.

"I cannot tell you how I love my Chelsea flock, how deeply I feel their extraordinary kindnesses, how truly I value their souls, how happy my ministry has been among them, what fields of usefulness I see on all sides opening around me there. Particularly, dear friend, your love and communion, and that of your family, have been precious to me. What will come of this, I cannot foresee. But I can never cease to value and love those, whom I shall have to leave, if my people demand my return with the cogency of such a sacrifice as they will have to make, before the demand would be reasonable. God bless you and yours. I write with feelings that I cannot describe.

"Yours most affectionately in the bonds of Christ,

"H. V."

"I write from hence that you may perceive that this has originated wholly with my people, and taken place *before* my visit to them.

"Hatfield, July, 1836."

His first letter, from Chelsea to Crickhowel, after the visit above-mentioned, gives a concise, but interesting, view of the mind with which, upon his return, he was prepared to treat the proposal:—

"Chelsea, 27th August, 1836.

"My dear Friend,

"You will be glad to hear of my safe arrival at Chelsea. I find all well, through the mercy of God. With regard to the all-important matter of my return; as I told you, I mean to give it, with my dear wife, that calm consideration which will be expected of me at the great day. Do not act on any impression which I may myself, in our hasty interview, have left upon your mind; nor upon any, which my dear family may impart. Leave it now to rest between me and my God.

"With kindest love to dear Mrs. S.

"Yours most affectionately and gratefully,

"H. V."

To his mother, when the subject had been fully weighed and determined, he could, notwithstanding his natural tenderness, express himself thus:—

"Chelsea, 6th September, 1836.

"My dearest Mother,

"There is not a consideration upon earth, that can ever move my mind, upon a subject never to be again discussed.

I come; and can say, 'I delight to do thy will, O my God!' The conflict (how ashamed am I that there should have been one) is for ever past. I care for nothing, now, in comparison with glorifying that Divine Redeemer who died for me. I account myself most highly honoured, that he is pleased to use the chief of sinners, any where. I see that the path in which he leads me, is bright with his blessing; and a happiness dwells in my heart, which is not again to be disturbed. You will I trust, then, now see the duty and the privilege of obeying what I consider the plain commandment of God. It is fixed, never to be revoked. A few minor arrangements remain to be made, but not at all affecting my decision. That is made, not to be recalled. You err greatly, in thinking that I have made a sacrifice. I thought so, in an evil hour of temptation; but God has taught me better. How good it is to be led by him. I hope you and all my dear family will enjoy, in this matter, the happiness which I do.

"Your most affectionate son,

"H. V."

And to a friend at Crickhowel, who had taken an active part in promoting the arrangement for his return:—

"Chelsea, 7th September, 1836.

"My dear and much-valued Friend,

"I am beginning to grow a little uneasy at not receiving any tidings from Crickhowel. In every way, I am desirous of acting on the principle of furthering, and not impeding, the plan. My fears are gone. My weaknesses have been overcome. After severe scrutiny of the whole affair, I am satisfied, as I state in my address, that, amidst many difficul-

ties, it is at once my duty and privilege to return to you. You must not be influenced, in this matter, by my family's view of the question. I have too much entered into their feelings; but a thing of this importance must stand on the highest ground—principle. The principle is, to my mind, clear. A few annoying circumstances must not be permitted to outweigh solid and substantial reasons. In a word, my faith stands firm; once more, I rejoice in the prospect before me. I long to show, by greater devotion, the value I set upon the sacrifice *you* have made; and to approve myself among you, as a more faithful minister of the most blessed gospel of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ. Though all should repent, I do not; but am determined, through God's grace, again to make experiment of the power of God's word among you. Believe me, whatever arrangements I now propose, are only such as facilitate my fulfilling what is my settled purpose, and *now* my earnest desire.

"With kindest love to dear Mrs. S. . . . and yourself, and many thanks for your great considerateness and sympathy in this matter.

"Believe me, yours most faithfully and affectionately,

"H. V."

The high principles by which he was governed, in taking the step he eventually determined upon, are too apparent from the preceding quotations to require any further observation. Many were the inducements to remain at Chelsea. While incessantly occupied in labours which were his delight, his health had materially improved. It was observed, before his mind and feelings were agitated by this

trying question, that "for the last three months, his health has been remarkably strong, shewing how much the pupil system had affected his strength." This congregation were no less desirous than his people at Crickhowel, to meet his wishes and promote his comfort in every possible way. The permanent services of an assistant minister would have been most readily provided for. But personal considerations, a powerful bond of union and attachment, a grateful sense of kind and liberal purposes,—all were resolutely overcome, under a conviction, that the path now opened to him had been prepared of the Lord. To the short period of his ministry among them, he alludes with his wonted humility and affection, in a letter written not long before his return to Crickhowel :—

"My dear friend, ... To me, it furnishes a sweet proof of that affection for a minister of the gospel, as such, which so eminently distinguishes the congregation at Park Chapel ; and of which, my heavenly Father has been pleased to give me so large a share. This paper, which conveys to them my most heartfelt thanks for this and every other token of their regard, will soon perish. Not so the recollection of it.

"To have been among you, has been indeed invigorating to my own soul. May I dare to hope that, through the grace of my God and Saviour, I have been made the instrument of imparting any spiritual gift to you. A deep consciousness of my manifold infirmities, hardly permits me to indulge this hope. But it is my consolation that the God and Saviour in whom you trust, and for whose sake you love his ministers, and overlook their infirmities, will amply repay you at *that day*.

"To you, my dear friend, personally, what can I say that will express my sense of your many many kindnesses? You have shewn me true friendship. I thank you from my heart; and for you and yours, my prayer is and shall ever be, 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.' (2 Thess. iii.)

"Your affectionate Friend,

"H. V."

Many are the reflections arising from a review of this affecting portion of his history; but in the believer's mind, they will yield to the sentiment addressed to him by members of his Chelsea flock, when offering assurances of their regret at his expected separation from them, and proposing the publication of a series of his Lectures, already alluded to:—"We desire, however, to acquiesce in these arrangements of the great Head of the Church, and to believe, that in working all things after the counsel of His own will, He orders all events for the best interests of His people, in every place."

CHAPTER X.

ACCOUNT OF HIS ILLNESS ON RETURNING TO CRICKHOWEL; AND LAST DAYS.

It will serve as an interesting preparation for the mournful period we are now approaching, to contemplate the view presented by the Rev. F. Faithfull, of his state in mind and body, when visiting Hatfield, before his final departure from Chelsea:—

"I believe the impression made on many of my people, the only time they ever listened to him, has not and never will be effaced. There was something peculiarly solemn and affecting in his appearance, the evening he preached at Hatfield. He was, at the time, far from well; labouring under great bodily depression, from the exertions he had made at Chelsea; and in a state of deep anxiety respecting the decision which he was then called to make, as to the scene of his future labours; and it was after much entreaty, that he was induced to preach. He was heard with an interest which was overpowering; and it was the feeling of many who heard him, that his frame was sinking

under the excessive mental excitement, which his ministerial duties called forth. I believe, some thought that he was too spiritual for this lower world, and that his soul was then ripe for glory, though none could then anticipate his approaching summons. I am not aware whether, in the last few words which it pleased God to enable him to utter, any other of his friends heard him allude to his past ministerial labours; but in the short conversation which I had with him, I could not but be struck with the impressive manner in which he expressed his determination, should his life be spared, of preaching 'nothing but Christ.' The peculiar tone and manner in which this was said, struck me most forcibly; and I have often thought of it, as the dying testimony of one, who, although it had been his chief desire to exalt the Saviour, yet still felt how far he had fallen short of his own wishes, or the cause he was privileged to plead."

Brief, indeed, must be the record of resumed ministration among his own people. Scarcely had he entered upon the duties, so sweet and pleasant to his soul, when indications were given that they were nearly accomplished—that the blessing appointed for those who cease from their labours, was soon to be his. But if the attempt to form an outline of his active career, has been made with a trembling hand—under the consciousness, that there is an exquisite beauty in the work of the Spirit, when manifested so fully in a child of God, which the human touch can hardly fail to mar—how solemn and difficult, if not fearful, the undertaking, to explore the way of the Most High in conducting a beloved one through the obscure valley of the

shadow of death; to trace the comfort of the heavenly rod and staff; or to collect evidences of intercourse between the Saviour, and a soul that is putting off its veil of flesh, to flee away and be at rest. Under this impression, the details of the short period, from the commencement of Henry Vaughan's last illness, until the hour of the spirit's release from its suffering earthly tenement, will be presented in the most simple form, as they are found in the correspondence which took place at that time.

Little more than three weeks had elapsed, after his return to Crickhowel, when the following communication was made, by a lady residing within a few miles of his parish, to a mutual friend in London:—

"Our dear Mrs. Henry Vaughan wishes me to write to you, to tell you of the illness of her beloved husband. He was looking so changed on his return to Crickhowel, that all his friends in this neighbourhood were grieved by his altered appearance. But he preached on two Sundays, and on the intervening Wednesday, with great energy. On Monday, the 19th of December, the pain in his head increased. On the following Wednesday, he was unable to attend the morning lecture, or to leave his room till a late hour. And before the next Sunday, his illness assumed a decided character. On Tuesday the 27th, Dr. Bevan was with him; but neither he, nor Dr. H. Lucas, were apprehensive as to the result. Dr. Bevan considered the fever of a low, nervous character, without any alarming symptoms; and when he saw dear Mr. Vaughan, he trusted that the complaint would, with much care and attention, be brought to a favourable termination. Dr. H. Lucas is

in constant attendance, and kind Mr. W. Bevan likewise. . . . .

" I grieve to renew my intercourse with you, by communicating tidings of the illness of so dear and excellent a friend, but you will unite with all those who know and love him, in earnest prayers that, for the sake of others, this exemplary Christian minister may be spared. For himself, we know the exchange would be a blessed one. In the midst of our humble trust that this treasure may yet be granted to the prayers offered up for his recovery, we cannot but feel anxious, knowing his ripeness for glory. But when I consider that our Saviour commanded his disciples to pray the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth labourers into his harvest, my hopes are strengthened. And oh! how we rejoiced in the mercy that restored him to us!"

The fluctuations which ensued, from day to day, in the symptoms and effects of the disease, exciting most painfully alternate hopes and fears, cannot be represented with more touching fidelity, than as they appear in extracts from some of the many notes, which, during the continuance of his illness, were considerately despatched to anxious enquirers, by his afflicted attendants—the wife, the mother, the father, the sister, the friend.

On the 28th of December, the opinion of his medical advisers continued to be so far of a favourable tendency, as to excite no serious alarm, even in the maternal breast: —" Mrs. H. Vaughan, feeling both mind and body wearied with anxious attendance upon my dear son, begs me to write a line—knowing your kind wish to hear how he is going on. Dr. Bevan, who was sent for yesterday, left us

this morning, with rather more cheering prospects. He says, we must not expect so trying a complaint can be relieved immediately. But the fever and intenseness of his head-ache have rather abated this morning; and we have every reason to hope for his ultimate recovery. Dr. Bevan is in communication with Dr. Lucas; and I trust their united endeavours will be blessed with success; though a most suffering complaint to the dear patient; and, I fear, more tedious than we at first apprehended."

Nor was this view of the case materially altered on the 30th:—"I have left my dear Henry's room, for a few minutes, and avail myself of them, with much thankfulness of heart, to tell you that the dear invalid has passed a composed and tranquil night, and is still, though wandering in mind from weakness, very free from fever this morning. Dr. Lucas and Mr. Bevan watched with him all night, and thus gave me also the rest I so much required. I did not expect much, as, when I left the dear sufferer, he was, or had been just before, much excited and delirious; and I feared fever would increase, instead of abating, with the approaching night. He has been able to bear a little nourishment, and, Dr. Lucas says, cannot be doing better. My heart is overflowing with joy and thankfulness. You will, I know, rejoice and give thanks. Oh, for a more abiding sense of the love of God in Christ, than I experience at this moment! I have been wonderfully kept in composure of mind—proceeding, I humbly trust, from a full confidence in my Saviour, and his Saviour—through the deep waters of the last two days. But I could not write to you then, for any expression of my feelings was quite incompatible with my duties as nurse. I must not stay longer from

him, as I know my name will be on his lips, the moment he wakes."

But, two days only from the latter date, much anxiety prevailed:—"The dear sufferer remained in an exhausted state all yesterday, taking nourishment freely, though it did not appear to strengthen him. When Dr. Bevan arrived in the evening, he was again in a high state of excitement; and leeches and a blister were applied to his head, which relieved his delirium, but did not procure sleep through the night. . . . . I am truly thankful to learn that he has had a blessed sleep ever since six this morning. I fear poor Mrs. Vaughan takes no rest, though there are plenty of nurses to relieve her. But how intense must be her anxiety!"

During the next four days, his state afforded, though not without some interruption, considerable encouragement, and on the 5th of January, was reported as follows:—"Through the tender mercies of our gracious and heavenly Father, I am now permitted to convey to you, and your affectionate and beloved sisters, the happy intelligence of our precious and patient sufferer's continued tranquillity and improvement. I had not seen him when you were with us. But, soon after you left, I ventured to take a peep, though not to be perceived by him; and the change was so wonderful, that it almost overcame me. The relish with which he took some nourishment, and the love and thankfulness which beamed in every feature, when it was given him, was indeed deeply interesting and affecting. And I only wished our dear friends whom I had just parted with, could have witnessed the happy, and truly merciful, change; which, I humbly trust, will now continue.

He spoke to dear E. . . . . when she went into his room, and said, 'God bless you, dearest E. . . . .! I feel so strong, I think I might soon sit up.' And then exclaimed, with his usual fervour, 'How gracious, how merciful, is my Saviour!' He then went off into a sweet, tranquil sleep, which continued till past ten, and indeed the greatest part of the night; though, at times, there was a little return of fever and excitement. But this, of course, must be expected. This morning, he appears pretty tranquil, and still inclined to sleep. I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you some part of to-day, that we may again unite in prayer and thankfulness to the Author of all these mercies, so anxiously hoped for, but almost despaired of."

On the 7th of January, a painful change had taken place:—"You will be grieved to hear that our dear invalid passed a very restless, and I fear a suffering, night, from the extreme pain in his back, which, Dr. Lucas (who sat up with him all night) tells us, nothing can at present alleviate. So, I trust, God in his infinite mercy, will support him through it. I am writing this in his room, and am sadly distressed by his groans, which, from excessive weakness, he cannot restrain. I went to the foot of his bed when I came in, and, directly he looked up, he fixed his dear placid eyes on me, and said, 'Oh, dearest K. . . is it you? God bless you!' Dr. Lucas says he is not weaker. But it is heart-rending sometimes to hear his groans; yet I feel assured, our merciful Father will give him strength to bear all his sufferings, and will not let them be above what he is able to bear."

Most valuable and satisfactory, in a spiritual view, is the father's letter of the 9th of that month:—"You know

how frail and attenuated his frame was, at his best; but, now, he might literally utter the complaint of the Psalmist, 'I may tell all my bones.' Yet, I bless God, that he can, and does, say again, 'My trust is in thee, O God; thou shalt answer for me, O Lord my God.' Indeed, it was only yesterday that Mr. Faithfull, a relative of Mrs. Henry's, the rector of Hatfield, who kindly came so great a distance to console her in this affliction, wishing, in such an extremity, to ascertain, beyond a doubt, the state of mind of my dear son, led him to speak on the subject of religion, and to enquire whether his trust was still resting on the Rock of ages. Oh! what a confession did this bring forth! His voice, his countenance, all assumed a kind of preternatural expression. And oh! how did all the graces of the Spirit breathe forth in his declaration of self-abasement, and only trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. 'If I should live to preach again,' he added, 'it shall be Christ, Christ, Christ; nothing but Christ; less embellishment, less folly, all simplicity.' I trust, these words will afford all his dear devoted friends at Chelsea, the consolation they afforded us all here; and may they produce in us all, the same humble and simple reliance on the Saviour. You will naturally conclude, from what I have now narrated, that his intellects are quite restored. For many days, he was delirious; and for many more, had only partial gleamings of reason. The sufferings in the head, and all its alarming concomitants, have left him in prostration of strength, even to a state of more than infantine weakness. This is all that we have to contend with; but this is enough to keep alive the most serious apprehensions; and the medi-

cal men do not counsel us to cherish more than a hope of his recovery."

A somewhat cheering account was, however, given by another pen, two days later:—"You will, I am sure, be delighted and thankful to hear, that our dear invalid passed a much less restless night; and, this morning, has enjoyed an hour's sweet sleep. Last night, he was allowed a little nourishment, which he appeared to enjoy very much. How merciful God is in giving us all this comfort, since you left us yesterday! May we never forget it! But I am called for."

And in the evening of the same day:—"Dr. Bevan thinks our dear patient sufferer is going on quite as well as he could have expected, in so short a time. He has not slept; but appears in a tranquil state; and, I hope, is relieved from all very acute pain, which, I feel, is a great mercy, and quite as much as we can expect in his present reduced and exhausted state. He has much enjoyed all your kind tokens of remembrance."

In the report of the next day, hope was more decidedly expressed:—"It is, indeed, a cause of the deepest thankfulness and comfort, that I am still permitted to give you and your kind sisters, a continued good account of our precious and beloved brother, whose improvement is now quite visible, both in strength, and composure of countenance. Indeed, he told Mrs. Henry, that he thought he was certainly better; which, having never expressed before, gives us great comfort, as I am sure it will you."

The 13th presented the following state of uncertainty:—"I am afraid I must not give you quite so good an account of our dear invalid. He had a slight attack of fever,

and passed in consequence a very restless night, which, of course, makes him feel not so well to-day. But I trust it has now passed off; and Dr. Lucas comforts us by saying, he does not consider him weaker, but rather stronger. Indeed, this I could perceive, when I lifted him up to take some nourishment, which I did with much less difficulty; so I trust there is cause for no real alarm, though the return of fever keeps up our anxiety. But we must expect these changes, and endeavour not to be impatient; which we should learn from the resignation of our dear sufferer, who expressed to-day a fear that he was not sufficiently patient."

On the 14th,—the day before he breathed his last—although mournful anticipations were felt with increasing power, hope was not entirely abandoned:—"I only wait Dr. Bevan's opinion, to despatch our messenger to our dear and affectionately anxious friends; whose fervent prayers for our precious sufferer and those around him, are indeed a comfort, and most needed. May God, in his infinite mercy, hear them, and restore comfort to him and to his mourners, though most unworthy of his blessings.—Dr. Bevan is just come down, and, I am grieved to say, thinks dear Henry very ill. The inflammation of the tongue, he says, extends down to the part so painfully affected. But he is now going to apply something outwardly, which, he hopes, may give some relief. He is, of course, much distressed to find his dear patient so much gone back since he last saw him. He is to sit up with him to-night. And I feel assured, dearest Henry has in him, all that kindness and human skill can do. May our most merciful God bless his, otherwise fruitless, endeavours.

God bless you, my dear kind friends ; and support us under this most heavy affliction, and anxious night."

The 15th of January 1837,—a few days after he had completed his 31st year, and only four weeks from the last Sunday on which he had preached,—brought the following announcement of the termination of his short, but very trying illness:—"Our friend and brother in Christ has joined the assembly of the spirits of just men made perfect. This morning, at about six, with his family all around him, fully sensible, and, blessed be God, fully prepared, did this faithful servant of God yield up his soul to the mercies of his Redeemer. I grieve to bring tidings, which, though full of joy to him, are to us bitter. It is a heavy affliction."

Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints ; and far from tedious or uninteresting to those who are taught of Him, and especially to those who loved this saint, will be any details relating to the dissolution of the earthly house in which the Spirit from on high had been pleased to dwell. The sufferings of the body, and the alleviations that were granted, particularly at such a crisis, cannot, in themselves, be lightly regarded ; and they acquire a sacred importance, when viewed in connection with the disclosure or concealment of that mental experience, upon which they evidently exercised a material influence. It seemed good, indeed, in the sight of Him whose ways are not as our ways, to preclude, excepting at short and uncertain intervals, that spiritual communion in which the patient's sorrowing family and friends would have sought immediate comfort, as the trying moment of separation

drew near. The unrestrained dying testimony of one, who could truly say, "For me to live is Christ," would have been treasured in grateful remembrance, and hallowed as a source of abiding consolation. But the declarations he was enabled to make—though concise, in the estimation of those who were accustomed to listen to the free expressions of an overflowing heart, and to delight in the tender breathings of his soul—were firm, decided, clear. To witness of the grace of an in-dwelling Saviour, was not, however, reserved for the departing hour. This had been done abundantly, unequivocally, in the word and deed of an energetic life, employed without intermission in a service, which to him was perfect freedom, even up to the very instant when his enfeebled body was cast upon a bed of sickness, from which he was no more to rise. And it was a source of peaceful reflection—to those who watched and nursed the frame that lay, sometimes for hours, incapable of any physical or intellectual effort—that, when his hand was arrested by the rapid progress of disease, it was engaged in addressing to an afflicted widow, the word of consolation, with which he well knew how to reach and to soothe the troubled heart.

The support he received in a season of extreme pain and suffering, from Him who forsakes not the work of His own hands, was but partially made known to those who waited around his bed. Yet, the cloud that intercepted the spectator's anxious, enquiring gaze, occasionally discovered rays of heavenly light, affording evidence, brilliant and pure, though generally sudden and transient, that the Sun of righteousness was there. Scarcely could it be doubted, that, in many of those days obscured by exhaustion or in-

tense pain, he was realising the sentiment he expressed on the Feast of the Nativity—being also the first Sunday of his confinement to the house. It was observed to him, as a matter of regret, that he should be kept from the congregation on a festival which he had always hailed with peculiar delight, addressing his people with more than wonted animation, and meeting them, at an early morning service, in the spirit of the salutation, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy?" But he gently silenced the complaint, while oppressed with severe and distressing anguish, by a reply to the effect, that—"Our joy in contemplating the birth of the Son of God, cannot be subdued by any external circumstances." That joy had been diligently cultivated during the last few days of his domestic ministry, when the services of the church appointed to commemorate that great mystery of godliness had been selected, in anticipation, as subjects for improvement at family worship. And it was with this preparation fresh upon his soul, that he entered the passive, suffering, condition, through which he was to take the last step of his path-way to everlasting joy.

His medical friend and attendant, Dr. Henry Lucas, has since supplied some consoling recollections, in a letter to his widow:—

"From the state of painful excitement I was in, during that melancholy time, together with fatigue, I fear I shall be able to give but a meagre account of it. I tried at the time to recal, as much as possible, the words of my departed friend, but I found it was ineffectual. They were

altogether those words of humble confidence, which a dying Christian can alone feel.

"About four in the morning, I found his strength failing; when I called Dr. Bevan. He asked us if any thing could be done for him, and on Dr. B. replying that he feared medicine could do no more, he instantly said 'Let them all be called up.' Being left in the room with him, and supporting his head, I asked him, where he placed his trust. 'In Christ, my Saviour and Redeemer; I know I am a miserable sinner, the chief of sinners, but his blood is all-sufficient.' From this time, he appeared to have no sense of bodily suffering, and his expressions were full of hope and confidence in the merits of his Saviour. When you returned with Dr. B. he heard your voice, for his sight* was now failing him. He immediately said 'Bessie,' as glad to find you near him. He then† began to speak about his children, giving directions about their education. He wished them both to be brought up to the ministry, even mentioning the college they might be sent to. 'Do not spoil our children, Bessie,' was one of his affecting exhortations. When his father came to his bed-side, and kissed him, he gently murmured, 'My father;' and he seemed to recognise every member of his family. After this exertion, his breathing became difficult, and his articulation indistinct; and from being behind him, I could not hear him plainly; nor indeed did my own feelings allow me to pay full attention to what he was saying.

* He called for more lights, and when told there were enough, he quietly said, "Oh, then my sight is going."

† His first words were, "Lay me under the monument, by her side"—meaning his infant Elizabeth.

To your question respecting the state of his soul, he replied, 'Christ is my hope and my salvation.' It was about this time he commenced the words of that beautiful hymn, 'I long to behold him arrayed.' Almost his last words were those he spoke in reply to your request that he would say something for you to remember—words doubly precious, coming from the lips of a dying Christian, who felt the full force of them—'Trust in Christ.' And having said this, he fell asleep in Christ; for his passage from life to death was almost imperceptible. May God grant that our latter end may be like his, and that the Holy Spirit may give you and yours his peace which passeth all understanding!"

The friend, who, in the activity of life, was a steady promoter of his schemes of usefulness; and in the hour of sickness and approaching death, spared no fatigue in his desire to render every soothing, watchful, attention, bears this very acceptable testimony:—

"At all times a welcome guest in the house of mourning, his presence, as I and mine can well testify, proved how, like the apostle, he could weep with those who wept. Fully persuaded in his own mind, it was his delight affectionately to lead the afflicted soul to the Saviour, the true and only source of all consolation. And such in h is own hour of need, when it pleased the All-wise to destroy the work we had fondly hoped to have built up here, and to call his yet youthful servant to his rest,—he found Him. In those hours of suffering and exhaustion, the name of Christ, and that alone, could rouse him from a state of almost insensibility and stupor, to full mental and bodily exertion. Starting up in his bed, with his arms extended, and his eyes fixed as on some beloved object, he exclaim-

ed—in answer to the question, 'Henry, what is your hope?'—'Christ! Christ! my Saviour!' And with the expression of an earnest longing to behold the beauty of the Lord, he, as you well remember, entered into his rest.

"For him Redeeming Love hath spread
Its countless treasures wide;
Him, through Death's shadowy valley led,
Safe to his Saviour's side.

His eyes have seen heaven's beauteous Lord,
The everlasting Son;
His ear the blessed sentence heard—
'Servant of God, well done!'"

By a young friend, then preparing for the ministry, who attended the last mournful ceremony of Christian faith and affection, an account of the scene he witnessed and the sentiments it inspired, was immediately afterwards conveyed to his own family at Chelsea; and with their permission, is subjoined:—

"It is over;—our beloved pastor, the devoted, holy, and now blessed, Henry Vaughan, is in the house appointed for all the living. The first sound which I heard, as I entered the inn yesterday, was one which, had I for a moment forgotten my sad errand here, must have recalled it to my mind and heart. Little did I think, when a few short months ago I promised myself a visit to Crickhowel, that the first sound to greet my arrival, would be the knell of its beloved pastor. This morning, I found every shop closed; and the gloominess of the weather well corresponded with the day's gloomy business. The funeral was quite plain and unostentatious; the pall being borne by Mr. Bevan and three others, his most intimate friends;

Mr. Vaughan, sen. and Mrs. Henry Vaughan's brother being chief mourners. Poor Mr. Vaughan's intimate companion and former curate, Mr. Blencowe, officiated, and is to do duty to-morrow. My tears flowed almost without restraint, as we entered that church which so often, and so lately, sounded with his tender but faithful message. There was a considerable attendance of people, and when we had sung a funeral hymn, and had listened to St. Paul's cheering and blessed assurance of a life to come, the body for ever left those earthly courts, where the spirit that tenanted it loved so fondly to dwell; and the father, at the age of *thirty-one*, was laid by his departed child beneath a tree, while we (I am sure I may say so for myself) could not but in memory recal his heavenly, holy, countenance, and his worn frame, and listen again in imagination to his heavenly message, his sweet counsels, and his holy aspirations. And, however, for a few moments, I was unable to realise that I should never again see his face brighten with his dear smile, nor hear him deliver his embassage from God to man; yet the sad realisation would again force itself upon the heart, that earth was gone to earth, ashes to ashes.

"Upon this, however, we must not long dwell, but rather delight to remember that death has no other sting than sin, and that this sting is extracted when a Redeemer's blood, and a Redeemer's purchased Spirit, have released both from the guilt and power of it. Let us, rather than sorrow as those who have no hope, dwell on his enjoyment of that vision which, in the words of one of the hymns he himself selected, was the object of his earnest expectation. They were, I was told by Mr. Bevan, almost the

last intelligible words caught from his lips;—'I long to behold him arrayed with glory and light from above.'

"I was informed by one of his medical attendants, that for him to have lain without pain, during his last illness, was impossible. No posture could exempt him from it; ease was only comparative; he could only lie on one side, the other hip was too sore to allow him; and after death, it was discovered that even the shoulder on which he had lain was ulcerated. Mr. Bevan says that on one occasion, when he had been delirious, he went in and began to talk to him of his hopes, and though his mind had been wandering previously, as Mr. B. quoted the first few verses of numerous texts, the poor sufferer finished them all, and shewed the fullest faith in his Saviour, mingled with a sense of his own unworthiness. During the whole time, his submission to any thing necessary for him was most conspicuous; and though perhaps he might not fully, from his state, understand the purport and necessity of any little thing proposed as to nourishment, remedies, &c. yet he instantly submitted, so completely was submission interwoven into his very nature by the grace of God. When the last hour was drawing near, he was perfectly conscious; and having finally ascertained from his physician that nothing more could be done, he said—(oh, how often have the words, voice, tone, every thing echoed in my ear)—'Let them all be called.' And they all assembled. He was now literally in the dark valley of the shadow of death, for he wished for more light in the room. He spoke to Mrs. Vaughan about his children, wished them to be brought up to the ministry, and said that he had always hoped one would be a missionary. He died without a sigh, so that

they were not aware of his end until the doctor told them he was gone.

"I wished very much I could have mustered strength to have seen the body, but could not; I had, and have, so sweet an image of him in my eye, that I could not bear to risk any other dwelling there. His death-bed was a striking lesson to all who would put off repentance till that hour; for certainly had he had his peace to make then with his God and Judge, he had no power of body or mind for it. He was too much tried by pain, and too weak, to *introduce* often the subject of religion; but when introduced by others, they always found a ready response. There was, when not roused by pain, a torpor and apathy predominating; but Christ was his heart's hope and stay."

The conclusion of Mr. Blencowe's letter must not here be omitted:—

"Of the rapid close of his career, as I was not present, I shall not attempt to speak. Others can better do so. I saw him no more till the struggle was past, and to intense suffering of body had succeeded the peaceful sleep of death. He had entered into his rest. But that mortal shall put on immortality, that corruptible shall put on incorruption. And as I committed his remains to the ground, I felt the full power, in his case, of the church's words—'In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body that it may be like unto his glorious body.'"

CHAPTER XI.

REMARKS ON THE LIMITED DURATION, AND EFFECTS, OF HIS MINISTRY.

From a scene—mysterious and overwhelming indeed to the natural man, but full of solemn and engrossing interest to the spiritual mind—no friend or relative of Henry Vaughan, partaking of like precious faith, will be disposed to turn away, without pausing to contemplate this, the Lord's doing, and to indulge in meditations, which, while they allow the just tribute of affection's grief, must tend rather to comfort and elevate, than to depress, or to foster one repining thought.

Resting in imagination upon the spot, where a temple of the Holy Ghost has been laid even with the dust, to be raised, ere long, we may confidently hope, in glory; the mourner will lend a willing ear to the words of an early friend, the Rev. S. Everard :—

"I am glad, on all accounts, that a monument for dear Henry is intended; quite as much for the proof it affords of the regard the subscribers have for true religion, as on

account of the testimony it gives to their affection for Henry personally. The remembrance of him is so bound up with that of the faith he preached and exemplified, that no one, well disposed towards the one, can be altogether indifferent to the other. During the latter period of his ministry, especially, he fulfilled, to a most exemplary extent, the command to be instant in season and out of season, in preaching the gospel. As you express a wish for a text, I am unwilling to neglect sending one; but whoever arranges the inscription may see many reasons for a different selection. St. Mark viii. part of verse 34, and St. John xii. part of verse 26, seem, either or both, to express the doctrine which Henry himself once conveyed most impressively to me. We were walking, I think, in the garden at Oak Cottage, and had been communicating our mutual mercies and trials, our difficulties and exertions, during a long previous separation; and he closed our conversation by an emphatic expression of his settled conviction, that it was God's will, and his own solemn purpose, that the Lord being our helper, we should take Christ and his *Cross* for our portion now, Christ and his *Crown* for hereafter. I never forgot those words; and they seem to be an echo of the above, 'Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me;' and, 'If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be.'"

A communication from a beloved and respected lay brother, will also be congenial with the feelings of every sorrowing heart:—

"It is now about eight years, since I first became ac-

quainted with my lamented friend, and I was favoured with the last interview—an interview which I shall not readily forget—a day or two only before he quitted Chelsea, to return to the beloved spot where he had so long laboured with the blessing of the Most High; but from which scene of labour, it pleased our heavenly Father so soon after to release him, and to take him unto himself. From the first moment of my acquaintance with that estimable friend, there seemed to me something in his character peculiarly attractive, exhibiting all the warmth of Christian love, combined with a highly-cultivated intellect, exercised upon the most exalted subjects, and sanctified to his Master's service in an eminent degree. The ardour which he felt, in the sacred work of the minister and the pastor, appeared also to urge him to constant exertion both of mind and body, beyond what his slender frame seemed capable of sustaining; and the love of Christ which shone in his character, made this service, not a toil which was submitted to under a strong feeling of duty, but rather a cheerful and favourite occupation; from the excessive exercise of which, he found difficulty in restraining himself.

"In the last interview with him, with which I was favoured, one subject into which we entered, seemed particularly grateful to his mind—namely, the second Advent of the Son of God, and the glory prepared for his church. It struck me powerfully, when I heard so soon afterwards of his removal, how much he seemed to have been taught to prize, and to delight in, the prospect of that bliss for which he was manifestly ripening. May it be our blessed lot to be followers of him, as he was of Christ, and to par-

take with him of the full possession and enjoyment of that inheritance, incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for them who are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in these the last times."

In the reflections of another, many an attached friend would find an expression of his own sentiments :—

" He walked with God, and was not, for God took him. The voice of nature seems to whisper, 'But we no longer behold him.' Yet there is another voice, a still small voice indeed, but it is the voice of our heavenly Father, which says, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, his warfare is accomplished.' He is where his treasure and his heart had long been. And surely he may yet be said to speak to his sorrowing friends, when we remember how unblameably, how unreproveably, he walked along the narrow way of peace and holiness ; how steadily he pursued his heavenward course, to the praise of the glory of that grace, to which he delighted to ascribe all that was good in himself and others. Surely that Saviour who was the guide of his youth, will gently carry in his arms those lambs, who are deprived of their nursing father who would have endeavoured to preserve them from all evil."

The voice of a fourth gives utterance to the thought that will prevail in many hearts :—

" Blessed Henry Vaughan ! Now his peace flows like a river. 'IT IS WELL with the husband.' For him, we have only to say, though in solemn awe at the profound mystery of the dispensation, Glory to thee, O Lord ! who

hast fixed another star in the heavenly firmament, to shine for ever and ever."

And, as we gaze upon the simple monumental urn, which marks the resting-place of the departed saint, and seems to testify, "my flesh shall rest in hope," the words he used on one occasion of his ministry, may dwell upon the heart as expressive of a truth he has fully realised:—"Death, to the Christian, is the peaceful messenger which comes to bear his soul from the conflict to the crown, from labour to rest, from faith and hope to sight and enjoyment;"—adding, "Welcome, then, Death! the messenger of peace!"

It is not possible to look back upon the nine months, immediately preceding the solemn hour at which we have now paused, without having the attention seriously drawn to the providential events and arrangements of that period. The circumstances that led Henry Vaughan to Chelsea for a little season, and then opened the way for his return to Crickhowel, were assuredly under the immediate direction of Him, without whom a sparrow doth not fall to the ground. And it cannot be doubted, that those changes formed some of the windings of a mysterious path, which the God of all grace had in wisdom chosen, to subserve his purposes of love. In these views, we are not left to conjecture, or to the mere confidence of faith; evidence of a clear and decided nature has been afforded, that the hand which ruleth over all was put forth in those dispensations, to promote the best interests of a beloved servant, whose appointed race was to be quickly accomplished. By

terminating his sacred trust, among a people much longed for, and peculiarly accounted as his own, he was relieved from the disquiet that might have attended his last moments, in any other place, or apart from them. But, during his absence, the work of righteousness, in peace and quietness and assurance, had been progressive; and he returned to the scene of many toils and trials, and many deep-felt mercies, with a spirit invigorated and refreshed by the unreserved Christian communion, he had enjoyed with the congregation at Park Chapel. To an intimate friend, shortly before he relinquished that charge, he expressed himself in terms of elevated delight, when speaking of the liberty he had there found in the exercise of his ministry. Among brethren prepared to honour him as an ambassador for Christ, and to receive his testimony in faith and love; he had freely poured forth the experience of a heart, overflowing with the hopes and joys of the gospel, and with warm affection for many whom he recognised as partakers of the heavenly calling. His exertions in the pulpit, although invariably fatiguing to the mind and the body, had been the means, not only of blessing to others, but also of strength and enlargement to his own soul. The united, constant, efforts of the pastor and his flock, in works of Christian charity and enterprise, had presented opportunities of mutual edification and advancement, in which he proved more fully, than in any previous connection, the believer's privilege, "To give and to receive—to be blessed and to bless;" and in which, he partook richly of the benefit designed by the injunction: "Consider one another, to provoke unto love and to good works; and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." He saw the day

approaching ; and rejoiced the more, in the abundance of his labours, and in the support and consolation derived therein, from many fellow-helpers and fellow-heirs. The "comfort of love, and the fellowship of the Spirit," as he gratefully acknowledged, were granted to him in a measure, which rendered the time when all shall be gathered together in one, an object of more fervent, express, desire, than at any former period of his life. Views of eternal things were disclosed with a power, a nearness, a reality, which conveyed an impression—welcomed with feelings far above those of peace and resignation—that with him, "the night was far spent, the day was at hand." He could appropriate to himself individually—almost triumphantly—the exhortation he had addressed to others :—"Be comforted. The Lord is at hand. You have not much longer to maintain the conflict. A few more dark days, a few more sharp combats, a few more sighs and tears, a few more labours of soul ; and the eternal day will break. The Lord is at hand. Take up your cross daily. Take it up cheerfully. The Lord is at hand—The Lord, and a crown of glory !"

The slight review of his ministerial career, presented in this memoir, comprises a period of only seven years. But, although he was thus taken away in the midst of his days, that career, if estimated, not by the measurement of time, but by the nature and extent of his work, cannot be regretted as a brief one. The multiplicity of objects to which his energies were directed, the constancy of his efforts to spread the savour of the name of Jesus, and to follow Him who went about doing good—whilst they seemed to be instrumental in curtailing the duration of his service—have

left a conviction in the minds of those who were witnesses of his zeal, that the ordinary labours of a much more lengthened space, were crowded into the limit of those few years. The course he was destined to take, appears to have been rather swift, than contracted. How, or when, it should terminate, was a question of little moment with him, if it were but sure; and his consequent disregard of health and of needful rest, in pressing towards the mark for the prize of his high calling, produced an anxiety in the minds of those who were tenderly concerned for him, which could only be allayed by the consideration, that an unseen, unerring power, was conducting him speedily to the haven where he would be. So far as human care and prudence can avail, it was thought that his days might have been prolonged, by more submissive attention to the warning voice of relatives and friends. But he could not stop to estimate the resources of physical ability or constitution; he loved the service of his Lord too well, to defer till the morrow, from any personal motive, that which could possibly be accomplished to-day. His cheerful remark, when suffering from an affection of the throat—"I must preach it away"—was characteristic of the principle that urged him onward, from first to last, when he had pledged allegiance under the banner of the cross. And that it was settled principle—not the mere impulse of temperament, or the effect of any natural excitement—was evident, if such proof were requisite, from his firmness, as well as tenderness, in meeting the expostulations of his own family. Thus, on one occasion, in the early days of his ministry, when affectionately, and somewhat playfully, repelling their entreaties to be less prodigal of health and strength, his decision was

brought to a more severe test than usual, by the earnest appeal of one, who, in her devoted attachment, could not suppress some anxious forebodings of the sorrows of a widow's heart. An involuntary expression of grief in his countenance, was his only reply at the moment; but he afterwards begged with tears, that his trials might not in that manner be increased, and that an exaggerated view of his labours, "which (he said) you must know are nothing," might not be entertained. He then fervently prayed that one, whose peace of mind, and conformity to the will of God, was to him the first of all earthly objects, might be enabled cheerfully to resign him to his work,—as the sacrifice required of her faith,—and, in solicitude for the welfare of perishing souls, to cast all inordinate care for the weak instrument, at the foot of the cross.

His perseverance to the end, in the calm determination he had himself formed, is apparent from the communications already quoted; but is particularly noticed, in the following interesting manner, by the friend whose account of the solemn closing scene has been introduced. "Truly," he remarks, with a warmth of feeling that might well arise, as he turned from the grave of one he so much loved and admired, "if ever there was a martyr to religion, he was one; for his physician told me that he assured him in Mrs. Vaughan's presence, before he went to Chelsea, that if he continued to exert and spend himself there, as he had done here, he would not give him more than two years to live. His warning voice was vain to the missionary spirit he addressed, and the brief two years have been shortened to nine months."

While thus lingering, in thought, near the temporary home of that earthly frame, whose every power and faculty rendered the first-fruits to the God from whom they were derived, the mind is disposed to dwell upon recollections of his enterprising toils of faith and love. But it will not be attempted to define the result of his labours, or the effects of his zeal, in order to support the opinion that has been expressed regarding the comparative extent of his ministerial life. Such an enquiry is, in most cases, an undertaking difficult and uncertain, for the feeble, contracted, discernment of man. The details, however, of the preceding narrative, or the letters written by him to whom it relates, cannot be perused without leading to the conclusion, that, amidst all the difficulties and disappointments, which, in common with every Christian minister, he must have found intercepting his path, a considerable degree of encouragement was afforded him. His patient continuance in well-doing was again and again relieved with the song of grateful praise :—"The Lord hath helped us; the Lord hath done great things for us." The influence of a blessing from on high, upon the faithful preaching of the word, and a vigilant exercise of his office, were perceptible in various ways. It was not a confused or indistinct sound, that the watchman gave; nor was the response altogether of a doubtful kind. The earnest cry, "What must I do to be saved," sometimes greeting the pastor's ear; signs of a growth in grace, with not a few who had tasted that the Lord is gracious; the engaging spring-tide of spiritual life in the schools; the effectual restraint laid upon immorality and profaneness in their external deformity, and the frequent success

of the remedy applied to their source; the lively interest awakened among his people in the welfare of the church at large, and in the condition of the heathen world; the consequent increase in the number and efficacy of institutions designed to promote the work of the gospel, locally in his own parish, and more extensively in foreign lands; liberality and confidence towards himself as the minister of God, and co-operation in his plans of benevolence and usefulness, taking the place of indifference and even of unkind opposition; the enmities of the carnal mind, in their varied forms, yielding to the humbling testimony of the love of Jesus; increasing attendance upon the public services of the church, requiring enlarged and improved accommodation for the worshippers; a growing desire to partake of the means of grace, provided by week-day lectures, and frequent meetings for prayer and scripture-reading; the acceptance and success experienced in pleading for objects of common interest, on errands of charity to other districts;—these, although fruits of an ordinary nature, must excite the gratitude, and lighten the burdens, of every devoted servant of his Lord: and of these, a liberal portion was granted to Henry Vaughan, oft-times refreshing to his spirit, as the pouring in of oil and wine, when weary with exhausting cares and toils. Of the work committed to his hand, he could occasionally speak with something of apostolic confidence: "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?"

To this subject, an appropriate reference is made, in

the continuation of a letter, from which extracts have already been given :—" I suspect, although much, very much *manifest* good has been done here by its departed pastor, that more seed has been sown than has yet sprung up or borne fruit. The moral tone of the place is, confessedly, wonderfully raised by his labours, and should the great Husbandman send a faithful waterer, and Himself give the increase, much will be developed which is now either partially, or wholly hidden. All at least respected him; for though many thought his standard unnecessarily high, still all saw that he himself was consistent."

Probably, however, the choicest fruit of any ministry rarely attracts the human eye, but remains stored under the hand of the mighty Lord of the vineyard, till the day when He shall bring it forth, in maturity, to the praise of the glory of his grace. And in considering the character of a servant of the living God, however zealous or distinguished, it may become us to remain contented in tracing out the work of Divine power and love, as manifested in his own walk and conversation; resting in the assurance, that whatever might be the appointed measure of success attending his exertions, he himself would be blessed in his deed, and would receive the benediction of a compassionate Master—" Thou didst well that it was in thine heart."

CHAPTER XII.

NOTICES OF HIS DOMESTIC CHARACTER.

Some traits of personal character, not immediately connected with a concise history of his ministerial course, may admit of more specific notice than they have yet received. A disposition naturally kind, affectionate, and generous, as we have seen in the letters of two of his nearest relatives, disclosed its amiable qualities from his earliest days; and it would be dishonouring the fulness of the gift of God, to imagine that those sublime and eternal objects, which afterwards engaged the best energies of his mind and heart, as an heir of salvation, and a servant of the church, could exclude any relative duties or connections from a large share of his thought and affection. The allusions to his domestic character, occurring in these pages, though slight and few, cannot leave a doubt that the high principle, and the ardour of feeling, observable in the discharge of the public duties pertaining to his office, were no less influential in the more private and retired scenes of life. It was amongst the gracious providences, of which

he retained a deep and grateful sense, that he lived in all those endearing relations of man's present state, for which his heart was peculiarly formed; and in them, he afforded a lively evidence, that the solace and enjoyment they seem designed to promote, are in no degree impaired by submissive reverence for the Saviour's precept—"He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me;" but that they acquire a new charm, and minister a purer joy, when held in subjection to that word. Engaging as were the constancy, the warmth, the tenderness of natural affection, they appeared in still brighter, sweeter, colours, when sanctified by that supreme love of God which reigned in his soul;—shewing what real beauty adorns these earthly things, when governed by the heavenly.

There was a happy method of persevering in the path of duty, as a steward who knew his responsibility to the great head of the church, even when directly opposing the wishes and remonstrances of an anxious wife, a parent, a brother, or a sister; that would allow no one to suspect him of being indifferent to their feelings, or free from painful emotion in adopting any course from which they would dissuade him. His considerate and persuasive manner of accomplishing this, may be partly discovered from a circumstance already mentioned, when repeated and increased importunity had occasioned him much uneasiness; and in the same spirit, although any care of the body was to him a matter of perplexing discipline, he would endeavour to remove the apprehensions of the family circle on his account; and, as far as it was practicable, consistently with convictions of duty, would set himself scrupulously to ob-

serve those precautions that were suggested with a view to his health and comfort. The self-denying tendency of a devoted zeal, after he had renounced all earthly honour and advantage, was, indeed, the only point upon which he had to fear discouragement on their part; and that unsought deference, which the presence of a pure and holy mind inspired even among strangers, could not be denied to him by his nearest relatives. How much the bonds of kindred drew forth the ardour of his soul, and constrained him to offer counsel according to his ability, in all things affecting the interests of his beloved family, whether for time or for eternity; could not pass unobserved, even by those who had only a slight acquaintance with him. But the real fervour of this affection, could be known only by those, who have been admitted to fellowship in his intercessions, and have witnessed the depth and intenseness of feeling he evinced, in committing each member of his father's house, to that mighty arm upon which he had learned to rest every burden. His letters to a brother and a sister (Nos. ii. and xiii.) afford interesting examples of his love as a relative, combined with faithfulness as a witness of the truth; and two more, addressed to younger sisters, elucidate so clearly those features of his character, that they have been reserved for insertion here :—

"My dearest . . . ,

"I failed, during my fugitive visit, to find a suitable opportunity for conversing with you, privately and alone, on a subject which is always nearest my heart, whenever I think of you.

"It is possible, you may sometimes think that I am harsh in my views of religion, and their strict enforce-

ment; but, dearest . . . , that is not the case. It is the certainty of their truth, it is the entire persuasion of their importance as affecting your present and eternal happiness, that leads me, rather than compels me, so continually to press them on your attention. I am the more encouraged also to do so, by observing that a kind and tender Father is, by his providence, almost forcing upon you the same truths. And why should you any longer tarry in the world which has not, and never can, yield you peace. But you think religion compatible with a moderate enjoyment of the world. Have you found it so? Do you feel that your principles of religion are such as you could rely upon at the hour of death, and in the day of judgment? Do you find it so, generally, in others? Are those with whom you commonly, when you go into society, associate, such as you would call truly and evangelically religious? But I return to yourself. Do you enjoy really spiritual communion with God; do you mourn for sin; is your life a daily struggle against it; are your affections fixed steadily on heavenly things; have you a holy indifference to earthly things? If not, then your religion is short of true religion. Let me direct you, in proof of this, to Scripture itself. Read Romans, chap. viii. from verse 8, to the end; and enquire, is this the religion with which I am experimentally acquainted? if not, is not my state unsafe, is not the state of the majority of Christians quite unsafe, and does not this agree with those views of religion which I have been slow to believe true? Let me beseech you, dearest . . . , to follow the honest convictions which must arise, on reading this and similar Scriptures. Enter, at once, upon a more serious investigation of what true religion is.

Take not man, but the Bible, as your guide. Read, with prayer, the Gospel of St. John, or the Epistle to the Ephesians, Colossians, or any other part of Scripture, and apply it personally to your own heart in the way of self-examination. Would to God, that we might be agreed on this point! How happily, then, might we unite together in God's work. Where could we find a fairer vineyard than at home! Oh! do seek the inestimable pearl. You will never know real happiness, or real usefulness, until you possess it; and when you have once found it, you will, like the merchant in the gospel, for *joy thereof*, go and sell all that you have, that you may fully enjoy and improve the precious talent.

"I must now say, good-bye, or rather, God be with you. I may unfeignedly say, my heart's desire and prayer for you is, that you may realise the saving truths of the everlasting gospel in life, and in glory.

"Your most affectionate brother,

"H. V."

"My dearest . . . ,

"I was truly thankful to God, for the communion which we were permitted to enjoy together; and was, indeed, delighted to find that your heart and mind were opening to the truths of the blessed gospel, as I trust, by the divine teaching of God the Holy Ghost.

"I write a few lines to exhort you diligently to cultivate the inestimable gift God has bestowed upon you,—by prayer, meditation, and study of the scriptures. You would do well to consider within yourself, what temptations will most easily beset you, on your return home;

and to fortify yourself, by divine grace, to meet them as a Christian should. Your course now should be uncompromising and decided. In the end, this will save much trial, though at first it might seem the most difficult. In all things, your progress and success will depend on *devotional habits*. Be much in your closet, and on your knees; and strength will be given you, to overcome all the enemies of your salvation. You should endeavour to seek grace, that you may be enabled to glorify God by *active employment;* as I fear indolence is the constitutional sin of the family.

"Excuse the freedom, and brevity, and disorder of these fugitive hints. May God bless them by his Spirit, dearest . . . , and make you grow in grace through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Your affectionate brother,

"H. V."

To him it was granted, to know the joy of a parent on presenting three children successively, in baptism, to the God who gave them; and some characteristic references to those sacred seasons, will be found in his Letters. He was also called to taste the grief, and the Christian's "sure and certain hope," in committing an infant daughter to the grave. Of the trial, and the consolation, he then experienced, his friend and brother-minister writes thus:—"At the time his sweet little girl was dangerously ill, his refuge was prayer. He besought God, if it might be his will, to spare her; and when that will ordered otherwise, and he saw his infant expire, it was with lively faith in his heavenly Father's goodness, and with holy resignation,

that he checked every murmur of grief: he appeared, indeed, to lose almost his sorrow for his child, in the conviction of its perfect happiness. I can remember the very touching and impressive effect of his manner at the grave, which was felt, I believe, by others beside myself." A few poetic lines from his own pen, disclose a state of heart, quite in accordance with this representation; they tell out the poignancy of a parental sorrow evidently known in all its keenness, but promptly alleviated by that healing balm which the Spirit of grace alone can minister.

As a father, he admirably united firmness in discipline, with unbounded playfulness in recreation,—gaining the warmest affection of his little ones, while he ensured their quick, unhesitating, obedience. The yearnings of a saint, over a treasure entrusted to him by the God he loved, could not pass unobserved, in his habitual efforts to lead their minds to endearing thoughts of a father in heaven. Not only in the more sedate moments of direct instruction, but also in the hour of liveliest sport, it was evident that his eye could not rest upon them, without exciting reflections and desires reaching to eternity. The "God bless you, my child," so frequently pronounced over them, was not the mere expression of natural abounding love, but the fervent aspiration of one who knew what it was to be "blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." In that heartfelt benediction, it might be said, there was a degree of patriarchal solemnity, blended with the tender, graceful, emotion of a young parent, which sensibly impressed the children at a very early age. As an instance of this, it may be noticed, that during a dangerous illness of the youngest boy, whenever his cheering

form appeared at the bedside, the little arms would be stretched out to take the father's hand, and place it on the sufferer's head, as if he would claim the soothing influence of the oft-repeated word of blessing, which he had learned to connect with that action. May his orphan boys, when looking into this humble and defective memorial, realise the widowed parent's anxious hope, and discover "in their father's lovely example, the power of God's grace to form the image of Christ on the soul of man." And may they be effectually moved by the consideration, that a more ardent petition never ascended from his heart, than when he prayed that his own beloved offspring might be followers of God as dear children; and that those who called him "father" might be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, prepared to rejoice with him in the day of Christ!

To touch upon the tenderest, closest, tie by which he was allied to this world, would be trespassing on the province of one, whose hand alone could suitably perform the task. But it is not needful to awaken the acute feelings of the heart where the husband's image is recorded, for the purpose of obtaining any evidence of the character he sustained in that relation. It will be sufficient to observe, that the endearment of an union, formed in a perfect sympathy of natural taste and sentiment, and in all the devotedness of an early attachment; having been crowned with a settled happiness and contentment attained only by those who walk as heirs together of the grace of life; he was no less honoured, than loved, as the indulgent, affectionate, judicious, guide of youth to the partner, in some degree of

his many cares and labours, as well as of his joys and sorrows. And it was found, in the bitter moment of separation, when his presence was withdrawn, and the voice that had so faithfully supplied the word of truth and consolation could be heard no more, that the counsel of his lip and the pattern of his faith had not been bestowed in vain. When the earthly support, prized with a fondness that few could venture to condemn, had been removed, the Everlasting arm remained. The depth and darkness of the widow's affliction were not forsaken by that Comforter, whose light and life had been diligently sought in united prayer. The sure, though silent, testimony rested on the bereaved mourner's heart—"I am not alone."

His own words, when discoursing upon the "moderation" essential to the Christian character, may be received as a transcript of the principles and the experience which prevailed in his breast, with regard to all social and domestic relations:—

"This principle (moderation) should lead us to place all earthly attachments on a heavenly foundation; and that, regularly and habitually. To keep a really affectionate heart from undue attachment to the creature, requires all the sovereignty and fulness of Divine grace, and is a noble triumph of holy moderation, learnt at the cross of Jesus Christ. The father and mother whose care reared us, the brother and sister, our playmates in childhood, our most confidential friends in maturer years, the wife whose faithful heart has cherished our purest affections, and concealed our greatest weaknesses;—to hold these blessings, and yet in such a way that we can, when God commands, slip the

chain and let them go with peaceful resignation;—yes, and while we live with them, really to do affection's part, really to aid them with our prayers, really to direct them by our counsel, really and disinterestedly to administer to their wants, and bear with their infirmities;—to do this, not in our happier moments only, when the fervour of a sudden devotion gilds every thing with an unusual lustre; but habitually to do it; on wet and on fine days; when things go ill, as well as when they go well; when cares harass; when the world frowns; amidst the severer trials, and the lesser vexations, of life;—this is to put earthly attachments on a heavenly foundation."

It will not be following out a review of domestic character too minutely, nor can it be regarded by any Christian mind, as descending below the point of interesting and profitable observation, to advert, with more distinctness than has yet been done, to the tender, faithful, attention he bestowed upon those who served him in his own house. It would rather be an unbecoming neglect of duty and privilege, to pass over unnoticed, any traces of his holy example in a relation so deeply important and responsible in the believer's walk. Such traces have been presented, among the materials of this work, in a form, however simple, not less authentic. From one who was entrusted with the care of his infant children, and whose attachment and fidelity were duly appreciated by the parents, a tribute to the endeared memory of her master, has been received. It affords evidence, that his patient admonitions were not unattended with a real blessing to the individual writer. And a general view of the *master's* character is also given, in

terms that may safely be left to the reader's candour, without further introduction; and may be admitted, in preference to any more elaborate or formal attempt to delineate this feature of the pastor's private life:—

"At your request, I have taken upon me, as far as my poor, imperfect memory can retain them, to write a few of the kind and gracious words that it was once my privilege to hear fall from the lips of my once kind, but now sainted, master. With what kindness and earnestness did he entreat us to seek the Saviour now, while we were in health, before the day of trial and suffering came. He used to tell us, that we should never be sorry for having sought God too soon. 'Oh no! (he would say) when you come to your last hour, and the great enemy is trying to persuade you that your God hath forgotten you; how cheering to the soul, to feel the everlasting arms of your Saviour underneath you, carrying you through the conflict.' And on the Sabbath evenings, what pains he was used to take with us (even when he had all the day been labouring for the souls of his people,) in explaining the Scriptures to us, and shewing us the necessity of being born again, and made new creatures in Christ Jesus. And when he had done, he would ask us if we understood it, telling us, if we did not, to bring any difficulty to him, and he would explain it. In all things, he seemed, like his heavenly Master, to look upon us, not as servants, but as friends; he never seemed to forget the least act of care or kindness; he was used often to tell me, that he should never forget my care of the dear baby when the coach fell; that he looked upon me, more as a friend than a servant. When Anne and her sister left London, as you know, he paid them their

coach-fare; his generous heart did not rest there, for when they called to bid him good-bye, and he was not at home, he went and sought them out where they stayed in town, and prayed with them; he then told Hannah, whenever she was in distress, and wanted a pound or two, to send to him, and he would help her.

"I remember his once coming into the nursery, on a Sunday; and seeing me writing, he gently rebuked me for doing it on the Sabbath. A short time afterwards, he himself had occasion to write to Mr. Morice, to ask him to assist in the evening service; but before he sent his note, he brought it into the kitchen, and read it; and told us, that he wished us to know that it was a duty he was performing, and not for his own pleasure. Once, when dear little Henry had hold of the baby's foot, and said, 'Here's a foot for a boot, papa!' papa answered, 'A foot, my love, I trust, to run in the way of God's commandments.'

"He seemed to think that every thing was too good for him. After we came from town, and the house at Crickhowel was furnished (I do not think you were present) he threw himself upon the sofa in the drawing-room, and looking round, and then upwards, he exclaimed, 'This is much too good for a poor sinner like me.' How beautifully he prayed for all the dear people he had left behind at Chelsea, the day that we got settled again at the Cottage. He seemed to bear every one on his heart before God; even poor Hannah's little child was not forgotten; he prayed that it might be brought up in the fear and love of God.

"I can truly say, I can never see such a kind master and friend again. How kindly, you will remember, when

the baby was ill, he used to consider me, and would say, 'Bessie dear, poor Sarah looks very tired, you must have Anne to take the baby a little, while she gets a bit of sleep.' And at all the meetings, how kindly he would enquire which of us was going, and if it was the right turn; as you so kindly allowed me always to take turns with the rest."

CHAPTER XIII.

GENERAL VIEW OF HIS PERSONAL CHARACTER.

MANY of the definitions of Christian character, and the exhortations to Christian consistency, conveyed in the words of our Lord and his disciples, might be selected, and shewn to have been sweetly exemplified in the life of Henry Vaughan. And it will not be thought, by those to whom he was best known, that too high an opinion has been formed of his attainments in Christian experience, if it be said, that, in his general walk and conversation, he illustrated, almost as clearly and effectively as in the pulpit, those fruits of the Spirit which were chosen for his last series of discourses at Chelsea, and formed nearly the last subject upon which he addressed his congregation there.

Imperfect as this memorial must necessarily prove, it cannot be perused, without discovering that such fruits were borne, in rich abundance, by him who was enabled to present so valuable an exposition of them to the church. Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, have so far been brought un-

der consideration in the course of the narrative, that it will not be requisite to separate the various portions of the sacred cluster, or to dwell upon each of them in detail. But some extracts from his own papers, and from the communications of friends, not previously introduced, may serve to mark the degree in which those fruits had approached maturity.

Few, perhaps, even of the most favoured servants of the Lord, are partakers of more uninterrupted JOY and PEACE, than were granted to him. He afforded a striking example of the scriptural truth, "The joy of the Lord is the strength of his people." This seemed to be a never-failing antidote, for the depression that might have been expected, from exertions beyond his physical powers. Through the prevalence of this active, energetic, principle, he was not cast down by the disappointments inflicted upon a tender, sensitive, spirit. By this, he was enabled to encounter without fear, or dismay, or reluctance, the opposition ever incident to the enterprise of love. Whether in bodily exhaustion, or in mental anxiety and trial, nothing, either from within or from without, had power to disturb or impair the sustaining influence of a Saviour's assurance;—"These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

Among the recollections of a correspondent, the following testimony occurs, not merely of the peace and resignation, but of the joy with which he could regard visitations, such as by the children of this world would be accounted evil:—"His heart was, as you know, very large and deep in its affections; while his confiding openness and frank-

ness of communication, were most engaging. He gave himself so entirely to a friend, without reserve, leading you into his whole mind, and making you join with him in admiring the providential dealings of the God of grace, towards himself and those dear to him. We cannot forget how very striking it was when, in telling us about his family, it seemed a real joy to mention trials and losses, as evidencing the paternal love of God, and that he had purposes of mercy which would not permit Him to leave them to have their portion here. 'How good God is to our family!' was a sort of rejoicing ejaculation, when alluding to circumstances wherein most persons would only have found cause for regret."

A sense of the love of God—its unchangeableness—its end; had so taken possession of his soul, that rarely could any adverse or perplexing events bring a cloud upon the joy that love had kindled,—an adopting love, whereby he had been placed among the children of a kingdom, which he found to be, indeed, "righteousness, and peace, and JOY in the Holy Ghost." He uttered a truth, of which he himself well knew the force, when he said: "If our joy is to be shaken, whenever sensible evidences of God's favour are not given, seldom will it last long. Joy must be able to live amidst storms and the wreck of man's hopes, or little shall we have of it for long. Faith must be the banner of our joy. If it is, we shall soon glory in tribulation also. If our nest of joy is built on earth, a thousand rude hands will rifle it. Above, it would be safe. Yes, you say, but then it would be future, not present. Mistake not. It would be both present and future;—*present*, in the witness of God's Spirit, and that sweet composure which a

truly resigned heart seldom loses;—and *future*, in that crown of glory which awaits him who hath endured temptation."

His unreserved SYMPATHY in the condition of all to whom he had access, whether prosperous or trying, is expressed with affecting simplicity and grace in many of his letters; and will be observed, with much interest, by all who can appreciate that delineation of Christian unity,—"There should be no schism in the body, but the members should have the same care one for another: and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it." It was a sympathy, especially bound up with those who were of the household of faith; but embracing, at the same time, the whole family of man, and longing to relieve every moral and physical evil; first, with the healing virtue of the great Physician; and also, as far as might be, by a liberal distribution of this world's goods.

This will have been evident, from the brief view that has been given of the tenour of his life; but a refinement* of taste, if the expression may be allowed, in the exercise of this grace, as well as an intenseness of feeling engaged in it, are referred to, with admiration, by those who had witnessed his ardent, active, disinterested, KINDNESS and GOODNESS. As an example, the affectionate acknowledgment of

* The following words were addressed to a dear friend, when urging the acceptance of pecuniary aid:—"God has given me this sum, to give to you. It is not my gift, but his. Take it and use it. And may Almighty God bless it to the recovery of your health, and the increase of your happiness and usefulness."

a clergyman, with whom his intercourse had been but of short duration, may here be quoted :—

"I must not omit one instance of his truly Christian spirit towards myself personally, which I shall never forget. A circumstance had occurred in the temporal affairs of a very near relative, which, he considered, might to a certain extent involve me in difficulty. And the kind manner in which he expressed his sympathy to my dear wife, was such as at first to cause a momentary consideration in her mind, 'Can it be sincere?' But the reflection of the source from whence it came, in a moment checked the suspicion, and left a deep and permanent feeling of gratitude in the minds of us both, which will never be effaced. I regretted that my absence from home, prevented my having the benefit of his conversation on a subject, which a feeling of delicacy prompts Christians, I think too frequently, to withhold from each other; I mean, the best means of avoiding and surmounting temporal difficulties. But I could never exhaust this subject."

"Let each esteem others better than himself"—was a principle so wrought into the spirit of his mind, that it could not but shine brightly in his habitual deportment. Nor was he less careful to promote this feeling in others, than to cherish it in himself. Although possessing a quick penetration in the discernment of character, and painfully affected by every symptom of departure from the will of God, he adhered strictly to the precept, he endeavoured to enforce :—"Never speak of the failings of a brother, to any who may not have the power of attempting their correction; nor then, till you have, in all brotherly kindness, used the

influence you possess, with that person himself;" and no severity or illiberality of remark, could be indulged in conversation with him. The evils he could not deny, were treated with the charity that hideth a multitude of sins; and the very expression of his countenance, commanded silence on the lip, that might be ready to open with evil speaking, or with unkind censure. By example, he set forth the beauty of that temper of mind, he had enjoined in words, when urging the cultivation of "a spirit, more deeply conscious of its own infirmities, more tenderly considerate of, and compassionate to, the weaknesses of others, more quick to espy hope in the worst, and to cover what it cannot commend."

In one so eminent for intellectual gifts and spiritual graces,—one to whom few, even of those advanced in years and experience, could be introduced without yielding cordial deference, as readily as warm regard; a constant MEEKNESS and GENTLENESS appeared with peculiar beauty. Some casual notices of these qualities, occur in letters already quoted; but the following, from two intimate friends, may be admitted with a view to further illustration.

One of those friends observes:—"Simplicity, and genuine humility, were marked by the unaffected ease with which he put on a footing with himself, in the interchange of sentiment, those who were so far his inferiors; asking opinions as if all stood on the same level. It was not one of his least charms, that, while calculated to be so edifying, and gifted with so much conversational talent, he made nothing of himself. Well do I remember how much he appeared to delineate his own character, one evening I spent with him at Weston, when, aiming to make our in-

tercourse profitable, he read the 13th chapter of the 1st Corinthians, and proposed conversing freely on some points of Christian character, there given us in the description of charity. I wish I had made memoranda of what passed, it was so characteristic."

From the second:—"One of the profitable methods he employed, in the way of social ministry, was, as far as my observation extends, almost peculiar to him, and exhibited at once a sweet humility of spirit, with a skilful exercise of his sacred calling. Not satisfied with being himself instant in season and out of season, in the word and in prayer; and unwilling, eminently qualified as he was, to be always taking the lead among Christian friends, as the pastor of a flock; he would, in his own remarkably successful and persuasive way, endeavour to stir up in another any gift that might be possessed, and obtain, even from a lay friend, the word of exhortation and prayer. Sometimes, when I have been enjoying the hospitalities of his roof, he would say, 'You must speak a word to my servants in family exposition, before we part.' On the Sabbath evening, when the public labours of the day had been followed by earnest conversation on divine truths, in which his soul had been poured forth with exhausting energy, he would, as the time of family worship arrived, require me to pray, alleging that his strength was spent. And when he was a guest at my own house, he would only consent to take morning or evening prayer and instruction, alternately with me. There was too much love and cordiality in his manner, to allow of any hesitation in acceding to such plans; but I am pursuaded that, on those occasions, he was not so much influenced by bodily or mental fatigue, as that he de-

lighted in realising the communion which was thus promoted; and honoured the work of God, in whatever humble form or measure it might appear; glad, also, to find a plea for taking what might, in some sense, be accounted the lower seat. He could not forget, to use a sentiment of his own, that 'all who have any experience, well know what nerves and sinews, the energy of *practice* gives to the *principle* of faith;' and he desired that those whom he loved, should reap the benefit of such experience, and partake with him of those spiritual exercises, in which he ever found refreshment to his own soul."

His own remarks upon HUMILITY, which may here be introduced, will not easily be separated from the remembrance of his character, in the minds of those by whom it was most closely observed:—

"Cultivate in secret the praise of God. Shrink from public observation. Avoid whatever a delicate sensibility of grace, may consider as savouring of display. Abhor every thing like insincerity. Be not tempted to exaggerate your experience. I am convinced that a strict adherence to truth, would make us all humble. Let the advancing Christian examine himself by the touchstone of *Humility*. We may abound in gifts; our sphere of usefulness may be enlarged; our knowledge in Divine things may have become more comprehensive; our charities may have increased; our reputation may have spread far and wide; and, if we cannot add that we have grown more into the mind of Jesus Christ in unfeigned humility, we may not only not have advanced, but have declined in grace. It is impossible to take a better touchstone of our state than

humility. No grace is more immediately connected with all the essential truths of the Everlasting Gospel; none, does God look upon with more especial favour. Vain, then, is our boast of any other attainments, if we are not attaining more realising views of our own nothingness. Humility is to the soul, what ballast is to the ship; it seems to sink, but really secures, the soul.

"It may be said, does not this view of humility, savour too much of legality? Does it not limit the believer's privileges, and curtail his liberty? Is the soul complete in Christ, conscious of his peace, clothed in his righteousness, expectant of his glory,—always to be depressed under a sense of its unworthiness, and never to forget its degradation? Let me remove such a misapprehension. Humility, so far from depressing, is the only true exaltation of the soul. Self is at the bottom of all depression, of all degradation. A proper sense of what we are, takes us out of ourselves into Christ. In him, all fulness dwells. All the riches of God's covenant of grace belong to the really humble soul. Conscious of ignorance, the humble saint looks for Divine wisdom; conscious of utter worthlessness, he looks for Divine righteousness; conscious of moral impotency, he looks for Divine strength. Knowing his own inability, he looks, for his security, to the unfailing faithfulness of his God. Able to find no resources of joy in self-dependence, he drinks more fully of joys Divine.

"The humblest and most self-condemned believer, is the most triumphing one. He does not, perhaps, talk so loudly, or recount so exactly, all that is passing in his soul, as others; but in the secret life of God, which Divine grace nourishes in his soul, in healthy vigour, he has not the no-

tions only, but the substance of things spiritual and eternal. In his simple reliance on the Divine testimony, he possesses that which others only boast of—a blessed assurance of his acceptance in Jesus, and final triumph through his strength. If he is not always producing to view his pedigree and title-deeds, he virtually asserts the dignity of his origin, and the glory of his inheritance, by living not only above the world, but above himself. It is impossible for angels to contemplate a nobler sight, than the really humbled Christian. Without wealth, he is rich; without merit, he is righteous; without happiness, he is always rejoicing; depressed, yet exalted; strong, without strength; wise, without wisdom; safe, in the midst of insecurity; dying daily, yet an heir of life eternal; having nothing, yet possessing all things."

But, as the greatest of these fruits of the Spirit, is charity; so, did none of those graces, in which he abounded, appear more prominently, or with greater beauty and constancy, than LOVE. In whatever relation or connection, his character is attentively considered, a love, shed abroad in the heart by the power of that blessed Spirit, will be distinctly perceived to have been the controlling principle. It seemed to lie at the source, and to flow with the stream, of every other grace. Every quality of mind, every natural endowment, every acquirement in knowledge, and every spiritual attainment, were absorbed into the channel in which it pursued its undeviating course, and were made tributary to the purposes and efforts of a life, hidden with Christ in that God whose name is "Love." A passage, from the second volume of his printed Sermons, describes so

elegantly and instructively, the operative nature of this grace, not merely as it would be viewed by an enlightened mind, but as it was manifested in his own walk and conversation, that the gratification of transcribing his words, may be permitted :—

"The restoration of the Divine image in the affection of LOVE, consists in its being directed to God primarily, and towards all other objects secondarily as his representatives, in that order, weight, and measure, which his infinite wisdom has appointed. Accordingly, the prime objects of its regard amongst men, will be the saints that are in the earth, who have fellowship with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ. Towards them, the man who unfeignedly loves God, will cherish feelings of complacency ; will embrace every opportunity of communion with them, with delight ; will weep with them when they weep, rejoice with them when they rejoice ; when they are offended, burn. The infirmities of such, he will bear with meekness ; and relieve their necessities with a delicacy enhancing liberality, or making amends for poverty. In honour, he will prefer them to himself, and be swift to receive their counsel. His conversation will be directed to their edification ; and to bear them on his heart before the throne of grace, he will sometimes remember, and mourn when he forgets. Thus will he fulfil the royal law of love, towards those with whom he has one Lord, one Father, one Spirit, one faith, one baptism, one hope of his calling,—towards the godly whom the Lord hath set apart for himself. Nor will he be unmindful of the claims of others. He will consider himself debtor to all. In his intercourse with those who are without, he will cautiously blend together the wisdom of the

serpent, and the harmlessness of the dove. With unfeigned pity and heartfelt earnestness, he will pray for them; will carefully remove, as far as possible, every stumbling-block and cause of offence out of their way; will labour to recommend pure and undefiled religion, by scrupulous exactness in all things holy, lovely, and of good report. Under provocations and injuries, he will labour to shew invincible meekness and forbearance; though often met with suspicion and distrust, will persevere in courtesy and kindness; and gladly embrace opportunities of overcoming evil with good. By a consistently holy example, he will hold out to them a constant, though silent, admonition; and on seasonable occasions, will not withhold a firm, though tender, remonstrance or reproof. Thus does Christian love, in its dealings with all mankind, bear the image of the heavenly, as drawn by the hand of the inspired apostle. (1 Cor. xiii.) . . . In a word, '*God, all in all,*' is the superscription written on the heart of that man, who loves God because He first loved him, and gave Himself for him. God's name, God's house, God's ministers, God's day, God's word, God's people,—these are all his delight. When these are honoured, he rejoices; when injured, he grieves. The prosperity of these he will contend for against all adversaries. Mutual regard for these cements all his friendships. Devotion to his God, is his employment—it is his life."

It will not be wholly foreign to this mention of Christian graces, to notice briefly an interesting, though less important, feature of personal character and disposition.

With a mind, soaring above earthly things, and finding its greatest enjoyment in contemplating the objects of faith

and hope; he was perfectly free from an austerity of feeling, that would look down coldly or unkindly on the pursuits of human science and ingenuity, or ungratefully upon the beauties which adorn the Creator's work. His passionate admiration of romantic scenery, in youth, has been glanced at in a previous reference to that season of his life; but his delight in all the varieties abounding in a mountain country, so far from being diminished by the longing of his soul for the incorruptible inheritance, rather received an accession of joy, pure and sanctified, as he traced in the fair face of nature, expressions of an Almighty Father's bounty and goodness. He seemed, as he occasionally visited the lovely scenes in the neighbourhood of his vicarage, to find, whether in the glen, the vale, or mountain-top, a garden which the Lord had planted, and where his voice might be heard. Surrounded by such witnesses of a never-failing watchfulness and care, and the presence of a power and love Divine, he could not restrain the utterance of prayer and praise. "The world," he observed on one occasion, "is a temple—a temple adorned with no human hand, and with no human art, fitted up for the worship of the Great Supreme. But this temple has its sanctuary, and faith alone is privileged to enter within the veil. The spiritual mind finds in all the objects of nature, exercise for its spiritual affections and faculties." And the words of a psalmist or a prophet, would supply terms in which he could pour forth the exultation of his own soul. From the sacred page in his hand, he would enlarge, in addressing the friends who accompanied him, upon those eternal mercies, freely offered by Him who hath so clothed the grass of the field. Direct communion was sought with that God

and Saviour, by whom, and for whom, all things were created; who is before all things, and by whom all things consist. And those who listened to him, or observed him, could scarcely doubt, that he was admitted to some foretaste of that promised tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God. These remnants of the world's first order and perfection, which have survived the great desolation, "wherein the heavens and the earth that then were, perished,"—rekindled his ardent longings for the appointed times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord—the restitution—when the benign sentence shall proceed from Him who sitteth upon the throne—"BEHOLD I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW."

Always alive to the smallest token of Divine favour and tender-mercy, he could look for, and discern, the disposing power of an over-ruling hand, in the progress and achievements of scientific art, and even in commercial and mechanical success. The efforts and the effects of human enterprise, in the busy scenes of a metropolis, were not deemed unworthy his kind interest and observation; although, in himself, he could realise no connection with them, and was far, indeed, from any sympathy with those, who were intent upon this world's luxuries or possessions. Yet, in these things, he found cause to honour that God "who had given men power to get wealth;" and his heart was moved with praise and wonder, in observing the results attained by a persevering and legitimate exercise of the faculties with which man is gifted. Matters of mere taste and ornamental skill—while he could not regard them as objects of desire—were not despised. He would acknowledge their excellence, and admire the talent they

displayed; but it was the principal thought of his heart, sometimes expressed with a gentle, courteous, faithfulness, —"Cannot this talent be consecrated, in some way, to the service of the sanctuary; can it not be made to return, in some form, as a thank-offering to the God who bestowed it."

Naturally disposed to take delight in the refinements of intellectual and social advancement, he found there was much in the elegances and accomplishments of life, to be surrendered, when his heart became occupied with the great truth—"One thing is needful." An enthusiastic love of music, however, claimed an exception. This was not renounced, but sanctified, and directed with his wonted energy to the improvement of psalmody in the worship of the congregation, and more particularly among its younger members. The musical attainments of his family were brought into the service of the church, both publicly and privately; and in this, as in so many of the objects to which his zeal was applied, he reaped the joy of abundant success. To his mind and spirit, when oppressed and wearied with excessive exertion, "the concord of sweet sounds" was always soothing and refreshing; and in the retirement of his study, when he was preparing for the pulpit, the voice of sacred melody was welcomed, and not unfrequently solicited, as an effectual aid in meditation. One of his friends, a parishioner, observes: "In the rebuilding of the aisle, and in the opening of the organ, to which he was a liberal subscriber, how greatly did he rejoice; when the latter was opened, he spent hours in the church, listening to its solemn tones." And a few lines from his notes of the sermon preached on that occasion may be selected as expressive of his feelings, and of the principles by which

they were regulated, in giving encouragement to the cultivation of this art among his people : —

" Happy is the man, all whose delight is in the Lord. He has within him the true principle of all harmony—in a soul at peace with God. He carries about within him, an instrument which a Divine hand has tuned to Divine melody. He, whose heart the love of Christ has touched, and the Spirit of God has renewed, is ever making melody with grace in his heart unto the Lord. Whether joy or orrow touch the chord, the subject of his song varies not. The Lord is all his song. His love now wraps the song in praise, and now melts it in the tender mourning of penitential grief.

" The principles of harmony are in the elements of nature, that is, they are in God. . . . . And if man copies his instruments, so also his strains, from the God of nature. The groves, the fields, the streams, these have a music which no instrument or artist ever rivalled. How majestically does the thunder peal his hosannahs in the storm, how sweetly does the thrush sing to rest the setting sun ; how plaintive, the nightingale's long-drawn note ; how soothingly sweet, the whistle of the wind sporting with the leaf of spring ! When will man match this music ? If he ever should, it must be by bringing his instruments into tune with God's . . . . . Most assuredly, God, as He is its *author*, so is He to be its *end*. The works of nature, the works of grace, the works of providence, these should inspire and consecrate its strains. Devotional feeling should make every air alike sacred. The merry lute, the stirring trumpet, the solemn organ,—all should excite to the worship of God. Indeed, so natural and

immediate seems the connection between religious feeling and musical emotion, that the very heathen make it a part of their mistaken worship; and the mouths of babes and sucklings utter praise in natural and untaught songs. How proper, then, the use of this inspiring aid to devotion, in the public worship of God. When was music more graced in its employment than, when pouring its melody from the harp of David, it went before the ark into the sanctuary of God; or when on days of festive joy, it summoned with the trumpet's awakening voice, the willing worshippers in Jehovah's courts of Zion; or when in the sound of Miriam's timbrel, it recorded the triumphs of the Lord. But if this were so; if, when the ark of the covenant was to be conducted to its rest in the temple, the harp inspired rejoicing hosts, then, how much more should the testimony of praise go before our Lord, as having ascended up on high, and led captivity captive, and having all enemies under his feet. If a joyful sound ushered an the feasts which were but figures of the true, how much more loud and joyful should the strain resound, when we go up to banquet on the pledges of our Lord's love. If glad hearts poured forth triumphant song when Egypt's strength sunk in the mighty waters, how should they rejoice and sing, who can cry, 'O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!'

. . . . . "And if dumb wood and metal are made thus to speak, shall your soul, your immortal soul, be silent when God's redemption is the theme. Yes, it will be for ever silent, unless God awaken it to feeling, and tune it to his praise. But is he not ready? Is not the Spirit of God prepared, is he not able and willing, to hew from the

wild forest, and to separate from the dross of the mine, your mind and affections and will, to shape them with Divine skill to a heavenly form, and to attune them to heavenly sounds, and then to wake them into the harmony of that music which angels and redeemed saints pour out before the eternal throne. Your soul, cleansed from its guilt, and spiritualised in its affections by his grace, shall come with songs and everlasting joy to Zion. There arrived, ear hath not heard the sounds which shall refresh the glorified soul.

"But there are those, in whose hearts the love of Jesus has tuned every strain to the glory of their God. There are those who have been carried out of the body into heavenly places, and who have this day anticipated heavenly songs. To them, I would say, look forward, and rejoice, and sing on your way. Sing, though you mourn. Sweet songs, heavenly songs, will soon be yours. In this world your praise is damped and chilled; your heart, by reason of manifold temptations, will often respond only to melancholy strains. Soon, very soon, your soul shall drop its burden, and burst into eternal songs of praise. O! dear brethren, what an anthem will then peal through heaven, when every redeemed soul, unrestrained by sin or imperfection, and inspired by heavenly joys, shall pour its first song into the bosom of a present God."

An additional extract from his paper on the believer's "Moderation," will express with a brilliant touch, the view he took of earthly things—of the enjoyment to be drawn from them, and of the use to which they should be devoted, by those who are called in their intercourse with the world,

to declare plainly that they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly :—

" This principle should lead us, in all our pleasures, to choose such as tend to spiritual improvement. That God intended to make the way to heaven, a cheerful and happy way, though its passage is through sorrows and the valley of the shadow of death, cannot be doubted. But, then, the question arises, What are to form the delights of the true Christian? Let *moderation* reply. They must be pure, they must be sober, they must tend to that great end of all recreation—spiritual improvement. That these rules bear hard upon the amusements in which many professing Christians indulge, is as certain, as it is undeniable that they are the rules which Scripture has laid down for our regulation on this subject. But something more particular may be expected. What, it may be enquired, are the recreations which promote the good of the soul? How shall the Christian innocently, or even usefully, unburden his mind, fatigued with business, and loaded with care? Can he be at a loss? Does God seem to grudge him happiness? Are there not open to him, the thousand nameless delights of domestic life,—all its cheerful mirth, all its sacred charities? Is there not open to him, the social circle of well-chosen friends, whose conversation, enlivened with harmless wit, and seasoned with contemplation, may refresh and invigorate his mind? Does not nature spread before him her ample store of beauties and wonders, and invite him to draw from it whatever may, by divine grace, refine even his spiritual taste, cultivate even his spiritual understanding, enlarge and purify his heart. Has education provided no resources? Is our language so barren,

that history contains nothing to enlarge our views of the divine Providence, and Christ's mediatorial government? Does sacred poetry supply nothing to feed the devout affections? Has music nothing to elevate the soul, and wing its praise to heaven? Have we acquired no accomplishments of the lighter kind, which we may sanctify through grace, to the double purpose of cheering a fatigued spirit, and promoting the good of our neighbour, and the glory of God?

"'But these recreations apply only to the upper walks of life.' What then, has God left the poor man destitute of innocent delights? God loves the poor, and has amply provided recreations for the poor. Nature, for them, has spread her flowers, and opens to them her ample field. They may, when their work is done, go forth beside the ever-running stream, and meditate on their God at eventide, and forget their care. Or they may return to the safe and cheerful hearth, and amid their children's happy mirth, rest the wearied limb, and refresh the wearied mind. They, too, may have their faithful friends, to share their sorrows, and to partake of their joys, to cheer them with their lively, or to improve them with their wise, discourse. They, too, in their own tongues, may read the wonderful works of God; and though in untaught strains, pour forth the not ungrateful melody of their rejoicing hearts. Need, then, any complain? Such, and many other such recreations, Christian moderation rather enjoins than forbids. Need any, then, rush into the world's wild and feverish dissipations, on the pretence of recreation? Has the ball, or the race-course, or the ale-house, any thing to compare with these? Happy they, whose taste has been, by the Divine

Spirit, formed to relish and rejoice in such pure joys. God seems to have drawn a distinction between them and others, in the words of the prophet: 'Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, my servants shall eat, but ye shall be hungry; behold, my servants shall drink, but ye shall be thirsty; behold, my servants shall rejoice, but ye shall be ashamed; behold, my servants shall sing for joy of heart, but ye shall cry for sorrow of heart.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

ENQUIRY INTO DEFECTS OF CHARACTER—HIS VIEWS OF SOME CONTROVERTED DOCTRINES.

In pursuing these recollections of the life and character of Henry Vaughan, and in reciting the evidence that has been supplied by those who knew him, it is possible, that some error or defect may have been overlooked, which, to complete a just representation, ought to be faithfully acknowledged. But the important suggestion conveyed by one of his dearest friends, has been kept anxiously in view. "The memoir," he states, "is, in my opinion, a most arduous undertaking; and for my own part, in the case of so lovely and gracious a character as Henry's, I would far rather that none should be printed, than that a copy should get abroad which was faulty, either from an undue glare of light, or from the absence of that which truly belonged to him." Nor have the just observations of another been neglected:—"It is very natural that Mrs. Henry Vaughan should desire some record of her husband's worth, as a precious bequest to make to her sons. If their benefit

especially is the stated object, it will give to the work an unpretending, as well as interesting, character. I know no kind of composition so difficult as biography. My sentiments, perhaps, will be little understood by many; but it seems to me like portrait-painting, where, though you often have a striking likeness, it is very seldom, if ever, the *whole* likeness. To gratify the partiality of friends, every blemish is carefully concealed. I feel, too, a great shrinking from approaching the character of another. That of a servant of God, especially, is invested with a sacredness, which makes me afraid to touch it. We are very imperfect judges of each other, even of those we know most intimately." And, although the force of these remarks has been over-ruled, by the claims of the widow and her infant charge; the difficulties of the task, and the objections to which it is exposed, are not the less felt and admitted.

The intention, however, in compiling this volume, has not been to magnify any mere excellence of man; or to indulge feelings of warm attachment, by clothing the beloved object that dwells in the memory, with an imaginary perfection; but, so far as the means have been afforded, to present with simple fidelity, and with much thanksgiving, a record of the grace, the power, the sufficiency, of Him who alone doeth all things well. The attempt will, indeed, have fallen very far short of the end proposed, if it encourage any idea below that, which the departed one himself would have desired exclusively to promote,—"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name, be the praise."

That he was "stedfast, unmoveable, always abound-

ing in the work of the Lord," is uniformly testified by all, who have kindly contributed the result of personal knowledge and observation. "Forgetting the things that were behind, and reaching forth unto the things that were before,"—was the attitude in which he at all times appeared. And if, to a reader free from that partiality which even a limited knowledge of his character would create, the portrait may seem to have been drawn by a hand that would disguise or conceal any blemish; it is not, perhaps, so much, that affection or imagination have been allowed an undue liberty, as that, in the lively image traced upon the hearts of those by whom his memory is cherished, every little faulty spot that might possibly exist, is lost in the glow of heavenly light by which the mind's eye is filled. Graciously preserved from extremes—excepting in study, in labour, in self-denial—he may be said to have held a steadily progressive, heavenward, course, having nothing to retract in doctrine and principle, and little, if any thing, to abandon in design. Many, no doubt, would be the exceptions, taken by those who felt the rebuke, while they resisted the power, of his faithful word and his holy life. But it was the remark of one who greatly encouraged and aided him in his plans of parochial improvement,—"I have sometimes thought that dear Henry was pushing things too far, and attempting too much, or at least making his attempts too hastily; but I have always found, in the event, that his judgment was sound, and that I was right in standing by him." Qualities of an opposite nature were so united in a sacred harmony, that he became all things to all men; and conciliated, where he could not convince, a temperate opponent. While his conversation

was in heaven, he would descend to the minutest details of a temporal kind; and in every individual case that was brought under his eye, the inferior concerns of body and estate, were not forgotten in a supreme regard for those which are spiritual and eternal. Although firm and zealous, in contending for the faith delivered to the saints; he was tenderly alive and considerate to the feelings of those, whom he might be called to resist; and while his heart was overflowing with love, he could not silently suffer evil in a brother. Careful to provide things honest in the sight of all men, he was, at the same time, free from worldly anxiety, and perfectly unmoved by any of the allurements of earthly advantage or distinction. Fully aware that nothing can be accounted of small moment, in the walk and character of a disciple of Jesus, especially of a minister of the gospel; private, social, and domestic duties, were not excluded from his scrupulous attention, by those that were more public and general. In the disposition of his time and engagements, he perseveringly sought to attain a regularity and precision, that were not natural or habitual to him. And if—as must necessarily be the case, where the powers are stretched to the utmost of their ability, and where the mind is devotedly intent upon the invisible things of God, engrossed with purposes that keep eternity in view—some appointment of inferior importance were not punctually fulfilled; the incidental delay invariably proved the occasion of eliciting some sweet expression of indwelling grace; the half-intended complaint of one, who might think his claim had suffered some neglect, was altogether forgotten as soon as he appeared, with love and confidence beaming in every feature, and with a calm and

happy frame, indicating more powerfully than words, that he had been walking near to God, and had been occupied in a service approved and accepted by Him who seeth not as man seeth.

With these remarks, an occurrence arising out of his ministry at Chelsea, and honourable alike to himself and his correspondent, may be appropriately connected.

There was, probably, no endowment of the natural mind, which he found more difficult to curb, than its imaginative powers. Interesting and animating as the exercise of those powers had been found, by many who were brought under his pulpit ministry; there were others who, while they really admired his talents, and were strongly attached to him as a pastor and a friend, were sometimes apprehensive that to a mixed congregation, the indulgence of a poetic taste and luxuriant fancy, might fail to promote those high and holy feelings in the hearer, with which they were associated in the experience of the preacher. And whilst at Park Chapel, where he had not considered it so needful, as in his former station, to exercise restraint or caution in that respect, he received an intimation upon the subject, from a member of his flock, who had too sincere and brotherly an affection for him, to conceal the observations that had been made. This proof of Christian love—presented with deference and tenderness, no less than with truth and fidelity—drew from him the following characteristic acknowledgment:—

"My dear and now doubly dear friend, how can I sufficiently thank you for your kind and candid word of admonition? Bear it? My dear friend, that I will, and I trust improve by it. I am quite sensible of the fault you point

out; and had fully determined on correcting it, in revising my sermons for the press. Your kind words have come most seasonably to confirm me in this resolution, so that by the goodness of my gracious Saviour, I shall, I trust, be prevented from printing any thing which might savour too much of carnal wisdom. Perhaps it will be a comfort to the dear friends, who have agreed with you in opinion as to the defect, to be assured of this. Comfort them with the assurance; and thank them, in my name, for their Christian faithfulness, in not humouring one whom, I have reason to know, they love for his work's sake. Oh, that all had ever dealt with me thus! God bless you, my dear friend. I bless Him, for having imparted to you the desire to do me good. I will, by God's strengthening grace, endeavour to repay the debt of love I owe you, by 'knowing nothing among you,' during the short time I shall be privileged to continue my ministrations where you and yours worship, 'but Christ Jesus and Him Crucified.' It is my heart's desire to crown him 'Lord of all.' How do I love those, who tell me when I fall short of what ever will be, I trust, my desire. Once more, God bless you.

"Yours in bonds of Christian
confidence and affection,
"H. V."

His stedfastness in a pure faith and sound doctrine, having been adverted to in express terms, it will not, perhaps, be dwelling more minutely upon circumstantial details, than the importance of the subject would justify, to collect a few particulars relative to the only point in which he appears, at any time, to have been exposed to danger.

Although firmly attached to the tenets and formularies of the church in which he was ordained a minister of the gospel, his loving spirit could not but rejoice in the work of Divine grace, and welcome a testimony to the honour of his Lord and master, in whatever class or denomination they might be found. He could not suffer a peculiarity of habit or sentiment, or a distinction in name, to exclude from his regard and esteem, any, of whom it might reasonably be judged, that they loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity.

So early as the second year of his ministry, his interest was deeply engaged by the conferences and discussions, which then prevailed, on the Scriptures of the prophets, and on the promised gifts and operations of the Spirit. That those discussions had not originated exclusively in the established church, was not, to his liberal feelings, a sufficient ground of objection. He was too sensibly affected by the low state of spiritual life in the nominal church generally; and his heart beat too high, with desires for a revival of the days when "the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul," and were "full of faith and power;"—to reject unheard and unexamined, the arguments and expostulations of those, who appealed to the word of eternal truth, as the basis of their opinions and their hopes. The spirit, in which he gave himself to the consideration of the imposing statements that were very widely and urgently pressed upon the attention of professing Christians, is thus described by a friend, with whom he had much intercourse upon those topics:—

"At the period of the arrival of our little party in Crickhowel, the prophetic Scriptures had become an object of studious, anxious, enquiry among many faithful brethren in

the Christian church ; and friends, in whose spiritual wisdom and experience we had great reason to confide, had been instrumental in awakening us to take heed unto the sure word of prophecy, as ordained of God to be a light shining in this dark place, until the dawning of the everlasting day—the breaking forth of that Sun which shall no more go down. The writings of Edward Irving, among others, had already come under dear Henry's observation ; and the ardent zeal, the powerful imagination, the deep tone of piety, glowing in the works of that talented man, could not fail to excite the interest and energy of such a mind as his. We therefore hailed, with mutual delight, the opportunity of conferring on a subject, which, with all its privileges, presents also many difficulties, and demands not only the obedience of faith, and the lowliness of the weaned child, but the exercise of judgment and of a sound mind, under the guidance of that heavenly Counsellor, a part of whose office it is, to shew unto his people 'things to come.'

"On the first interview with Henry, I soon became conscious of the power he possessed, to dive into the character and principles of those with whom he conversed,—a power which he exercised with no less tenderness than skill ; while his own heart, opened with the love of the Spirit, knew no reserve. And I could not, in the enquiries we afterwards pursued together, be insensible to that natural refinement of feeling, as well as a sweet humility produced by grace, which seemed to overlook, and would almost induce me to forget, the disparity between us, and the advantages derived from his superiority in talent and acquirement. I need not say, that in those enquiries, he preserved a holy jealousy and reverence for the supreme authority

of the word of God, and for the plain and simple import of the terms in which it is revealed. But it was interesting to observe—and there is now a peculiar interest in the recollection—how earnestly he sought to make every offering that could be contributed by the human mind, do homage to the sacred oracles. Although susceptible in the extreme, of the charms of intellectual exercise, and thirsting after the attainments of literature, admiring with enthusiasm all that was excellent and holy in the works of men, whether of past or present times, yet he hesitated not to place every system of earthly origin before the full clear light of Scripture, and, however attractive the form into which it had been moulded, to abandon every interpretation that would not bear that test. Indeed, to learn what was the mind of the Spirit—not to establish any preconceived idea—was the object of indefatigable, prayerful, study. And in endeavouring to ascertain, if possible, where the line should be drawn between fulfilled and unfulfilled prophecy, so variously marked by different commentators; he was not contented with his own comprehensive and masterly views of general history, but applied himself, anew, to an examination of details, with a patience and diligence, truly surprising in one of his lively and poetic turn of mind.

"The doctrines and the claims advanced, about the same time, with regard to gifts and manifestations of the Spirit, were commended to his notice by individuals, with whom he was brought into personal communication, and of whose devoted piety he had many proofs. These were not matters to be treated superficially, or with prejudice, by such a tender, humble, yet active, spirit as Henry's, mourning over the evils that prevailed in the modern

churches, and longing for more decided evidence of the power and presence of the living God. A correspondence ensued with my beloved friend, on my return to London, full of interest and profit to myself. The questions he proposed upon alleged cases of miraculous visitation, evinced a remarkable degree of judgment and penetration in discerning between things natural, and those that are spiritual. And his watchfulness against any violation of the great truths of Scripture, was maintained with the zeal and determination of one, to whose heart those truths had been revealed with regenerating power.

"I have been unwilling to enlarge upon subjects of debate, no longer bearing the interest they did at the period to which I refer; but they were the means, in the course of dear Henry's investigation, of eliciting so much beauty of mind and feeling, that they must always be associated in my memory with bright and blessed days. And his example, in this respect, may yet be beneficial to his boys, when exercised by those endless disputations that rend the church, and still threaten to be, not the least among the thickening evils of the latter days."

Upon these and other controverted points, which to a considerable extent agitated the minds of various classes in the professing church,—and, having been treated with painful levity in some of the daily prints, had been brought to the attention of his people in an injurious form,—he could not remain entirely silent in the pulpit, frequently allowing the subject a degree of prominence that offended many, and excited feelings of alarm lest he should become the decided advocate of new and strange things. But in

all his researches, he maintained the character, and enjoyed the privileges, of those to whom safety and stability are promised :—"If any man *will do* his will, *he shall know* of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

A letter previously quoted in part, refers also to this period of his life :—

"His candour, when he had somewhat hastily adopted views, which would not bear the close application of Scripture light; and his manly recognition of error in having done so; was also to me, a very striking feature in his character. How openly he admitted his want of due consideration, and trying of the spirits of the writers in some periodical publications; the attendants on his weekly lectures cannot, I think, have forgotten; any more than the earnestness of his prayer, that in this he might not have proved a stumbling-block to any, nor have led any of his flock astray."

The acknowledgment here alluded to, seems to have related, not to the introduction of false *doctrine*, but to a liberality of spirit, that was ready to believe all things, and hope all things, in those who confess that Jesus is the Lord; and led him to speak of *individuals* in terms of confidence and approbation, which he afterwards found reason to retract, or at least to qualify, when they had proceeded to defend and disseminate opinions that in his judgment were unscriptural. A few words from one of his letters, wherein he makes mention of persons, whose pious, though perhaps injudicious zeal, had drawn upon them the asperity of party feeling, will afford an example of his kind disposition towards them :—

"What distresses me most, is the harsh measure of

judgment which those best esteemed of, and justly, for piety, deal to those poor servants of the Lord. Yet why do I call them poor, who are rich in faith and in sufferings for Christ's sake. It is grievous, most grievous, to see Christ's flock thus devouring one another. Oh! for the wings of a dove! But no—yet a little while, the conflict must be endured. It is hard, but not too hard under the banners of love."

Keeping close to the law and to the testimony, and admitting no theory that could not be reconciled with the articles, the homilies, or the liturgy, of the church in which he ministered, he was not induced, by the tender regard he felt for self-denying men, to make light of any error into which they might have strayed. To enquire, however, into the merits of any existing controversy, or to call in question the tenets and practices of any division in the Christian body, would but ill accord with the general tone and purport of a faithful memoir of Henry Vaughan. But his decided opposition to a point of doctrine, upon which, possibly, his views were at one time misrepresented, can scarcely, with propriety or justice, be passed over altogether unnoticed: And a lady, whose report of his general character as a parochial minister has been given in a preceding part of this sketch, communicates the result of a correspondence with him upon that particular point, in terms so decided and satisfactory, that it ought not to be withheld. It is as follows:—

"Of all religious subjects, the Second Coming of our Lord was the most delightful to him. He would expatiate upon it with the most glowing delight and anticipation, and

mention any friends who had been brought to embrace those views, with a pleasure which no other theme could produce. He was, however, totally adverse to those heretical doctrines which the late lamented Irving mingled with the millennial subject. I wrote to him about some doubts I had felt, after reading some of Irving's works on this point; and the reply was most clear, logical, and convincing."

His statement is contained in the subjoined extract from that reply :—

"On the subject of your niece's letter, I have thought much; and with respect to her difficulty, arising from the assertion that 'Christ was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin;'—I would suggest, 1st. That every universal proposition in Scripture, must be limited by the subject. Thus, when it is said, 'Charity believeth all things,' it must be meant, all such things as charity, consistently with its nature, can believe. Thus, then, with the text before us; Christ was tempted in all points, as far as the subject, Christ, could be tempted, who, from the complete sanctification of his nature in the very conception, could not be tempted with concupiscence and lust, as with sin *from within*. 2ndly. It must also be remembered, that the word, 'tempted,' signifies in other parts of Scripture, 'tried'—'exercised,' as particularly when it is said, 'God tempted Abraham.' It may, therefore, refer to all the various griefs, sorrows, trials, &c. with which Christ was proved. But 3rdly. It may be granted, that Christ was assailed with the temptation of sin *from without*. The error consists in asserting, that there was a law of sin in his members, that he had a proclivity to the world and to

Satan. It may be useful to point out where the chief fallacy lies. What! it is said, was not Christ, then, like one of us, our brother, in flesh and blood; did he not come into a fallen world, live as we live, and die as we die? To this it must be replied, Christ as Man was a compound of body and soul. It may be granted that his human body was formed, subject to the infirmities and evils of the fall; but to extend this to Christ's human soul, in any degree whatever, is at once to concede the atonement."

While, in humble dependance on the revealed word, he was thus enabled to detect and expose any irreverent indulgence of a speculative mind; it is gratifying to observe, how candidly he would admit the scriptural foundation of some views advocated by parties with whom, in many respects, he was essentially at variance. The following letter, although it may contain statements upon which, probably, he afterwards obtained an increased degree of light, discovers in a very interesting manner, his patience and energy in the pursuit and development of truth:—

"Thank you for your frankness, in openly professing and defending your sentiments on the Millennium. If all would speak out, the truth would soon appear.

"After a laborious, and almost painful, investigation of the Scriptures, for a year and a half, I certainly am deeply and thoroughly convinced, that their whole tenour irresistibly leads to the conclusion of a Millennium upon earth, not in its present state, but entirely renewed. Nor is this, as you term it, a *new* doctrine. If it could be shewn to be so, I would immediately abandon it. But I am prepared to shew, at any time, that it was the *orthodox* opinion of the church during the three first centuries, and

confirmed by the earliest and most famous council—that of Nice. Any one who is curious on that point, may see it fully and satisfactorily proved in Burnet's 'Theory of the Earth.' I am fortunate enough to possess the works of the earliest fathers, and have read for myself, what several of them say on this interesting subject. As far, therefore, as human authority goes, the doctrine of the Millennium rests on as solid a footing as the doctrine of the Trinity, or any other.

"The writer of the paper which you recommend to my perusal, evidently does not know what the real opinions of the Millennarians are; otherwise, he would never quote against them, such passages as these:—'My kingdom is not of this world.'—'Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.' Who ever dreamed, that Christ's kingdom was of this world? This world, and the fashion of it, are to pass away. The world to come, is the one they anticipate with joyful expectation. And who ever dreamed, that *this* earth was to be the seat of Millennial glory. This earth is to be purified by fire. (2 Peter iii.) Read the whole chapter, and enquire why Peter speaks of the new heavens and the new *earth*, if earth was to mean nothing at all. Compare with this passage, Rev. v. 10; Rev. ii. 25, 26, 27; Rom. viii. 18, 19, *et seq*. St. Paul's argument here, is this—the whole creation (which expression includes the universe, πᾶσα ἡ κτίσις, all that God hath founded or built) groans for the manifestation of the sons of God, explained to be 'the redemption of their bodies.' Why?—if they are not then to be delivered from the curse, and brought into that glorious state, of which all the prophets give witness, particularly Isaiah xi. *passim;*

Micah iv; Joel iii. 15, 16, 17, 18; Amos ix. 11, 12, 13; Hosea ii. 17 to 21; Ezekiel xxxiv. 23 to 26, &c. What can this be, but the time of the 'restitution of all things,' mentioned in Acts iii. 21; at which restitution, we see that Christ is to descend,—for the heavens receive him until then,—and surely it must be, to reign with his saints, in the renewed heaven, over the renewed earth.

"As to the first resurrection,—if that is not to be considered *real*, then I would deny that the resurrection of 'the rest of the dead,' mentioned in Rev. xx. 5, is *real*. If one is to be figurative, why not the other? And, then, there is no resurrection at all; and 'we are of all men most miserable. See the danger of such interpretation.' Must it not have struck every one, that St. Paul, in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, chapter xv, speaks only of the blessed dead, the first resurrection? How can his words apply to any other? And in his first Epistle to the Thessalonians, chapter iv. verses 14, 15, 16, 17, is there not an entire omission of the wicked dead? Observe particularly the 16th verse, and compare it with 1 Cor. xv. 23, 'Every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are *Christ's*.' When? '*At his coming*.' Compare with this, Zech. xiv. from verse 4 to 9. And be sure, that this is the general doctrine, not of a part, but of the whole of Scripture.

"I should be glad to enter into the discussion of Mr. . . . 's opinions further, at some other time. Please to read the 21st chapter of the Revelations carefully, and enquire whether all the things there spoken of, can take place in heaven; observe verses 3, 24, 25, 26, also Isaiah

lx. throughout, and judge whether they refer to the same events.

"The grand error of Mr. . . . is this. He does not seem to know, that the Millennarians look for a new *heavens*, as well as a new earth. If he had borne this in mind; he would not have objected to them, their not looking for a *heavenly* country, which is his grand argument, and grand mistake, in the whole matter."

CHAPTER XV.

HIS SPIRIT AND HABIT OF PRAYER.

HAPPILY, the principles and the experience of him whose life has been feebly sketched in these pages, involve so little of party spirit or controversial discussion, that it is not necessary to enlarge further upon the subject which closed the last chapter, or to enter at greater length, either upon an explanation of his doctrinal views, or the defence of any truth. It therefore only remains, to indulge in the more peaceful, and not less profitable, task of bearing witness to a gift, essential to the spiritual health and strength of every saint of God, and possessed in so eminent a degree by Henry Vaughan, that it has been reserved for the closing section of this memorial; as especially worthy of attention in the way of example, and acceptable also as a ground of consolation;—as that medium of life, and power, and increase, to every other gift and grace, upon which the mind of each attached friend and relative would be inclined more particularly to dwell;

—and as a distinguishing feature in the course and habit of his consistent walk, with which those, who delight to meditate the path he trod, would willingly close the retrospect.

That he was a man of prayer, it might be almost superfluous to adduce any direct testimony. Independently of some occasional notices of his fervour and constancy in thus approaching the mercy-seat, to be found in letters already quoted, the evidence so decidedly offered, of the "life of Jesus" in his soul, would be conclusive that he enjoyed that spirit of habitual, ceaseless, effectual, prayer, in which the heart of a child of God is opened, by divine power, to receive abundantly of the true riches at his Father's hand. If the graces that belong to the Christian character were so fully manifested, the channel of communication with the source of every good and perfect gift must have been free and uninterrupted. And in the mind of one who "has filled his urn where these pure waters rise," such inferences require no confirmation. But those recollections, presented by his friends, which seem to illustrate Henry's spirit and practice in committing every thing, by prayer and supplication, to the disposal of a God and Father in Christ Jesus, will not prove undeserving of consideration.

Of many pious and exemplary men, it has been related, that they were diligent and scrupulous in setting apart, and observing, certain appointed seasons for prayer and meditation; but of Henry Vaughan, it may with equal truth be said, that he could not live without fervent, constant, prayer,—that there was a continual thirsting for the presence of the living God, which neither required,

nor could wait for, stated times or seasons; but, by an irresistible impulse, would command opportunities in the midst of the most pressing engagements, and would indeed convert them, and almost every passing event, into an occasion of earnest supplication. It was with him, in experience, as in sentiment:—"When a soul is made alive by Christ and his Spirit, it will never after cease to pray; the well cannot but gush forth; the lamp cannot but burn; the pulse must beat." He was thus supplied with wisdom and strength according to his day, and enabled to give himself to every work of faith and labour of love, with the alacrity and determination of one who had enquired at the hand of the Lord.* Nothing seemed too difficult to be achieved through prayer; nothing so light or inconsiderable, as to be attempted without prayer. The occupations of the day could not supersede the exercise of "watching unto prayer;" and a wakeful hour of the night, was hailed as a summons to rise and engage in intercession for his people, especially for such as were more immediately upon his mind through any peculiar need. Every relaxation and social enjoyment, as well as high and weighty duties, were brought into the Divine presence, under the conviction that thus only could he, in either case, be conformed to the word—"keep thine heart"—"keep

* "I have conquered," was his grateful exclamation, shortly before his last illness, on coming from his study, where with feelings of unusual depression he had besought the Lord. He had been called to a meeting where the evils of disunion and party spirit were to be apprehended; but in the strength thus acquired, he was enabled, with a serene countenance and a calm spirit, to maintain his opinions with admirable clearness and force of argument.

thy foot." From the most solemn pastoral office, to the most minute domestic arrangements or pursuits, all were begun, continued, and ended in prayer.* It will not easily be forgotten by the elder of his own children, how tenderly, when receiving their little play-mates to join in their amusements, they were brought together by an earthly parent; and with an example of the most childlike simplicity, taught to seek first the favour and the care of a heavenly Father. And so intent was he, upon realising the blessedness of "praying always with all perseverance and supplication," that, latterly, the desire was much in his heart, to conform the habits of family worship in his house, literally to the psalmist's resolve: "At evening, and morning, and *at noon*, will I pray."

Mr. Blencowe, alluding to the period when he took part with Henry in the ministry of his parish, observes:—

"But if we would discover the main spring of his energy in the work of God, I believe it is to be found in this,—he was a man of earnest, wrestling, prayer. At

* Some notes in his hand-writing, shew that he was not only earnest in seeking, but gratefully observant, where answers were evidently granted to his petitions. Thus we find him, at one time, recounting the tender mercies of his God:—

"I had prayed for the restoration of my own health in submission to God's will. And my health is restored.

"I had prayed that B . . . might be supported on leaving. . . . She was remarkably supported. Indeed on the very day of leaving, enjoyed the sweetest peace.

"Prayed for Mr. . . . And he is certainly better.

"Have prayed for increase of faith. And am waiting God's gifts." . . . . .

his request, I met him three mornings in the week (during the first winter I was at Crickhowel) in the church, at half-past seven; where we joined in the use of the Litany and other prayers, and in intercession for our parishioners. I doubt not, a blessing was received."

From Chelsea, Mr. Morice writes:—

"I have never forgotten the impression made upon me in my first interview. It was not his intelligent and spiritual conversation, his animated and affectionate manner, though there was much in that, which proved him to be no ordinary character; but it was his calling me into a private room, when I was about to take my leave, and inviting me to join with him in pouring forth our united supplications for grace, and wisdom, and zeal, in the discharge of our respective duties. And it was this habitual communion with God, which gave so sacred, and yet so cheerful, a character to his manners and conversation in general. It is indeed refreshing, to meet with those who, in journeying through the pilgrimage of life, recognise and honour God, at all times, as present."

One of his congregation at Park Chapel notices a practice, by no means infrequent with him wherever he ministered. Speaking of the spirit of devotion as peculiarly and habitually apparent in him, he states:—

"It was an impressive occasion when he first repaired to the chapel, after receiving the appointment as its minister. A few friends had assembled in the vestry to greet him. The time was short, before the commencement of Divine service, for which he was already habited; but he

proposed, as the best way in which we could occupy it, to kneel down, and unite with him in prayer for the Divine blessing on his ministry, and on our mutual connection with each other. And he then offered up, in the presence of those assembled, a few condensed and most fervent supplications, which drew out our hearts after him. And as, like his Saviour, his labours began with prayer, so, like his Saviour, they ended in blessing; and having gathered a few of his more intimate friends among his people around him, on the last Sabbath evening he spent with us, he gave his parting benediction to each, till he could say no more; and of the rest, he took a farewell, by a silence which was yet more expressive."

That praise and thanksgiving, to which the man of prayer can be no stranger, is also mentioned, thus, by the same friend :—

"Our dear pastor's 'Te Deum,' was simply the concluding doxology of Bishop Ken's morning and evening hymns, which it was his practice to invite us to sing in the vestry at the close of collection-sermons. There may be nothing very peculiar in this; but to myself, who have had no short acquaintance with such proceedings, and yet never witnessed the practice before, it produced an impression, alike novel and edifying, and well accorded with his reception of us in that same vestry, on the first Sunday he officiated among us. It seemed also the very devotional exercise we at that moment needed. The result of his fervent appeal to his people, had just been told; a spirit of love and zeal had perhaps been evinced; and the sower and the reapers might be, at the instant, tempted to a

feeling of satisfaction, and be found rejoicing in the goodness of the seed, or the fruitfulness of the soil; when his spiritual mind, watchful of its own snares, and providing against ours, called off our thoughts from both himself and us, and lifted them at once to the great Lord of the harvest. It was his 'Cease from man,' at the moment when we were beginning to 'glory in men.' We readily interpreted his, 'Praise GOD from whom all blessings flow,' as the comment on a favourite text of his humility, 'Neither is he that planteth, any thing; neither he that watereth; but GOD that giveth the increase.'"

By another lay friend, after a general view of his personal and ministerial character, these remarks are added:—

"The enquiry would unavoidably arise, by what treatment or discipline, had this love of God and man been produced? What instrumentality had been selected by that Spirit, through whose presence it had been shed abroad in his heart? Of this, I cannot speak from any observation of my own, as he was 'walking in love,' before I had the happiness of knowing him; but the confidence to which, however unworthy, I was admitted, has enabled me to testify that, among the means ordained for *growth in grace*, none was more constantly or ardently employed, than prayer. In prayer, he was indeed continually drawing from the fulness which is in Christ, and obtaining strength to encounter every opposition, and to persevere through every difficulty. It was thus, that the lamp of life and love was cherished, and was seen to burn with a bright and steady flame, at a time when those supplies of brotherly counsel and encouragement, from which many

derive so much comfort and support, seemed to be almost denied to him. Whatever estimable traits may have graced his character, solid and brilliant as they were, this ought to be especially prized in our remembrance of him,—he was a man of prayer. I need not tell you, for no friend can know it so well, that 'pray without ceasing,' was as a living motto on his soul. One feels assured that 'behold he prayeth,' was on record from day to day, and even from hour to hour, before him who giveth liberally to every one that asketh. Every duty, every service, every movement was made an occasion of prayer. The approaching ministry of the Sabbath; an expected meeting with friends or relatives, as well as the hour of separation; a visit to the cottage of the poor and ignorant; were all committed to his God and Saviour in fervent prayer. Sometimes I have seen him retire from a social or domestic circle, to seek in this manner, mercies and blessings for those, by whom the word of exhortation or instruction might then have been regarded as unseasonable. I often fondly call to mind, the impressive look that accompanied the gentle tap on my shoulder, and the urgent whisper, 'I want strength for to-morrow,' with which he would summon me, on a Saturday evening, from some ordinary pursuit or conversation, to unite with him in pleading at the throne, and according to the word of Him, whose strength is made perfect in conscious weakness. Nor can I forget the sweet serenity and elevation of soul, he appeared to enjoy, and even in some measure communicated, when, winding his way on the mountain-side, to an appointed weekly lecture among the distant cottagers, he would pause to kneel on some grassy bank, before he entered

their dwelling, and breathe into the open firmanent of heaven, his supplications on behalf of that scattered portion of his flock. When I had the privilege of joining him on a missionary tour, and his thoughts and feelings were embracing the utmost parts of the earth, his own parish and people, especially those whom he knew to be suffering any trial, the wife of his bosom, and each member of his family, were first and last in his intercessions. And in performing the particular duty he had then undertaken, the hand was stretched forth, in faith and unremitting prayer, to hold firmly by the Everlasting arm. So anxious was he, to strengthen himself in this manner, that wherever he preached, he knew not how to leave the vestry, and proceed to the pulpit, until he had, in union with the clergyman who was also officiating, sought Divine counsel for himself, and a blessing on his work.

" Bearing in mind that my pen is now employed in the service of his dear children, I would not omit one subject of pleasing remembrance, to which, I hope, their attention may be profitably invited. I allude to his judicious and edifying method of proving and enjoying, in spiritual exercises with a friend, the fellowship of the gospel. At any time of the day, if some brief respite from labour had occurred, he would call me to his study, and propose ' a little communion.' His plan, with a view to regulate our thoughts, was simply this :—For each of us, alternately, to read a few hymns, then some short portions of Scripture, making such remarks of an experimental tendency as might occur to either of us, and to conclude with prayers—opening our hearts, without reserve, for ourselves, and each other,—spreading our personal and sym-

pathetic cares, and wants, and hopes, and fears, before that God who, we knew, was waiting to be gracious.

" I have often felt convinced, that no active labour or service in which he engaged, tended more to exhaust the powers of his frame, than his habit and his spirit of prayer. It was with him, as he described it in one of his Sermons, 'laborious.' There was that extreme hungering and thirsting, that drawing out of the inmost soul, that manifest struggle for entrance within the veil, that determination, 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me,'— which, humanly speaking, could scarcely fail to affect a much stronger constitution. But could I pretend to dissuade him from such energy? Would any sincere friend endeavour to stay his soul, in its blessed intercourse with the God of all grace, or counsel him to repress the fervour of his feelings, when he was asking gifts at the hand of the Most High? It was hardly possible to see what spiritual joy and renovation were thus obtained, without forming a better estimate of eternal and heavenly things, as compared with things natural. Who, that had himself known the blessedness of the effectual fervent prayer, could really mourn, if this zeal were consuming the material structure, when he perceived what strength and vigour were imparted to the inner man?"

The following testimony is to the same effect as that which would be given by many families, on removing from a temporary abode in Crickhowel:—

" On the last day of our sojourn there, after we had taken leave of him and his kind and amiable family, he still seemed anxious to give us his last parting word of

comfort and Christian love. He knelt down in our room, and offered up the most heartfelt and affecting prayer, supplicating the God of all mercy to guide us in the right way, and to pour down his best gifts upon us; and concluded with a fervent aspiration, that if we never saw each other again in this world, we might meet on that heavenly shore, where we should never be separated, but should ever be with the Lord. The voice has cried, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.' And can we fail to add, in accordance with the last solemn words we heard him breathe in this world, 'May we die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like his?'"

His character, as one who prayed always, is also placed in an interesting point of view, by the Rev. John Harding, whom he had succeeded at Park Chapel:—

"I have searched, but, I am sorry to say, in vain, for any letters among my papers from my late dear brother, Henry Vaughan; very little correspondence passed between us, but I should have been glad to find any remains of it in my possession, because I do not believe that it could have failed to exhibit something of that peculiarly holy temper which accompanied him in all transactions. For to my mind, the distinguishing excellence of his character was that heavenly spirit which, so far at least as I had an opportunity of observation, gave a tone to all that he said or did. I never had the advantage of listening to his public instructions, but the edifying lessons which his holy conversation yielded, were such as I would desire never to forget. Few, very few, has it been my lot to meet with, who seemed so to walk with God in an evil world, as did

Henry Vaughan. Prayer, especially, seemed to be the element in which he lived; always ready to join in it; and habitually wont to invite others, to share the delight which he found in the exercise. I do not recollect that I ever had a call from him here, but before he left, he would propose that we united in supplication for each other, and for our respective flocks.

"One little incident occurs to my remembrance, which just illustrates what seemed to me, to be the prevailing habit of his mind. He had expressed a wish to view the interior of my church, and I took him into it. He went up into the pulpit; I remained beneath; but, after the lapse of a few moments, thinking his silence remarkable, I moved my position so as to see him, and I observed him to be deeply engaged in prayer; imploring, I feel assured, for myself and for my hearers, that gift of the Holy Spirit, which alone could make the Word spoken from that place, to be the power of God unto salvation. And thus it was with him, wherever he went, he appeared to breathe the atmosphere of heaven. Often did I bless God, that it had pleased him to provide such a pastor, to follow me in the charge of the congregation at Park Chapel. Greatly did it rejoice me, to think that a flock, to which I had become attached by the most sacred ties, had, through my removal, the benefit of a ministry and an example, so spiritual and so edifying. May the same grace, by which he was what he was, enable us to follow him as he followed Christ."

It will not be requisite here to repeat the quotation of a passage from the Rev. Mr. Faithfull's letter, wherein he gives an account of the impression that was made upon his

mind, by the first interview with Henry; when their introduction immediately became an occasion of retiring for prayer; and in reference to which, Mr. Faithfull observes that there was a devotion in his manner, a spirituality in his expressions, and a heartfelt fervour in his words, which savoured more of the spirit of prayer than any thing he had ever heard.

Upon a subject so intimately associated with the name of Henry Vaughan, his own sentiments must be regarded with more than ordinary interest. And in his memoranda or outlines of Sermons on PRAYER, although few and incomplete, are to be found the breathings of a spirit that could powerfully enjoin the exercise, and confidently bear witness to the joys and consolations of this privilege. Three of those Sermon-Notes or Outlines, will be found in the selection appended to this Memoir, but some quotations from others may be offered here, as bearing directly upon personal experience, and describing that immediate influence of prayer upon individual character and condition, to which he was no stranger.

Enquiring into the discouragements and hindrances to be expected in aiming at persevering importunity in prayer, he observes:—

"Our natural indolence furnishes a grand obstacle. This kind of prayer is laborious. It costs considerable efforts of mind, and some of body. It requires—a habit of thoughtful and patient consideration, much opposed to the levity of the natural heart;—self-examination, which supposes self-recollection and watchfulness. It demands time. This kind of prayer is not to be dispatched at odd intervals; it

is a work in itself; it requires the exercise of all our powers and faculties, at their highest pitch. Against this, indolence rebels. But then, remember the cause,—that of your soul.

"The love of sin remaining in the heart, is a still more serious obstacle. Of course, love of sin opposes and weakens all prayer, but particuliarly (which is our concern at present) fervent, importunate, prayer,—that prayer which resolves to have. All who have their senses exercised at all, know what I mean when I say this is the grand impediment to effectual prayer. We pray against some particular sin, yet there is a lurking love of it in our hearts. How, then, can we put our whole soul into the prayer? We pray on any particular point to be directed, and yet have pretty well made up our minds how we will act. This, we do not confess, but it appears in the coldness and languid formality of prayer. What then is to be done? Why, the loins must be girded, the lights must be burning, &c. Done? What must not be done?"

Besides other blessed results, the *effects of prayer* upon the believer's character and disposition are thus defined:—

"*Increasing self-knowledge.* The whole seat of religion is the soul. To know the real state of the ground on which the combat is to be fought, must then be of great advantage to the soldier of Christ. How is this to be obtained? Doubtless by study of God's holy word, by close observation of our lives, by the kind counsel of pious friends, but above all perhaps by prayer. Acquaintance with self, grows by acquaintance with God. The soul in the act of prayer, enters as it were the Holiest; and then what beauty, what majesty, what boundless perfection, does it behold.

It becomes delighted with the presence of this God; it holds communion with Him; it makes efforts to do some justice to his wondrous nature and love. But what are these efforts; what, compared with that unapproachable light; what, compared with that boundless love. Hence, grows a sense of our nothingness.

"But further,—in prayer we bare as it were our hearts to God. And what do we lay before Him? Ripened graces, due returns for his favour, duties fulfilled? Alas! grace hindered from growth, by corruption; slighted favours, sins, negligences, and ignorances. These are the burdens which we bring before our God in prayer. And has not this a tendency to make us know what we are, and to make us feel it too? For, to whom do we expose these sins? To One, how holy,—to One, how gracious,—to One, how long-suffering. Yes; and when the prayer that on our part brings little besides sin; on God's part brings nothing but mercy. Surely, out of this comparison between us and Him, must grow what I would call the most perfect state on earth—a deep abiding sense of our own nothingness. . . . . Remember, the poor in spirit are blessed, and God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the lowly. You must, therefore, allow me to rank it amongst the chief blessings of prayer, properly pursued, that it has a tendency to bring us to a just estimate of our own nothingness, just in proportion as it introduces us to the acquaintance of Him in whom dwelleth all perfection.

"Still greater is the second blessing I shall mention as the result of prayer,—*Increasing simplicity in our dependance upon Christ.* The young believer thinks that he soon understands the mystery of Christ. He does, indeed, as

soon as he really casts his burden on his Saviour, know enough to fix his heart for ever upon Him. But he will come to know Him better. He will try to conquer sin. So he shall. But then how? Not till many shameful defeats have taught him to pray that Christ's precious blood may win the victory. . . .

"I must add, that prayer sheds *a sweet contentment over our sojourn upon earth.* This may seem inconsistent with its property of making us desire heaven; but it rather follows as a consequence; for we live contentedly on earth, just in proportion as we live for heaven. . . . We can never be poor, so long as we can pray. . . . Prayer brings the presence of Jesus Christ and his Spirit. All evils, prayer either removes or sanctifies. Prayer brings strength to the enfeebled frame,—hope and patience to the fainting heart. It either makes all well or assures us it soon will be. In short, it turns a tedious trial into a 'light affliction which is but for a moment;' it converts an intolerable burden into Christ's light and easy yoke.

"Time will not permit us to dwell on the *happiness of prayer*,—how it tends to evenness of spirit and calmness of mind,—how it revives the low in heart,—how it chastens the more ardent,—how it lives with and comforts the solitary,—how it guards and keeps safe those necessarily thrown into crowds,—how, in a word, it makes our joy full as it can be on earth, and promises a fuller cup in heaven."

An extract from the first volume of his printed Sermons, relating more especially to the efficacy of Prayer, may also be allowed a place, as descriptive of a truth that was amply confirmed in his own experience:—

"While there is breath in the body, and motion in the pulse, there is life; while prayer stirs in the soul, the new creature lives. Further, as not only the existence of life, but its healthy or unhealthy condition, may be judged of by the manner in which the two grand functions of inhaling and respiration of the air, and the circulation of the blood, are performed; so also, may the state of the soul be determined by the liveliness, freedom, constancy, and regularity, with which prayer, that principle of grace which is the grand support of the divine life, carries on its functions. How blessed the condition of that Christian who, strong in the might of fervent and effectual prayer, goes forth to do his Master's work! Truly blessed! What vigour inspires his soul! How does his heart bound within him, as he approaches and discharges the self-denying duties of his Christian calling! How does it rise above the petty considerations, which fetter and harass a less prayer-fed spirit! How do indolence, and the fear of shame, and weak compliance, difficulties, dangers, and seeming impossibilities, fly before its Samson arms! How lightly do the cares, sorrows, and vexations, of this troublous world rest upon its Samson shoulders! How strong is the man whom prayer strengthens! How vigorous the life that prayer sustains! In the sublimely figurative language of the Song of Solomon, we may say of him whose graces prayer feeds and quickens, 'This thy stature is like unto a palm-tree.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

SUPPLEMENTARY COMMUNICATION—CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

These memoirs had arrived, thus nearly, at the concluding page, when a contribution, long delayed by severe and protracted illness, was added to the testimonials of love and respect which had been received from the friends of Henry Vaughan. It may, however, claim admission in this, as an appropriate place; and while affording an important and interesting accession of details, perfectly in harmony with the portraiture drawn by other pencils, will also be esteemed as supplying a desirable summary of the character and the history comprised in previous representations :—

"In recalling some of the circumstances connected with our intercourse with dear Mr. Henry Vaughan, I must notice the impression made during the few days you both passed with us, in January 1831, when a friendship commenced, which I trust will be perfected in eternity. You will remember, at that period there were a few non-essential points on which we differed; but I was deeply struck

by the candour that marked the conduct of our lamented friend in the discussions between us. This was especially displayed in searching for texts of Scripture, in support of his own views; for he was the first to point out any passages that caught his eye, more favourable to my opinions. His consideration for the feelings of others, was also evinced on this occasion. Having observed one of the party less interested in those particular subjects, he immediately turned the conversation, so as to make it more generally useful; expressing, in the kindest manner, his desire to speak on such portions of the Bible, as would be profitable to all.

"The more we saw of him, the more we delighted to witness his charity, sympathy, generosity, and disregard of self. His readiness to meet the regard of others, also excited our admiration; the esteem testified for him, was never repelled by reserve or distrust; and full of Christian love himself, he entirely confided in the affection of his friends.

"The Church Missionary days brought to light another grace, best described in the language of St. Paul, 'in honour preferring one another.' For I observed, that his guests were urged to express their sentiments, while he who spoke with so much ease and eloquence was silent. In the numbers gathered together by interest in one common cause, many were strangers; some of high, others of inferior station; and the quick perception with which the claims of all were discerned, attracted my attention; so that while the look and word of cordial greeting were given to his friends, the humblest and the most unnoticed received the chief share of his attention. You have often

heard me express my gratification at the manner in which these days were conducted by him; the full morning service, the impressive sermon, the sweet singing in Crickhowel church by which they were opened, the resort to Oak Cottage of those who came from a distance, the interesting topics discussed by different persons present, chiefly connected with missionary matters, the order that prevailed, the prayer which closed the whole; for it was not to be a common day, but throughout it was to be holy to the Lord. In the evening, when the numerous party proceeded from your hospitable dwelling, few, who witnessed those meetings, can forget the delight with which the minister used to pause, before he led the way into the infant-school room, to direct the attention of strangers to the exquisite scenery commanded from its porch. The speeches were generally delivered by holy and talented men; and although his friends regretted that the beloved chairman was not the chief speaker, yet his bright and animated countenance indicated his heartfelt interest in the missionary cause.

"I never saw any one who so completely looked beyond the outward condition of his fellow-beings, in his anxiety for their souls. It seemed no effort to him, to be courteous alike to rich and poor, high and low, learned and unlearned; and while he paid honour where honour was due, a feeling of Christian charity actuated his conduct towards the meanest. His sympathy with the poor of his flock, is still the theme of their grateful remembrance; and knowing our love for his memory, they have often dwelt upon this endearing quality of their late pastor. One person observed, 'If I had but a head-ache,

and dear Mr. Vaughan met me, he was sure to notice that I was looking ill, and he would soon call and ask if I was better.' Another of his parishioners spoke of his tenderness to her only child, who was removed at the early age of three years, and of his constant visits to the family in this bitter trial. Others mentioned his zeal for the souls of those who frequented the miserable lodging-houses, opened for the poor and labouring men; and have said, that when his exhortations have been scoffed at, he has knelt in the midst of them, and prayed earnestly for their conversion. One poor widow said, 'He came to me in my distress, and when he quitted me, he placed a sovereign in my hand.' And you have often told me, how unbounded was his liberality, whenever a case of want came before him. Sorrow and sickness were ever soothed by his presence; and his intimate knowledge of the Scriptures furnished him with a rich treasury, from whence he drew forth for the edification and consolation of the invalid or the mourner. These offices of kindness were not confined to the narrow bounds of his own parish; for if his friends were ill or afflicted, he put himself to inconvenience to administer to them the word of life; and by his earnest prayers for their spiritual benefit, he could not fail to leave a blessing behind him.

"I need scarcely remind you, that one year, in the month of January, on the birthday of your eldest child, when he had invited some of the young members of his congregation to his house, and when an appointment for parish business compelled his return at a stated hour; he hastened to a family some miles distant from Crickhowel, suffering from sickness, and in deep affliction, that he

might bring the only consolation their state permitted. He read and prayed with his sorrowing friends; and on his return home, he put aside the intended festive meeting, in the hope, that as death had suddenly snatched away two children in the very dawn of life, an impression might be made on their tender minds, by this check to their expected pleasure. That day can never be forgotten by those whom he comforted with his Christian ministrations.

"As a son, a brother, a husband, a parent, the love and veneration he inspired, testified to his excellence in each domestic relation. In his father's house, the respect paid to his opinion by every member of the family was very striking. And the affection felt by all for him, proved how meekly he bore this acknowledgment of his superiority. As a master, he was almost idolized, from his care for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his servants. One of them, in speaking of him, remarked, 'my master's *reproofs* were more like *counsels*, they were so *gentle*.' As a parent, the same person bore testimony to his unremitting tenderness, anxiety, and watchfulness for his children. From their earliest infancy, it was his constant desire to inculcate the habit of prayer, and to impart the truths of the Christian faith; and his own fervent petitions for their souls at the throne of grace, will doubtless be answered. We can never forget, during the precious seasons you passed together under our roof, the manner in which, on returning from merely a morning's absence, he has taken dear Henry into his apartment, as you afterwards told us, to make him personally a sharer in his prayers and praises. His love for infants was remarkable; their very helplessness seemed an additional claim upon him; and this was

not only on his own part, but he sought to inspire in his first-born, the same feeling towards 'the baby.' The union of parental authority with the most perfect kindness, we frequently witnessed; and we have often observed with gratification how entirely he surrendered himself to their sports; indeed, his love of children made him, when playing with them, seem to grow 'in heart a child among the rest.' His mode of imparting religious instruction to them, was also very delightful; and we have noticed, with deep interest, his holy and simple manner of explaining the portion of scripture read in the family in the morning, to two little friends, whom he took on his knees while thus seeking to direct their attention to the saving truths of the gospel. We have, likewise, listened with pleasure to the account of the weekly meetings of young persons at his own house, for the purpose of preparing them for their duties as teachers in the Sunday school.

"To speak of him in t heclosest connection of life, in writing to you, is indeed difficult; and yet you would not be satisfied, were false delicacy to restrain me. I may truly say, I never saw any one surpass him in his exemplary conduct; and we were all impressed by the perfect confidence which subsisted between you, by his gentleness, his manliness, his absence of all selfishness, and his deference to your wishes when a higher duty did not interfere. But on this, and every occasion, he sought to make earthly ties subservient to the will of his heavenly Father, to whom he had unreservedly dedicated himself.

"In the latter days of his life, the Christian graces which had, from the first, distinguished him, appeared to shine still more brightly; indeed, his growth in grace, and

his walk with God, were sure evidences of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in his heart, of his living faith, his fervent charity, and of his union with that 'true vine,' the branches of which bring forth much fruit."

The details of a biographical sketch, so plain and unstudied, might, consistently with the humble form they have assumed, be left to the candour and affectionate interest of those, for whose information they were, in part, prepared; —free from the burden of any addition in the way of comment or improvement. But many of the statements occurring in the last letter, relate so immediately to the object principally contemplated in preserving these memorials, that the position it has undesignedly occupied, seems to suggest the propriety of a few general observations in reference to that object. It would, indeed, have been difficult to close the volume, without commending its contents to the studious regard, no less than the filial veneration, of the little ones, whose spiritual welfare was the end first proposed in this undertaking. And although it might require the experience of an orphan, to address with due consideration the feelings of an orphan's heart; yet—DEAR CHILDREN!—the mind that has been engaged upon papers, bearing traces of your father's heavenly spirit, whether drawn by his own hand or that of a friend, cannot possibly repress many an anxious thought and fervent desire, regarding the course that lies before you, in time and in eternity. One or two brief remarks are, therefore, presented to you, in connection with the idea of your receiving this book as a tablet of sweet remembrance, wherein you will

be intently looking for some reflection of the paternal image that has passed from your admiring sight.

When you observe the happiness enjoyed in many families under the guidance and protection of fathers, even where they would bear little comparison with your departed parent, you may be keenly sensible of the privation you endure, in the loss of one so holy, so wise, so kind. Let, then, such a feeling lead you to consider, that however great and estimable may be the blessings and advantages derived from an earthly father, he can never supply the place of that Father who is the God of all grace, who is willing to receive you into his family, and who especially delights to make himself known as the father of the fatherless, the judge of the widow's cause. Do your hearts, when you peruse the records of a parent's excellence, overflow with the thought—"Oh! that I might once more meet with him, and see his bright countenance beaming with benevolence, and hear the touching accents of his voice, and taste again the expressions of his ardent love!" Learn, from such emotions, to prize that word of eternal truth, which proclaims the God of heaven and earth, as a compassionate Father to every believer in Jesus Christ—a father, whose presence is not subject to interruption, whose watchful care no power can intercept, whose love so far exceeds that which glows in the parental breast that it passeth knowledge. Give your minds also, with humility and seriousness, to this enquiry—whether he who ordereth all things according to the good pleasure of his goodness, may not, among other wise and gracious purposes, have withdrawn from you the support of a beloved arm of

flesh, that you may prove how abundantly God in Christ can supply all your need, and become all in all to the very weakest. Forget not, how near a resemblance your orphan state, in relation to natural things, bears to the condition, spiritually, of every waiting believer, so long as he is in this mortal body. It is true, the child of God can say, in his present imperfect condition: "My Father will not leave me nor forsake me, His right hand upholdeth me, He is a present help in every time of need, He is guiding me by his counsel in a path through which he will bring me to his glory;" yet, in the midst of these privileges, such a child is conscious of seeing only through a glass darkly; he is anticipating the time, when that which is perfect shall be revealed; the cry of his soul is: "Lord, how long! when shall I come and appear before God my father; when shall I be like him and see him as he is;" his soul is looking and hasting for the unveiled state of blessedness, when the tabernacle of God shall be with men. Therefore, when you are inclined to mourn the absence of a father, who could do no more for you, than your God has the power, (and may we not say, the will) to effect by some other means; you should be prepared to soothe such feelings, by the more elevated thought, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God"—"O, that we may dwell in his house for ever!"

In the representation that has been given of your father's views and experience in religion, one of the most important points that can engage your attention, is this,—he counted all things as vile and refuse, that were not derived

from CHRIST, or sanctified in HIM, and devoted to HIM. Gifted by nature with a disposition that endeared him to all with whom he was connected, or had intercourse; it seemed that what might be termed an ordinary religious education, would have formed in him an active moral principle, and led to an external course of life, which most persons would have esteemed as a sweet example of Christianity. Far, very far, from such a mistaken idea, were his own convictions, when the true light shone into his soul. He did not then merely enquire, whether in this or that particular, he might have offended directly or indirectly against any divine law, or have failed in duties for which the creature is responsible to the Creator. The short-sighted project of improving or correcting that which might be faulty or defective, either in conduct or in principle, could not satisfy the spirit awakened by a voice from on high. A superficial cleansing of the vessel, could afford no peace or contentment to one taught, as he was, by the Spirit of Him who requireth truth in the inward parts. But this was the discovery that cast him in the dust, with those sacrifices of God which are a broken and a contrite spirit. However amiable he had been in the eyes of men; however graceful and refined the tendency of his mental qualities; however excellent and well-directed the cultivation of his intellectual and imaginative powers; he saw that Christ had not been the first and the last in his affections, his principles, his pursuits; the wisdom he had possessed, was not that which is from above; the springs of moral feeling and relative duty and attachment, were not the fresh springs from the fountain of eternal life, which are opened in Christ, and satiate the soul of every one who

abides in Him. This made the blood that cleanseth from all sin, as precious to him as it could be to one self-convicted of moral degradation. He now felt, that to be no more than upright, and intellectual, and even amiable, before men, was to live at such a distance from God, that he could not be made nigh but by the blood of Jesus. With joy unspeakable, did he receive the end of faith, even a full and free salvation; knowing—and blessing God for the knowledge—that he was not redeemed with corruptible things, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot. He perceived that the entire man must be transformed, cast into a new mould, animated by a new vital principle. And it was not in mere convictions of such momentous truths, that he was permitted to rest; the power of them was effectually experienced; and he came forth, from a bitter humiliating knowledge of his own natural alienation from the life of God,—a new creature in Christ, adopted into the blessed family which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.

Let, then, his example in these first principles of the Christian faith, weigh upon your minds with the importance and the authority it may justly claim. If you do not rightly apprehend the movements of his soul, at this entrance into the fold of Jesus, you cannot appreciate the general development of his character; and, consequently, will fail to derive from it, the sweet admonition and encouragement it is calculated to impart. You may inherit many of his natural qualities, and it might be hoped, will, in many of the features of boyhood and youth, give evidence of your

close relationship to him; but remember, that, with such an inheritance, you must also partake of the fallen condition from which, in repentance, and resting on the arm of Jesus, he escaped for his life. Be not contented, then, with any religious opinions, or serious impressions, short of that heart-felt discernment between good and evil, which caused your beloved and revered father to glory simply and supremely in the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus,—determined to know nothing apart from Him,—seeking nothing that would not conduce, in some way, to manifest the riches of His grace, to shew forth His praise, and promote the accomplishment of His blessed will. The testimony of apostolic experience, which he could appropriate and adopt as his own, is that to which you, and all who would enter into the kingdom of heaven, must be enabled to subscribe:—"I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

From the history before you, evidence stands forth, in bright and interesting array, that godliness brings with it great gain—not, it must be admitted, according to the maxims of the world, but in every form that can be worthy the pursuit of a rational, an immortal, being. Did he, when he renounced the emulation of scholastic and literary distinction, abandon the exercise of energetic and well-stored mental capacities? Can it be suspected that his self-denial and devotedness to God, cast one chilling cloud upon the tender relative affections of life, so refreshing in our earthly pilgrimage? Far otherwise. Remaining no

longer under the misguidance and misemployment of that mind, which, in every child of Adam, however variously modified in its actings, is enmity towards God ; those qualities and endowments with which he was gifted, were subjected to the invigorating, beautifying, power of a Divine principle ; they sprang into health and fruitfulness, under the influence of a new atmosphere ; they were controlled by the mind and spirit of the Son of God ; and being thus made instruments of righteousness,—a liberty, an enjoyment, an excellence, a usefulness, were attained, which, in an unsanctified state, would have continued unknown. As one of your friends has justly observed, the gifts of nature having been grafted into the true and living vine, they brought forth much fruit to the glory of God. To the same effect, are the recollections of some of his college companions, who, while they bear witness to his kind and amiable disposition, and his talent as a scholar, previously to the deep and entire change alluded to,—alleging that he was a favourite wherever he was known, and had it not been for his delicate health, would doubtless have taken high university honours,—also observe, that when he had become a disciple of Jesus, many who had known him at Oxford in his days of comparative thoughtlessness, discovered an elevation of feeling, and a development of mental power, which, till then, they had not supposed him to possess.

Your attention having been invited to the commencement of his heavenward career ; it should also be turned to the means by which he was kept in such stedfast perseverance, that his might be truly called a path that shineth

more and more unto the perfect day. Of those means; the principal, as will be obvious to you, was fervent, watchful, constant, importunate, prayer; but upon which it cannot be requisite here to speak again particularly. Next to this, may be named, diligent study and habitual meditation in the sacred Scriptures, as containing the charter of his privileges, and revealing to him, in terms of unerring truth and never-failing love—sweeter to his taste, than honey and the honeycomb—the name, the purpose, the will, of his God and Father, as identified with the salvation which is in Jesus Christ. Thirdly, unwearied attendance on all ordinances and means of grace—not only those much-loved public ordinances, to which the duties of his office called him, and from which he could seldom be detained by weakness or illness—but also more private and social meetings, in which closer communion and mutual improvement could be freely cultivated by brethren united in Jesus. Swift to hear, and slow to speak, on such occasions; he possessed the happy faculty of drawing from those assembled with him, whatever they could contribute of spiritual wisdom and knowledge; and from the use he would make of such offerings, prove, that the thoughts and communications of the humblest believer became instrumental in conveying refreshment to his own soul. And—not tediously to enlarge upon a subject, difficult to treat with brevity—it shall only be added, that unremitting employment in works of faith and labours of love, tended greatly to maintain and expand the holy principle within him. In his life, you will perceive a faith not contemplative alone, but active, energetic, richly productive of good fruits. Every talent bestowed upon him, to use the language of the parable, was

put out to usury; and in rendering to his Lord the expected increase, he found, that "the soul of the diligent shall be made fat,"—that fresh accessions of grace and strength were vouchsafed. It was a favourite maxim with him, that spiritual exercise, as much as that of the body, promotes maturity in power; and faithful was he to himself and to his friends, in exciting to zeal and self-denial, by appealing, upon every suitable opportunity, to the searching test: "What do ye more than others?" But in the midst of the most arduous exertions, he ceased not to breathe the spirit of the devoted servant who has learnt, after having done all, to say "I am unprofitable," and to acknowledge that he could do nothing except through Christ strengthening him. "I take it for granted (he would say) that every one professing the name of Christ, has in hand undertakings of one kind or another for his glory. An indolent Christian is a contradiction in terms. We are not our own, we are bought with a price; therefore, should glorify God in our bodies and spirits which are his. But, if blessed in such undertakings, if only instruments of small good in our own homes, in our family connections, or our neighbourhoods, or in other ways, we are then on the verge of temptation. We have been marvellously helped, indeed; but if we begin to feel strong in ourselves, we shall find we are left a poor, withered, lifeless, branch, sighing again for the dew of heaven which heretofore we received." The experience he sought, was that expressed by the inspired word: "The earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God."

There is, however, another practical point, upon which instruction may be obtained from him, scarcely less worthy of submissive regard. It does not, perhaps, very distinctly appear in the Memoir; and may, therefore, demand particular notice in addressing his youthful offspring. To the inexperienced, and to none more than those who at a tender age are deprived of paternal authority and admonition, the choice of friends, and the allurements of society, are attended with so many perils, that in a review of your father's life, his judgment and example in this respect, to you become highly valuable and important. With manners and conversational powers that would ingratiate him, even among persons strongly adverse to his principles and sentiments, he was always prepared to raise the standard of Christian doctrine, and to speak the truth in love to those, who, though distinguished by earthly possessions and intellectual acquirements, might be destitute of the true riches; yet, he would not suffer that object to entangle him in companionship with the worldling. A decided line was drawn between the ministerial visit of a kind and faithful witness to the truth, and the cordial, unfettered intercourse cultivated with those whom he could greet as brethren. The fellowship of the true Christian in the humblest rank of life, was dear and refreshing to him; while he carefully avoided intimacy with the sceptic, or the inconsistent professor of religion, however influential or honourable among men. You would find him, in the true spirit of Christian hospitality, gathering around him, all classes and orders of those who were walking as children of God; but it was a rare thing indeed, to find him countenancing by his presence, the luxuries of the table,

or the vanities of an assembly, where the name of Jesus would be an unwelcome sound.

This little monument of a sainted father's eminence in Christian virtues, has been raised, as you know, at the earnest desire of the surviving, sorrowing, parent, in affectionate esteem for his name and memory, in gratitude to the God of his salvation, but especially in tender solicitude for your eternal interests. Does not the report of this effort of maternal love on your behalf, awaken corresponding feelings in your hearts? Will not the solemn testimony, that speaks from a father's tomb, blend with the softer tones of a mother's voice when enjoining upon you, in whom her earthly hopes are now centered, the choice of that good part which was the lot of his inheritance? Can those, whose form and lineaments may bring to her remembrance, from day to day, the treasure she has been called upon to surrender,—can they resist the animating thought of presenting to her wounded spirit, consoling memorials, in their own lives, of that holy character the departed one had sustained? These, and many such considerations, might be urged upon you;—the shortness and uncertainty of time, upon which the history before you affords so impressive a lesson—the joy of meeting him you now mourn, in scenes of endless bliss;—but the higher motives that take their rise in the Father of Spirits, may also, nay rather, be impressed upon your minds. God calls—Jesus opens the way—the Spirit is promised to guide you—not merely to escape from the wrath to come, but to taste the joy and the peace that filled the heart of your exemplary parent,—to know God

as a Father and a Friend, — to possess a conscience void of offence,—in the midst of trials, and disappointments, and anxious cares, to make an Everlasting Arm your strength, and immeasurable Love your refuge,—to prove the blessedness sought for you, by a heaven-taught parent, in the effectual fervent prayer that availeth much,—to have that word sealed upon your hearts, with which he closed his public ministry: "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Finally, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. *Those things which ye have both learned and received, and heard, and seen in me, do. And the God of peace shall be with you.*"

Will it be necessary to add a final word, in vindication of the aspect in which a saint of our own times has now been placed? Is it imagined by any reader, that there has been the most remote intention to represent him otherwise, than as a debtor to grace, from first to last? May not the whole tenour of the life that has been considered, be appealed to, as declaring emphatically, "The way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh, to direct his steps;—our sufficiency is of Christ;—without Him we can do nothing." The light that has been seen in

Henry Vaughan, however pure and heavenly, can bear upon its rays no fertilizing power, and can be honoured only as reflecting the beauty and the glory of those healing beams, that break forth from the Sun of Righteousness—the True Light which alone can lighten any man who cometh into the world. But if, to the principalities and powers in heavenly places, is to be known through the church, the manifold wisdom of God; it will not be questioned that instances and monuments of Divine grace, are at all times worthy of grateful, admiring, contemplation. And if the subject of this Memoir has been held up as a lovely ornament of the "pillar and ground of the truth" in these days, it is in no higher sense than ministers of old were charged to walk as ensamples of the flock, or, as apostles with delight could make mention of those whose praise was in all the churches. Nor would this imperfect offering to his honoured, much-loved memory, aspire to any greater merit than to illustrate in some detail, and to speak in entire unison with, the record inscribed by many of his friends and parishioners on the walls of the church, where it was his privilege and his joy to TEACH AND TO PREACH JESUS CHRIST:—

REV. HENRY VAUGHAN.

BY THE GRACE OF GOD, HE WAS WHAT HE WAS,
AN ABLE MINISTER OF THE NEW TESTAMENT,
A FAITHFUL PREACHER, AN AFFECTIONATE PASTOR,
WATCHFUL OVER THE SHEEP,
GENTLE TOWARDS THE LAMBS OF CHRIST'S FLOCK,
DILIGENT IN LABOUR, FERVENT IN PRAYER,
THE WARM SUPPORTER, THE ELOQUENT ADVOCATE
OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.
WHILE LIVING, AN EXAMPLE OF THE BELIEVERS
IN WORD, IN CONVERSATION, IN CHARITY,
IN SPIRIT, IN FAITH, IN PURITY.
BEING DEAD, MAY HE EVEN YET SPEAK:
'BE YE FOLLOWERS OF ME, AS I ALSO WAS OF CHRIST.'

"THE WORK OF RIGHTEOUSNESS SHALL BE PEACE,
AND THE EFFECT OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, QUIETNESS AND
ASSURANCE, FOR EVER."

REMAINS.

LETTERS

TO

FRIENDS AND RELATIVES.

LETTER I.

TO A FRIEND IN THE MINISTRY.

ON EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.

My dearest Everard,

If you think I have forgotten you, or ceased to love you with unfeigned love, you wrong the truth, though not appearances. You are still, and ever will be, my dear fellow, bound up in my heart with the name of our dear Redeemer. I will not say I *never* pray without remembering you, but I will say, hardly ever. The Spirit of God powerfully and sweetly constrains me to this act of brotherly kindness. Would that I had equally obeyed its dictates in another way. But you will more readily forgive me, than I can myself. You asked me, now a long time ago, to tell you something of my experience, as regards extemporaneous preaching. Have you Newton's

'Omicron'? If so, I would gladly refer you to that father in Israel; if not, a more meagre experience, such as we have, we give thee.

I. Read the Scriptures with a view to it; committing select portions to memory, especially the Old Testament —passages from Isaiah, the Psalms, and the Book of Job.

II. Pray with a view to it; for it is a gift.

III. Frequently try your strength in it, in your visits to cottages, and before smaller assemblies. The wings strengthen by use.

IV. With a view to it, keep an accurate account of the experience of your own heart, well followed out into particulars.

V. In the practice, choose, at first, those portions of Scripture that require rather a *running comment*, than an orderly *discourse*.

VI. Do not trouble yourself about words. Study your subject, and get ideas. The rest will follow.

VII. Be not discouraged by failure. The Rev. Legh Richmond's first attempt was most unhappy. You know the celebrity he afterwards reached. It is written in the annals of Zion.

VIII. Let failure humble and purify your motives, quicken you in prayer, and lead to more entire dependance on the Spirit of God, without which all our efforts are wind and confusion. You may lay it down as a certain rule, that freshness of experience, fervency of prayer, and diligent study of God's word, are essential to the exercise of this gift.

ADVANTAGES OF EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.

I. It obliges you to read the Scriptures with greater accuracy. A passage, which, in one case, you would be satisfied with having written down; in the other, you must remember, and in such a way, as to have it ready at command.

II. It leads to closer communion with God, by detecting the beginning of declension in the heart. Christ might have been many days arisen, and his sepulchre empty, and Peter and John have known nothing of it, *if they had not run to see*. Extemporaneous preaching, is a constant *running to see* if Christ and grace are in our hearts.

III. It promotes humility, by teaching us an entire dependance on God's Spirit for wisdom and utterance. No one, who has not tried it, can tell how far God, by his presence and absence, by his supplies and *famines*, is pleased to make it subservient to this purpose.

These are the chief advantages of extemporaneous preaching, as far as the person practising it is concerned. That it is more edifying to the hearers, is past all controversy.

BUT IT HAS ITS TEMPTATIONS AND DANGERS:

I. If great care be not taken, it will lead to a superficial, loose, declamatory style of preaching; than which, nothing can be more unprofitable. To guard against this, fresh supplies must be constantly poured into the mind, by the word of God, by prayer, by observation, by study, by

a full and elaborate consideration of your subject in its minutest details.

II. It may lead to *unguarded statements*. To prevent this, you should, with great accuracy, sift your thoughts and ideas on the questionable points of your discourse ; or rather, perhaps, treat all such points on paper, at first.

III. It may tempt to a *fanatical* dependance on the Spirit; by which, I mean a dependance, independent of the use of means. This temptation is the devil's counterbalance to the advantages of more intimate communion with God ; to which, when conducted in the spirit of wisdom, it so decidedly tends.

IV. When the first fears of failure are got over, it will also tempt to idleness ; thereby plainly proving that we think more of our own reputation than God's glory. But the truth must be told. Watch !

Much more, I could say, on this interesting subject ; but time forbids. How are you now in health ? And how prospers your parish ? Does God own your labours to any great extent, or are you sowing in faith and tears ? The latter is my case. Inquiry and hostility are the chief seals which God is pleased, at present, to set to my ministry.S ome conversions ; but oh, how few ! I am much longing for a visit from you. When, God permitting, do you purpose coming to see your dear god-child ? Could you come at Easter ? Oh, that you could ! I pant for a ittle communion with you. I always derive great benefit from your society. Come and help us. I am now, blessed be God, experiencing the truth that our strength shall be made equal to our day. I have added two pupils to the

one I had before; and have been also enabled, since their arrival, to *add* to my parochial labours, not only without suffering, but with benefit to body, and I trust to soul.

I am resolved, by God's grace, whatever it may cost, to give myself to the work of the ministry. Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. I shall not go, till I have done my work; and then, the sooner the better. But I must bid you good bye, dear Everard. I pray for every blessing on your soul and body. May Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom. My love is always with you, my dear brother. And believe me, with deep sorrow for apparent neglect,

Yours most affectionately in the
bonds of the Everlasting Gospel,
HENRY VAUGHAN.

LETTER II.

TO HIS SISTER.—ON THE DUTIES OF A MINISTER'S WIFE.

My dearest, dearest E . . . ,

Amidst the bustle of preparation for your marriage, we have had little opportunity for private and serious conversation. Still, we have both of us, I am sure, thought seriously, and had much more in our hearts, than our tongues have expressed. It has long given me unfeigned pleasure, to perceive the truths of religion taking deeper and deeper root in your mind, and by their strength

bearing you up through many and severe trials. My heart's prayer, dearest E . . . , is, that you will increase more and more, abound more and more. You now leave us in person, but not in spirit. Let us ever bear one another on our hearts, before the Lord, in fervent hearty prayer. The parting with you, is indeed a heavy trial; but it is sweetened by the comfortable hope that we shall both so pass through things temporal as finally to attain the things eternal, and so again be united to part no more. My dearest E . . . , let us both beware of the seductions of the world, and of our own hearts. Let us watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation. What a world is this in which we live! What poor creatures we are while here! How is our cup of joy mingled with sorrow! Divine love has opened unto us the gates of everlasting life. Let us, dearest E . . . , *strive* to enter in. Let us not forget that many shall *seek* only, and not be able. Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way. I do trust Almighty God will have mercy upon us, and enable us by his grace to run with patience the race that is set before us; so to run, as to obtain the prize of our high calling in Christ. Never be content, till you find your whole nature renewed. "In Christ Jesus, neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature." "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold *all things* are become new." Do not let us look to the right hand or to the left, and ask, Who then shall be saved? "What is that to thee? follow thou me." Let us give all diligence to make our own calling and election sure. Depend upon it, no single soul can ever enter heaven, who is not so renewed in the spirit of his mind; unless

the God of truth should prove untrue. Are we, then, so renewed? Have we received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father? Does the Spirit itself bear witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ? Does this Spirit lead us continually to mortify our members that are upon the earth? Does it lead us to glory in nothing but Christ, and Him crucified? Is the world by Him crucified unto us, and we unto the world? Oh, what serious, what awful questions are these; soon to be answered at the bar of God's judgment; and our eternal happiness or misery to be determined by the reply.

Now, then, my dear E . . . , now, while it is day, let us work. You are now entering upon a new and most important relation in life. Let your single object be, to glorify God through Christ, in it. What noble opportunities does it afford! A clergyman's wife is highly privileged; but it must never be forgotten, that her five talents lay her under increased obligations. She is to be a pattern to believers in all good works, an example to the flock of Christ. Her family, governed under the constant sense of God's mercies, should shine as a light set upon a hill. She herself must be "grave, sober, faithful in all things." (1 Tim. iii. 11.) She must avoid even the suspicion of evil. She should especially pray for God's grace, to discriminate between things lawful, and things expedient. Many things are lawful, which are far from being expedient. She has not only to act for herself; she is more especially a public character, and must give no occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully, nor offend the consciences of those who are weak in the faith. The poor,

the sick, the sorrowful, she must labour to comfort and support, by word and in deed. Who is sufficient for these things? God's Spirit. That is sufficient, and more than sufficient. It follows, that she should give much time to prayer and private communion with God, that she should study the Scriptures so that they may dwell in her richly in all wisdom. These are the means of grace; in these channels the Spirit flows. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him."

And now, dearest E . . . , I recommend you to the grace of God, and to the anointing of His Holy Spirit—you, and your dear husband. May you both, long prosper in all happiness; and having, by your joint labours for Christ's sake and in Christ's cause, turned many to righteousness, yourselves shine as stars in His kingdom for ever and ever. I can hardly bring myself to say, good bye. Parting is a sweet sorrow. May God Almighty bless you, lift up the light of his countenance, preserve and keep you in body and in soul, now and for ever.

Believe me to be, yours ever most affectionately (though that word ill expresses the overflowing of my heart towards you.)

H. V.

Once more, God bless you, dear E . . . , you and yours for ever.

14th September 1831.

LETTER III.

TO A YOUNG LADY.—ON PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

I was much grieved when, on calling at . . . . , the other day, no opportunity occurred of resuming a conversation, which had been before abruptly broken off. At the time, the thought crossed my mind, that perhaps a few words in writing, upon the all-interesting subject, would not be altogether unacceptable; but was immediately checked, as presumptuous. Finding, however, from . . . , that you are desirous of receiving a few lines from me, in continuation of our conversation, I most gladly embrace the opportunity of explaining my views a little more fully, and shewing the authority on which they rest.

We were, if I mistake not, discussing the question of the compatibility, or incompatibility, of attendance at balls and other such gay and dissipated amusements, with Christian feeling and principle;—a question, which may seem inconsiderable in itself, but really important, as embracing a very wide compass both of *principle* and *conduct*. The principle of a true Christian, is that of a regenerate heart; which is not a change of one set of opinions for others, is not the substitution of formal devotion for neglect, is not the mere reformation of the life; but is the spiritual change in the mind, affections, will, flowing from an enlarged, scriptural, and deeply experimental view of the grace of God, as manifest in Christ Jesus. Nothing short of this is real religion. The soul that is not thus changed, is yet a lost soul; incapable, from its very state, of enjoying

God's favour, or eternal happiness; and, by God's most just sentence, condemned to eternal death. See John iii. 3, 5, 6, and Romans, viii. 3 to 14. You will readily perceive, and candidly allow, that those passages describe religion as something very different from what we see prevalent, even in those whom the world esteems religious people, and holds up to our imitation, as standards of perfection.

But now, to our question. Shall those, who are not conscious of the blessed change here described, join in such amusements, as are the subject of consideration? What! is a soul under sentence of damnation, to leap, as it were, for joy? Shall one, who knows not whether the next moment may not cast him into eternal torments, employ his most precious season of reprieve, in dancing to the sound of viol and of harp? Is not this so great an offence to God, so great an injury to the soul, so daring a contempt of hell,—that greater cannot be conceived? Can this be thought upon, without horror? Oh, my dear friend, what is the unthinking world about? How can they dare to smile, on whom God frowns? How can they dare to be merry, who ought to cry for sorrow of heart? How can they dare to waste that time in frivolous mirth, which should be spent in seeking grace for their perishing souls? I am sure you have, with me, disposed of a part of this question; and will agree in my first conclusion, that no one can innocently attend a ball, who has no scriptural assurance of a saving interest in Christ. His time, at all events, is, by every claim of duty and interest, called to other work, and more serious employments.

But I imagine you now to inquire, whether the case is not widely different with the Christian, who has in his soul

this precious gift of God; may not he innocently join in amusements, from which he can himself derive no harm,—when there is the hope of conciliating affection, the fear, if he does not, of repelling by austerity? To this, I answer in the negative, for the following reasons:—

1. Because I doubt the lawfulness of joining *such* assemblies for *such* purposes. The apostle, in Gal. v. 21, ranks, "revelling and such like," among the works of the flesh, and adds "They who do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Is not a ball as now conducted, in all its circumstances of vanity and excitement, "a revelling"? If it is something "like it," the apostle imperatively concludes against it. Again, who are those that meet together at the ball? Is it not notorious, that the worthless and idle, of both sexes, and of all ages, are there gathered together? If so, can we unite with such, not in a necessary business, but for purposes of pleasure and amusement? See Eph. v. 7 to 11; 2 Cor. vi. 15 to 18; Psalm i. 1; Prov. iv. 14, 15,—to which, a thousand of like import might be added. Again; if, as we have reasoned above, it is unlawful in the unconverted to join in these amusements, can it be lawful for the converted to countenance them in doing so? These, and many reasons, persuade me of the unlawfulness of attendance at such places of amusement. But this, though it is the chief, is not the only, question. Many things are lawful, that are not *expedient*. Is it, then, if the lawfulness were conceded, expedient that the Christian should join in such amusements? Is it for his own good? Do such violent excitements recreate his own spirit, and qualify him for active duty, or the contrary? Do they refresh, or dissipate, his mind?

2. Does he, by appearing to take delight in such things, glorify his high profession and calling, or walk worthy of it ?

3. Does he increase his influence on others, thereby, or rather induce them to think that he is even such an one as themselves ?

4. Does he act in the spirit of sobriety, watchfulness, and prayer ? How can he pray, not to be led into temptation, and then put himself into it ?

And now I am almost persuaded that you have, with me, disposed of the second part of this question in the negative, and shall not be surprised to hear that the first proof of practical conviction will be given at the approaching festivities. As to your fear of seeming to be what you are not; it must not be allowed a place against the command of God, and the interest of your never-dying soul. And now, my dear friend, I commend you to God and the word of his grace; praying that he will, by his Spirit, guide you into all truth. Give my best love to Mrs. . . . , and all your dear family.

And believe me,

Yours most faithfully in the Lord,

H. V.

I grieve to say, I have been compelled to write this in too much haste. Pardon all errors.

18th August 1834.

LETTER IV.

TO A BROTHER—ON THE MINISTERIAL OFFICE.

. . . . Indeed, my dearest brother, your prosperity in all things, is what I do most earnestly desire, and endeavour (though with sad infirmity) to pray for. I trust that your own soul will become more deeply impressed with the saving truths of the gospel. God has been graciously pleased to put you in the right school for learning,—affliction. Grace, accompanying affliction, is the grand teacher of Divine things. The humble heart, and no other, welcomes the glad tidings of redeeming love and sanctifying grace. Press on, dear Charles, to know these things; they are eternal truths; they constitute that knowledge, compared with which, the brightest efforts of human genius are as nothing. To know Him the only true God, in whom is eternal life, is to be wise unto salvation.

I trust that you diligently and constantly read the holy Scriptures, with such assistances as you have, especially with earnest prayer for the teaching of the Holy Spirit. Other study should not be neglected, but that is indispensable. On what days do you visit your parishioners? What are your plans with regard to visiting? Here, you will need especial caution and firmness. Fortify yourself by prayer. Be very meek towards those who oppose themselves, but stand as firm as Mount Lebanon. The gospel is the word of the living God; how dare we alter its message. God forbid. Give yourself *wholly* to these things; and, believe it, the pleasure of the Lord will prosper in your hands. . .

Do not attribute too much to feelings and sensations. Pray and work. Be always occupied. Do not over-read or over-labour. Place confidence, however, in nothing of man. God, dear Charles, is your refuge and strength; his ears are ever open to your prayers. *Give yourself to prayer.* All will be well.

God bless you, my dearest brother. . . . .

LETTER V.

TO A FRIEND—ON THE DEATH OF HER SISTER.

I heard, but yesterday, of dearest A . . . 's removal from the family named of Christ on earth, to the more blessed members of it in heaven. I need not tell you that dear B . . . and myself, at the first tidings, felt a pang of sorrow, to think that one we both so truly loved and highly valued, was no more to go in and out among us. But, on reflection, what can we do but rejoice? "Moses and Elias appeared in glory." This passage of God's Word, occurring in the evening service of yesterday, seemed to rebuke our selfish sorrow. Peter knew not what he said, when he would have confined within earthly tabernacles, again, those who had seen the goodness of the Father's house above. It was dear A . . . 's one employment upon earth, to endeavour to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. Now she knows it, and is indeed filled with the fulness of God. Her God has done for her exceeding abundantly above all that we could have

asked or thought. Well, she is gone before. We now have another pledge in heaven, that all the members shall soon be gathered together in one, within its undefiled temple. She has been kept faithful unto the end. The same grace is sufficient for us. She has fought the good fight of faith, and won the crown. We too, through supply of the Spirit of Christ, shall be more than conquerors, and with her, ere long, cast our crowns before the feet of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. Glorious hopes! They turn deepest tribulation, into joy. And yet, perhaps, your heart cannot entirely respond to this triumphant tone. Dear A . . . was your earthly all, and she is taken away. You can submit, but not rejoice. And what, if this be your state of mind? It is that state which Scripture, in the case, supposes, and to which it addresses its consolations. You do not sorrow, as those without hope, for her that sleeps in Jesus. Your affliction is, for the present time, grievous; but you expect, from its exercise, the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Still, I am persuaded, you will be able to enter into the feelings of those who, less deeply sensible of immediate loss to themselves, are enabled to glory in her gain, and in the joy which the Saviour feels in seeing of the travail of his soul. The day that was a sad funeral on earth, was a festal day in heaven. I do not know how it is, but, deeply as I desire to feel for your loss, and our own, and the church's, in dear A . . . 's departure, I find myself still breaking forth into songs of adoration and praise. She is in heaven. She is safe. She is with Jesus Christ. She beholds her Father's glory. For her—no more sin, no more sorrow, no more death. She is where all is peace and love for evermore. These are the

blessed reflections which I cannot stifle. They make me rejoice. They fill me with confidence in my God and Saviour. They bid me go on my way with new hope. They tell me, it is a little while longer, and we, with her, shall be with Jesus—where He is—and go no more out, for ever.

And now, dear . . . , the Lord of peace be with you always, in all things.

Your affectionate friend in the best of bonds,

H. V.

June 1836.

LETTER VI.

TO A SISTER.—ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT.

. . . . The news of your deep affliction, though it has filled us with grief, will, I trust, be blessed to all our souls. I can easily enter into that feeling of *vacuity*,—of want of interest in every thing—that now for a time possesses your heart. But all is well, that God orders. He will, I humbly trust, sanctify this his rod, not to you only, but to us all. It is on a broken and a contrite spirit, that the seed of the gospel thrives. Such may ours be rendered by this severe trial. You will not, I am sure, attempt to meet it in your own strength. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." God's holy Spirit can and will console you, if you diligently seek Him by prayer. As for your little darling, what more could you desire, than to have been the mother of a child now in heaven. Strive

to go to him, since he must not return to you. There is now another link added to that chain, that binds our hearts to heaven. I hope your dear babe is gone before to that blessed place, an earnest and pledge that we shall all follow.

Come among us, and let us learn together in the house of mourning. Let us learn to sow in tears, that we may reap in joy.

My most earnest prayers shall be offered for you. . . .

9th May 1833.

LETTER VII.

TO A FRIEND AND PARISHIONER.

My dearest W. B.

A sore throat which confines me to the house, has prevented my coming to take my daily lesson in the midst of your mourning but Christian family. This has been no small disappointment; for it is blessed (I have found it so) to be with those that mourn with a godly sorrow. I have enjoyed more solid peace by the side of your dear departed child, and her suffering relatives, than I could have derived from any other society. I trust you all continue to prove the loving-kindness of the merciful Saviour, in the supports of his Holy Spirit the Comforter. "If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him." May he strengthen us unto all long-suffering, not only with patience, but joyfulness. . . . .

Grace, mercy, and peace, my dear Christian friends, be with you all, from God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ, now and for ever. So prays, your attached and sympathising friend and minister.

H. V.

LETTER VIII.

TO A FRIEND.

My dearest Charles,

You will say I am a shabby fellow for thus creeping into a corner, but dear B . . . has, I have no doubt, said some nice things to dear A . . . , so that my brevity will not be felt as a loss. Shall I condole with you, my dear friends, on what some would miscal your calamities? I condole not. Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice! The Christian's object of joy is unchangeable; for He should be their joy, of whom it is written, "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands; they all shall wax old as a garment," . . . . . But you can finish it. Is it a stoical indifference, that we speak of? Oh, no! a very different thing. The afflictions of this present time are grievous, but they are Christ's Baptism; and shall not his disciples be dipped in the same troubled waters? They must. Bethesda's waters did not heal till the Angel had troubled them. It is hard, in the midst of prosperity, to realise, "I die daily, the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." These

truths were better understood by those whose lodging was in dens, and caves, and holes of the earth ; and best of all, by him who had not where to lay his head. The man of sorrows taught obedience, by the things that he suffered. What do we suffer ? Our couch is soft, our house is warm, our purse is full, fine linen clothes us, we feed sumptuously ; but the day is at hand, when we shall be made more conformable to the death of Christ. I verily believe the day is at hand when Christ's will be a little flock, around which the lion and the wolf will raven and roar with the same fierceness and rage as they did in the days when the right seed of the woman were as sheep counted for the slaughter. Rejoice, little flock ! your sorrow shall be turned into joy ; no man shall pluck you out of Christ's hand. Of those which are given him by his Father's will, He will lose none ; all shall be brought home. Your light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Let us comfort one another with these words—words full of hope, full of consolation. God will sustain you, my dear friends. God will provide for you ; ever blessed be his name. Yea, for ever blessed be his name.

My lecture continues to be fully attended. Pray that God's Spirit may be with us. We are parched and thirsty, for the want of the early and latter rain. Our prayer-meeting, also, is not deficient in numbers ; but increase of grace is wanting. Pray for us. Oh, that God may, in his mercy, arise and come among us,—He and the ark of his strength. . . . .

I am come to a *ne plus ultra*, for want of room. How are dear Mrs. . . . and dear A . . . ; dear, not in word, but in deed and in truth. Tell me all about them. My

sincerest love attends you all. And may all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus be poured upon you all in richest abundance. Once more, God bless you all in Christ Jesus our Lord, through his Spirit.

Believe me, yours in the bonds of Christ,

H. V.

28 Dec. 1831.

Pray write soon. We are anxious to hear how you are enabled to bear your little reverse. I say, *little*, though it be great in the world's esteem; but I write to Christians, and must not call any thing belonging to this world, great. Do you not find, that the will submitted, brings increase of peace? Have you not experienced that the receding of the world, brings an accession of things heavenly? It has ever been so with me. And now I have written *little reverse*, I begin to repent, lest I should seem to under-rate your (approaching) trial and present blessings. I know I should esteem it a *great* reverse. But then, I should not think as a Christian, which I would wish you to do—yea, and fully believe you do on this and every other occasion. Once more, God bless you and yours, and sanctify all things, through Christ, to your soul's good.

LETTER IX.

TO A FRIEND.

. . . . We had not heard of your dear brother's severe attack, or should certainly have written to enquire after him and you all.

It has pleased our gracious Father to bring us, also, into the great deeps of affliction. Much have we to say. But when are we ever to meet? You, too, have again proved the faithfulness of your God and Saviour. May our afflictions be sanctified. I should like to have known of your trial, as we could have given you our prayers, though our presence was needed here. God bless you all richly in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Yours in great haste most affectionately,

H. V.

9th March 1835.

Thank you for drawing my attention to the interesting convert. Would that I could have done more for him.

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME FRIEND.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. E. WARD, OF IVER.

. . . . The intelligence conveyed in your note, does, indeed, give rise to mingled feelings of the greatest sorrow and joy. For him who is departed, what could have been done, that has not been done? He died in his master's service. The pious Leighton used to pray that, if it were God's will, he might die in an inn as the place best suited to his pilgrimage state; but, if I were to venture to pray at all on such a subject, I should be disposed to ask, literally as well as spiritually, that my last end might be like his.

"His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.
A mortal arrow pierc'd his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear."

And now, in the words of the same pious poet, join with me in addressing his blest spirit:—

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy lov'd employ.
The battle fought, the victory won;
Enter thy Master's joy!"

The last time I ever saw him, he parted from me with a sweet smile, pointing his finger towards heaven. I did not, then, think the action prophetic of his being so speedily conveyed to the haven where he would be.

May the Lord of mercy, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, be with his dear family, and strengthen them with his own might and consolation. He will be with them. He will comfort them.

May He, too, my dear friends, greatly comfort you, under your accumulated trials. As your afflictions abound, may your consolations much more abound. The everlasting God be your refuge; and under the Almighty's wings.

Yours most affectionately
in the bonds of Christian fellowship,
H. V.

24th March 1835.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME FRIEND.

. . . . Most gladly shall we admit the child you speak of, to the benefit of our infant school. He comes indeed under interesting circumstances. May the blessed Saviour give effect, by his grace, to any instructions he may there receive. We are longing to see you. The heavenly Father is deeply trying you for your good. I trust as your afflictions abound, so also your consolations. It is a little while, and the clouds shall have passed away. Be patient unto the end. In due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not.

Have you heard how the dear and afflicted family of Iver are ?

My wife joins with me, in every feeling of affection.

Yours most faithfully in the Lord,

H. V.

6th April 1835.

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME FRIEND.

In the midst of very numerous employments, and just on the point of starting to attend a meeting to promote the better observance of the Lord's day, I snatch a moment to tell you all, how much our affections lean towards you. Most sincerely do we hope, you are well in body,

and what is of much more moment, growing in grace and in the knowledge of our blessed God and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Well, dear A . . . knows now, even as she is known. May we be quickened on, towards the same goal. How gets on your little school? What prospects in your parish? What of dear Capt. . . . You will, I am sure, answer these troublesome queries. Let us read together Phil. iv, and be encouraged to hope, and to rejoice, unto the end. God bless you all.

Most affectionately yours,

H. V.

9th July, 1836.

LETTER XIII.

TO HIS YOUNGEST BROTHER.—IN A SERIOUS ILLNESS.

My dearest L . . .

I hope, through the tender mercy of God, this will find you better. I left you, the other morning, with a heavy heart, as I had enjoyed little opportunity of conversing with you, before I parted, on the all-important concerns of your soul. I do trust, my dearest brother, that you will give yourself wholly to eternal things. Remember that, under any circumstances, this would be your duty. I do not ask you to do so, *as a sick man*, but *as a reasonable man*. Knowing what God has done for your soul, I beseech you to give up all your heart to Him. You have been a sinner;—repent. A free salvation is

offered through the Redeemer's blood;—believe. Be henceforth devoted to God. I know these things cannot be effected by yourself. But submit yourself to the grace of God. Call upon him unceasingly for his Holy Spirit; and the work is done. Do not vainly think that a great preparatory work must be carried on in you before you can go to Jesus Christ. Salvation is free. It is not of works, but of grace. To you it belongs, to receive what God has provided. Do not let self-righteousness impede the work. Your lost state is certain, as a condemned sinner, —then look by faith to Christ. As soon as you do so, you are saved. Delay not, my dear L . . . Do not wait until you get better. Make the best of the time afforded you. Give the prime hours of every day, to deep meditation on God's word, and fervent supplications for God's grace. You know how necessary the work is. Except a man be born again, of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. To be born again, is to have clear views and deep feelings of our own ruined condition, to have received the peace of Jesus Christ into a broken and a contrite heart, to be devoted to heavenly things by the constraining love of Christ. This is to be born again. Seek the inestimable gift; rest not till you have attained it. It is about your soul, that I feel anxiety. All will be well, the moment that your immortal soul fixes in Christ. Most happy shall I be, nevertheless, to hear that God has been pleased to relieve your body. I hope they will write me accounts, almost every day. Love to them all. God bless you, my dearest L . . .

Your most affectionate and unworthy brother,

H. V.

29th August, 1836.

LETTER XIV.

TO A MEMBER OF THE CONGREGATION AT PARK CHAPEL.

My kind and dear Friend,

I thank you most cordially for the intelligence, the most welcome intelligence, conveyed in your letter. I do indeed say, again and again, "The Lord be praised."

I am grieved to hear of your dear family's increased affliction. But then, I have witnessed the increase of strength imparted to them. And why should we foolishly desire that grace given, should not be manifested. Convey to them all, my salutation of love and peace, and tell them to expect, by an early post, a more direct word of affection and consolation. . . . .

I hope your own beloved wife and children are well. I look forward with no small pleasure to the hope of your taking us in your way to Hereford in the summer, *if all be well.* I do not forget you, dear Friends. My prayers are with you, and especially with your dear suffering sister. Say what is very kind to all. God's benediction and grace rest upon you all, and upon my dear flock. God bless and strengthen your minister. Continue to love and cherish him as you did me.

Your faithful and affectionate friend,

H. V.

Crickhowel, 17th Dec. 1836.

LETTER XV.

TO A FRIEND.—ON THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER.

My dear Mrs. . . . ,

So it has at length pleased our gracious and heavenly Father, to take to himself the soul of your dearest Rebecca. On her account, who could grieve; our loss is great. Oh! may we all profit by this dispensation. Who shall follow next? Perhaps he who writes, perhaps you who read, or one of those dear children that now mourn a departed sister. Let us all prepare to meet our God. In Christ, alone, is safety. His grace, it is sufficient for us. To him, may we fly; on him, depend; from him, draw by faith, pardon and holiness and the hope of everlasting life. It is high time to awake out of sleep. The eternal day approaches. The judge standeth at the door. Let us awake to the realities of death, judgment, and eternity. How did dear Rebecca *dying*, how does Rebecca *dead*, preach to us. What unearthly eloquence *was there*, and *is there*, in the departed saint. We, too, must maintain the same conflict with the powers of darkness. Would we conquer as she conquered, would we have the same triumphant faith and hope which supported her; then, like her, we must make the Word of God our study and delight; like her, we must be instant in prayer, in season and out of season; like her, we must renounce our own vain righteousness, and count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord; like her, we must walk in the Spirit, in the self-denying

path of dutiful obedience to all the commandments of God. This is the way of peace, this is the path to glory! Oh, most heavenly way! Oh, most happy end! Has it not proved so to her who is gone. Was not her life peacefully, serenely, happy; and did she not, in death, joyfully anticipate "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory?" Let us follow, dear Mrs. . . . , dear afflicted family,—let us follow, on the same path, towards the same heavenly city, which she has now reached,—that city, which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. (Rev. xxi. 23.)

Be assured, my dear Mrs. . . . , of our Christian sympathy in your affliction, and of the continuance of our unworthy prayers to that gracious Father who can and will support you in the deep waters of affliction. We shall be glad to have the earliest information of your arrangements for the funeral, that we may convey it to dear Mr. Blencowe who (D. V.) would not, for the world, omit paying the last tokens of respect and affection to her, who is not so much dead, as born again into a new world. I remain, dear Mrs. . . . , with Christian love to all your dear family, in which Mrs. Vaughan most cordially joins,

Yours most faithfully and affectionately
in the Lord,

H. V.

18th October, 1834.

My cold is as well as it pleases God it should be; but by no means removed, as yet. Do not let this grieve you. Why should you wish me better, than God pleases?

LETTER XVI.

TO A FRIEND AND CORRESPONDENT ON MISSIONARY ARRANGEMENTS.

My dear Christian Friend,

. . . . . I am as well as it is good for me to be. It seems decided by the medical faculty, that *preaching* is the worst thing I can do. This decision bears hard upon the Moravian cause. But what presumption it is, to think that God needs such wretched instruments as we are. Besides, if we were not infidels at heart, we should know that faith and prayer are mightier than the voice crying in the wilderness.

Speaking of Moravians, reminds me of "*the sister.*"* I hope to hear that the good hand of our Saviour is upon her, strengthening her body, and establishing her soul. The minister, too, how is he? and his meek and humble partner, how is she? and how are all in the congregation, who have fellowship with the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ? Peace be with them always, by all means.

The Bristol missionary anniversary—who can say how God may dispose of us before that comes. If alive and able, I should like to be in the great congregation. But, then, I must be permitted to sit quietly between the two sisters, and do nothing but enjoy myself. This would be snug and idle, and therefore very congenial to one coaxed and spoiled alternately, or rather incessantly, by wife, father, mother, brothers, sisters, and aunts. I think I must add

* In allusion to the terms "Brother" and "Sister," used among the members of the Moravian Church.

you and your sister, to the list of spoilers, to make it complete.

I hope all our dear Clifton and Bristol friends are well. To the venerable Mr. Biddulph, when you see him, present my Christian respects, and sympathy in his afflictions. Afflictions, on the hoary head of a veteran Christian, look more like the crown of glory than of thorns. May the Lord our Saviour be with us. Are we not sure that he will? Blessed assurance! O Lord, strengthen our faith!

I hope the gospel gains ground at Crickhowel, but it is slowly. We are about restoring another aisle of our church, and are thinking of an organ. If Clifton had a mite to bestow upon the poor brethren at Crickhowel, they could, it is thought, dispose of it to the glory of God and the good of the church. Among my Clifton friends, let not Mr. Hensman be forgotten. I find pupils offering in all directions, from his kind recommendation. Pray tell him how sensible I am of his kindness. My Christian love to all his family.

I have written a scrambling kind of a letter; but you, upon the spoiling principle, are not likely to find fault with it—nor the Moravian sister. Believe me, my Christian love is with you both. May the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, prosper you, and give you peace.

I remain, yours most affectionately and faithfully, in Him who loved us, and gave himself for us.

H. V.

4th February 1835.

LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME FRIEND.

My dear Christian Friend,

Thank you, most cordially, for your letter, full of interesting and instructive anecdote. You must have been wondering that I have not replied to your kind invitation to attend at your Bristol anniversary. The fact is, amidst my various engagements, a week often flies away, leaving me in utter astonishment, and half unbelieving that it can be gone. Thus was it with the last, during which I was engaged in organizing an association in connection with the Temperance Society. To-day the Rev. O. Clark is to attend our first meeting for that purpose, held in the infant school. "There be many that say, Who will shew us any good. Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us!"

I should have much enjoyed a week at Clifton, just now; but how was it to be managed? It is not possible for me to be absent from home, when my pupils are with me. I fear this will always act as a barrier to my attending your anniversary. I have, however, an especial favour to ask, which is, that you will take note of the most interesting facts brought forward by the several speakers, and of any thing they may say peculiarly worth remembering; as I am collecting all the information I can, from all quarters, that I may, by God's grace, become a more sufficient advocate, when called upon to plead the cause of missions.

Please do me this favour, or rather, my Master. Could you also send me your report for the year.

You will be glad to hear that God has opened an effectual door at . . . , for the Church Missionary Society. We had a most crowded meeting there. I shall not despair, now, of getting within the stone walls of the celestial empire. How God loves to glorify his Son! He lets mere sinful men build high their walls, and strong, that, out of their ruins, he may build larger trophies of his grace.

Yours most faithfully and affectionately
in Christian fellowship,
H. V.

6th April 1835.

May God greatly prosper your meetings, and sermons, and all your work this week. Thy kingdom come, O Jesus! Thy kingdom come!

LETTER XVIII.

TO AN OCCASIONAL VISITOR AT CRICKHOWEL.

My dear Mrs. . . . ,

After some days' absence from home, I found on my return, your most acceptable offering, for which I cannot sufficiently thank you. Such proofs of Christian

regard and confidence are the more precious, because so rare. I have been so much occupied, lately, that I have not yet had time to read Mr. B . . . 's work; but am looking forward to it with great delight. It was, indeed, most kind of you, thus to remember me. Our ministry would be too well rewarded upon earth, if many acted in this truly Christian spirit; and we should soon make ourselves idols. Amidst many trials, however, these proofs of affectionate interest, are amongst the comforts that God sends in his mercy to refresh our souls.

My wife joins me in Christian love and regards, to yourself, and daughter, and to Miss . . . And hoping, if God so ordain, to meet you again ere long, I remain,

Yours in the bonds of Christ's gospel,

H. V.

3rd October 1831.

We earnestly desire your prayers.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Mrs. . . . ,

As Mr. Blencowe is now finally settled beneath our roof, Mrs. . . . 's cottage is once more left vacant; and I cannot help indulging a hope, that you may be disposed to occupy it during the spring and summer

months, if not for longer. The Glasbury missionary meeting is fixed for the middle of May, and my own will follow in June (God permitting.) Of course, the presence of your party at them, having now from usage become accustomed to, we can ill afford to forego.

The means of grace in my parish, continue as of old; with the addition of a private meeting for social converse on a passage of Scripture fixed beforehand, and prayer on a Wednesday evening. Our infant school is now in full operation; and in general, our schools are assuming a very different character, by the blessing of God on the present teachers, with whom we have, as yet, much reason to be satisfied.

If you come among us, I trust you will find us, not less Christian than heretofore. Would to God we could say, that He who openeth and no man shutteth, had made our little one become a thousand. That is what we still expect, but certainly have not as yet received. It is still with us the day of small things.

There are now several houses in the neighbourhood, vacant; perhaps, if you come to sojourn with us for a while, you might find a permanent abode.

You have, doubtless, heard of our affliction, in the loss of our beloved little girl. It is right that you should also hear, that He, who gave the wound, healed it also. His grace was sufficient for us.

I hope that your own health has been better; if not, that sickness has been sanctified to your everlasting good, through the grace of Jesus Christ. Your sister and daughter are, I trust, well in body and soul. My dear wife joins in these hopes, and in the prayer that grace, mercy, and

peace, from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, may prevent and follow you and yours, all the days of your lives.

Believe me, my dear Mrs. . . . , yours in the bonds of the everlasting gospel of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ.

H. V.

12th. April 1834.

I write, as you will perceive, in great haste.

LETTER XX.

TO ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE SAME FAMILY.

My dear Miss . . .

I fear it will be easier to make my peace with you, than with God, for the shameful neglect I have been guilty of, in leaving your two kind letters unanswered. The excuse I would offer, as exculpating me from wilful neglect, is, the various employments that have, for the last half year, occupied my time and mind.

The vicarage of Crickhowel, to which I have been promoted, turns out so much worse than my curacy, in point of emolument, that I have been compelled to undertake the tuition of two or three pupils. Not having been able to engage a suitable curate, the spiritual care of eleven hundred souls has also fallen upon me, and, in addition, the very laborious duty of correction for the press. I might,

my dear Miss . . . , add to these, many other interruptions necessarily arising out of employments so multifarious; but I fear, you will already think that the enumeration savours of display. Indeed, I do not intend to boast, except in mine infirmities. God only knows how faithless a servant I am; but I am anxious to account to one, for whom I have a sincere regard, and to whom I owe so much as a member of Christ, for conduct so extraordinary. Please to forgive me for Christ's sake, and after Christ's example: —"As Christ forgave you, so also do ye." . . . *

My volume of sermons will, God permitting, be forthcoming at the end of this month. Many circumstances, but especially my great distance from London, the place of printing and publication, have delayed it. Let me request your most earnest prayers, that it may be blessed to the church of Christ. I desire nothing at your hands as Henry Vaughan; but as a believer, however humble, you owe me this debt of love.

I hope Mrs. . . . and your niece are well. May the ever-blessed God be with you all. Let us strive to abide in Christ, in these dangerous times. May you all have fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ. Once more, forgive your most unworthy brother, and believe him still to be

Yours, in a closer than any natural bond,

H. V.

13th May 1833.

* The intervening portion of this letter, will be found in the Memoir.

LETTER XXI.

TO ANOTHER OCCASIONAL VISITOR AT CRICKHOWEL.

. . . . Allow me to thank you, most sincerely, for the kind and useful present of books you sent us, as well as for the loan of your brother's most interesting travels. We shall greatly value this accession to our little library, both from the intrinsic worth of the well-selected books, and remembrance of the kind donors. The Catechetical Exposition of the Collects promises to be very useful to Mrs. Vaughan in the schools; and she was particularly pleased by Harriet's thoughtful remembrance of her.

We were truly glad to hear of the welfare of you all, and most sincerely desire that you may be crowned with every blessing. Most happy shall we be, should Providence direct your steps hither again, to renew our acquaintance, or friendship rather. But, if this should not seem good to the all-wise disposer of all events, may we, in our several spheres and estates of life, pursue the way everlasting, and finally meet in the kingdom of heaven. There will be neither sin, sorrow, or change, any more. Oh, that we may be counted worthy to enter that rest and share that glory.

Farewell, my dear Mrs. . . . Let me desire for myself and mine, an interest in your prayers; and may I have grace, ever to pray as fervently, as I now do, that grace, mercy, and peace, from God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ, may rest on you and yours for ever. Believe me,

with kindest regards to Capt. . . . and Harriet, in which Mrs. Vaughan most cordially joins,

Yours most affectionately in the best bonds,

H. V.

20th September 1834.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE SAME.

I cannot suffer my dear wife's letter to go to the post, without a line from me. Though your kindness has remained unacknowledged, it has been *felt*. Perhaps God may yet, in his goodness, suffer me, by *deeds*, to make amends for want of *words*. If I should again be privileged to administer to your souls the word of Life, what advantage shall I have derived from your invaluable present. And, meantime, you have the happiness of reflecting, that others are deriving the benefit of my being assisted to compare spiritual things with spiritual. Your kindness to my dear wife and children, has been so great, that I am at a loss to know why God can put it into the hearts of others, to be so good to those who never can deserve any thing at their hands. God bless you, my dear Mrs. . . and your beloved partner, and your children.

I am ever yours,

In the bonds of Christian esteem and affection,

H. V.

20th September 1836.

LETTER XXIII.

TO A FRIEND, ON THE INTENDED BAPTISM OF HIS OWN INFANT, ETC.

My dearest Friend,

Dearest B . . . and myself unite in the request, that you will stand as godfather to our dear little boy. I propose, God permitting, to take him to that fountain which grace can make the laver of regeneration, on Thursday week. It will be, I suppose, impossible for you to come down to us. Would that we could see some of you once more. Are we never to do so again? Of one thing I am well persuaded, that your most fervent prayers will not be wanting. It is on that account, that I have chosen you, in preference to many others.

I begged L . . . to call your attention to a case of extreme distress, in your vast city. The object of it is to be heard of at . . . . I believe the representations I have received, to be true; and if so, a more urgent case of charity, Christ never recommended to the interest and alms of his disciples. I hope you will not be so much occupied with care for foreign distress in heathen climes, as to neglect the duty of seeking out this poor afflicted one near home. Forgive the hint. I know you are much occupied; I know you have many claims; I know your tender-heartedness to Christ's poor. I am the more anxious to stir you up by way of remembrance. The case seems to be one that ought not to be neglected in a Christian land. What I wish of you, is, to ascertain whether it is so or not.

Dearest B . . . joins me in sincerest love to you all.

We are bad c orrespondents, but not forgetful friends. Amongst those friends that we count most dear, believe me, you all hold the first place. Christ be with you always, in all things.

I must write you a special letter, concerning God's late mercies to dear C . . . 's soul and body. I do not know whether you heard that L . . . was summoned down to attend, as we thought, her funeral—as she lay dying, it was considered. But lo! she liveth. My dear friends, she liveth in two senses. God has raised up soul and body together. Such a conversion, so marvellous in all respects, has hardly been since the days of Saul of Tarsus. But more of this. Rejoice with us. She was dead and is alive, was lost and is found.

Yours always in Jesus Christ.

H. V.

18th March 1835.

I am trying to do something for the dear Moravians, in the way of private collection by letter.

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME FRIEND.—ON THE SAME SUBJECTS.

My dearest friend,

We have been obliged to appoint Tuesday, instead of Thursday, for the baptism of our dear infant. This will, I fear, put it out of your power to be with us at the time; but need not prevent your coming to us, for a

few days, to follow up the good work, with fervent prayers, in company with us.

I have thought, since I wrote last, that I was rather hard upon you respecting the charity in which I wish to interest you. But the truth is, that the importunity of the person convinces me of the urgency of the distress, or, at least, of the imperative duty of enquiring at once into it.

Since writing the above, I have received your kind and most welcome letter. I am grieved that you cannot come to us, but am persuaded that we shall have your most fervent prayers.

Dearest B . . . , who is wonderfully well, will write to A . . . (God permitting) on Monday, and give her a long list of dear little Henry's sayings and doings, and a great deal of domestic news besides. In return, we shall expect one of the same kind.

You speak of yourselves as being at C . . . Pray remember us most kindly to your relations there. I rejoice to hear that the dear invalid is better. May she ever be blessed in soul and body.

Dearest C . . . is rapidly getting better. Wonderful is the goodness of our God and Saviour.

Love to dear Mrs. E . . . and A . . . . We long to see them. Believe me, my dearest friend,

Yours most affectionately in the Lord,

H. V.

21st March 1835.

LETTER XXV.

TO THE SAME FRIEND.

My dearest Charles,

Thank you for all your kindnesses. Pray forgive my seeming forgetfulness. It was but seeming. Your letter gave rise to many and deep reflections. . . . I often think of you all. Would that I could be among you. Observe the weakness of the flesh; as though saints could not commune at a distance. Yet is it not with us now, as with the soul in its disembodied and separate state;—there is something wanting to complete its felicity; that something is the body.

Let us remember each other in our prayers. Never was there more occasion to watch unto prayer. Alas for the P . . . 's. How ought we all to abase ourselves, and to share in their humiliation. We have all to do with their fall,—we, whose pride and self-seeking require and call for such afflictive dispensations . . . .

Our own prayer-meeting prospers outwardly—that is, a good many attend. And our evening lecture continues to be well attended. But much, very much is yet wanting,—even the Spirit of the living God amongst us. We are looking to see the goodness of the Lord. Love to dear A. . . . and Mrs. . . . . Many, many prayers, for all spiritual blessings upon them in Christ Jesus, and on us all; not forgetting dear L . . . from whom I expect a letter.

Yours affectionately,

H. V.

November 1831.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE SAME FRIEND.

My dear Charles,

You will be disappointed, after so long a silence, in not receiving a more communicative letter. But reserving that for another time, I must now confine myself to business. . . .

Are we to have the pleasure of seeing you (D. V.) this summer, or do you mean altogether to desert us? We are very anxious to see you all, if it could possibly be managed. Pray consider this. Will you accompany me in my Moravian tour this year? By the bye, it is high time that I should inform L . . . what I think of doing for them. Far short of his demands and my own wishes; but such as we have, we give. My throat and windpipe, at times, shew inflammatory symptoms. A word to the wise. We are all very well, thank God. And we hope, some openings are being made by grace in our parish.

We have a Wednesday evening conversational lecture—(the passage of Scripture being fixed a week before)—which consists of hopeful ones, and, by the Divine grace, promises to be useful. You would like it much. It is to be held henceforth in my own house, as it has fairly outgrown the cottage in which it was at first held.

Our schools are in a very different state from what you remember, and would now highly interest you.

An adult school, not for teaching to read, but for instruction in the Scriptures, held between the hours of nine and

eleven of a Sunday morning, has been undertaken at our request by W . . . B . . . ; and we look for great blessing upon it. Come, my dear fellow, if possible, pray come and help us.

Kind love to dear A . . . and dear mamma. The boy is well. Dear B . . . joins with me in desiring for you all, grace and mercy from our God and Father, and his Son Jesus Christ. In the bonds of whose gospel I remain,

Yours ever most affectionately attached,

H. V.

3rd May 1834.

Love to dear Louis; I trust he is growing in grace. These are times when the *wavering* and *undecided* will certainly be swept away among the chaff. God bless him.

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME FRIEND.

My dear Charles,

Before I begin on the subject of dry business, let me ask you how you all are in body and soul, and how the precious invalid is. Has the change of air done her good? and how does her soul prosper, through grace? You can, none of you, be better than we wish you. Yet that is saying too much, for there is One who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think. To Him I commend you all.

Now as to the subject of the trust. .

How ought one to thank God for not giving one much of the thick clay of this perishing world. May I ever be kept, like Israel in the land of Goshen, on the outskirts of Egypt; and ready, as a stranger and pilgrim, to quit the shepherd's tents, and enter the land of rest. And now once more, dear Christian brother, I hope to hear all is well with you and yours. It seems an age since we saw each other's faces. How is dear Mrs. . . . and dear A. . . Are they well? Will you assure the dear invalid, of our sympathy and prayers. God bless you, and cause his face to shine upon you, and give you peace always, by all means. Dear B . . . is well, and the boy.

Yours most affectionately in the bonds of Christ,

H. V.

15th October 1834.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE SAME FAMILY.

My dear A . . .

I am to be at Monmouth, God permitting, on Sunday the 21st of July. I shall be to be heard of at Mr. Beddy's, if dear Charles and I should happen not at once to alight upon each other, which, by the laws of attraction ought certainly to come to pass. From Monmouth I go to Hereford, God so disposing, where I am to be on Wednesday the 24th. Of course, dear Charles will accompany me there, and from thence home. For, as for his not coming home with me, I cannot conceive that he would

venture to offer me such an affront. Let him, therefore, dismiss from his mind the uncharitable, the unchristian, idea of not visiting Crickhowel; for visit it he must. His stay shall be determined by his own inclinations, but come he positively must. . . .

If you can manage to accompany him, we will manage to provide accommodation for you. And I do not see how you can refuse, when I tell you that the little girl (God permitting) is to be christened about the 25th or 26th of this month, and that we wish you to be one of the god-mothers. How can you fulfil this office by proxy? Consider these things, and let Charles appear at Monmouth, accompanied with dear A . . . and dear Mrs. . . . While he goes on with me to Hereford, you might take the mail to Crickhowel; and if we could not accommodate you all, Mrs. B . . . 's lodgings are now vacant; and surely you might, between us and that place, find comfortable accommodation. Let us hear from you by return of post on this interesting subject. Dearest B . . . joins with me in this request and in most Christian love. Looking forward to meeting, with unfeigned pleasure,

Believe me, yours in the bonds of Christ,

H. V.

13th July 1833.

LETTER XXIX.

TO A FRIEND AND PARISHIONER.

My dear friend,

You have, no doubt heard from . . . of our pro-

vidential, I had almost said miraculous, escape from the accident which befel the Merthyr mail on Tuesday last.

The particulars are soon told. A child, sitting on a bag at the right side of a bridge crossing the road, frightened the leading horses, who suddenly turned round with such violence as to break the pole of the coach. I know not whether this was not as alarming as any part of our terrific accident; for as soon as the pole was broken, the four horses were at once placed along-side of the coach, and the thing to be expected was that an upset would then take place. Had that been the case, the passengers on the outside must have been precipitated under the horses' feet, and, amongst them, my dearest wife and child Henry. I had attempted in vain to reach the horses' heads, with a view, if possible, to prevent the accident. I therefore saw the whole danger, and in my heart I blessed God for this first preservation. But this was only the beginning of dangers. In a moment after this, the coach was dragged by main force round, facing the *Lamb and Flag*. The coachman had lost the reins, the pole was broken, and the frightened and infuriated animals started off at full speed. You may imagine what a moment this was to me. I had just time and recollection to put up a cry, rather than a prayer, to the Father of mercies, to preserve my earthly all.

You will be surprised, when I tell you that I felt truly grateful when I saw the coach, passengers, luggage, and all, in one dreadful confusion on the ground. For though I knew not what injury might be done by a fall of such violence, I still more dreaded the almost certain death, which must have been the consequence of their proceeding *but a few more yards*. As it was, through the kind provi-

dence of God, the coach fell on a large plot of grass, on which there was not a stone to be seen. On arriving at the awful scene, where I knew not what to expect, I found dear Henry crying in agony near his dear mother, and in the most pitiful manner entreating every body to tell him whether mamma was hurt. I soon discovered that he, by the tender mercy of God, had escaped quite uninjured. At this moment, the shrieks from the inside of the coach, from the maid-servant and my tender infant, made me rush in that quarter to extricate them. Nothing could exceed the terror of the scene. The wheel-horses were still kicking with all their fury against the coach, and hardly restrained from dragging it forward on the ground. On opening the door that was uppermost, I caught sight of my tender babe, pale as death from fright, and covered with dust. His little look of recognition, when I took him in my arms, I shall never forget, nor the momentary burst of thanksgiving when I found that my infant and the maid were unhurt. My dear wife—I trembled as I approached. Her countenance was pale and sunken, blood appeared at her nostrils, she was unable to stand, and for the first moments I hardly knew whether she would not expire. The intelligence that the children were safe, by the wonderful mercy of God, put new life into her. We carried her into the inn, laid her on a bed, and had the inexpressible joy of soon discovering that there was good reason to think she had sustained no serious injury.

And now, my dear friend, once more imagine my feelings. In one room were five persons recovered, as it were, from the dead,—my wife, my children, myself, the nurse. I looked from one to the other with amazement at the good-

ness of God, and as I embraced my living wife and children, I felt, "God is indeed a gracious God, and a merciful God and Saviour."

I can now say no more, than that dear B . . . is doing well, and the children, myself, and maid, as well as ever we were in our lives. Love to your dear wife and children, and the dear sisters. Mrs. F . . . shall hear from us, if God will, to-morrow. Please to tell her all is well.

Yours most affectionately in the best bonds.

H. V.

8th August 1835.

LETTER XXX.

WRITTEN DURING AN ABSENCE FROM HOME.

. . . . If our earthly home is so dear to us, what ought our heavenly one to be? How is it that we can so much better bear to be absent from Christ, than from our earthly blessings? Alas, we walk, I fear, far more by sight than by faith.

The Sabbath was a day of great privilege, though to me not so dear as our village Sabbaths. In the morning we went to Kensington Chapel. Multitudes were present. Many, we may believe, came to seek the face of God. All heard the truth as it is in Jesus. With Mr. T . . . . , I was much pleased; his sermon contained all essential truth, recommended by very rare gifts in utterance and manner. It appeared to me that nature, art, grace, and providence,

had combined to form him for the very situation which he holds. May the Spirit of the Lord be poured out upon him. His general gravity and seriousness of deportment impress you with the persuasion, that he is a man of eminent holiness, and subjected to deep trials. The two generally go together. His text was taken from 2 Cor. v. 21. Treating it, he considered—

1. The sinlessness of Christ—"*he knew no sin.*" He dwelt much on the importance of this doctrine as affecting the atonement, and referred, in confirmation of it, to the fact that under the Jewish dispensation no victims were offered in sacrifice that had spot or blemish. (1 Peter i. 18, 19.)

2. The sacrifice which Christ was ordained to offer — "*He made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin.*" The word "sin," (in the Greek Septuagint translation, "αμαρτια") he properly observed, frequently signifies "sin-offering." For example, in Lev. iv. 20, in which text the word rendered "sin-offering" is the very same with that rendered "sin" in the 21st verse of 2 Cor. chapter v, also in Lev. xvi. 11.

3. The design of this sacrifice—"*That we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.*" He here made some very sweet observations, and treated this part of his subject very ably.

4. His next point of consideration was,—the development of God, made in this work of salvation—of His mercy, truth, justice, wisdom.

This is a very bare outline, but will give you some notion of a very useful and excellent discourse. . . . .

The Lord Jesus be with you all. My kindest love to the dear friends who are with you. Read Heb. xii. to

verse 12, with them. Tell dear Henry to pray for me. I hope he loves Jesus Christ, and asks Him for his Spirit, to be good.

Bath, 26th January 1836.

LETTER XXXI.

TO A MEMBER OF HIS CONGREGATION AT CHELSEA.

. . . . I spent a delightful evening with your son and his wife. I was truly sorry that fatigue of mind and body prevented my making it more profitable to them. I was not a little thankful to hear that they had altered their minds, and determined on coming to Chelsea this Christmas. How wonderfully God always tempers our mercies and trials together.

And now, my dear friends, what shall I say to you in the name of Mrs. Vaughan and myself, in return for all your kindness. What I do say, must be said to God for you. I feel quite unable to put my heart on paper. You will, I am sure, believe that my gratitude is deep. I would, however, rather it were shewn by actions than by words. I trust the union of soul, which in Jesus Christ subsists between us, is never to be dissolved; and most earnestly do I long for the day when no imperfections will mar our communion, or change interrupt it. The God of mercy richly bless you with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus.

In great haste, my dear Mr. . . . , and with kindest love from Mrs. V. and myself to you both,

Yours ever affectionately
in the bonds of Christ's gospel.
H. V.

Crickhowel, 9th Dec. 1836.

LETTER XXXII.*

TO AN INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS IN JAMAICA ; PREVIOUSLY MASTER OF THE INFANT SCHOOL AT CRICKHOWEL.

My dear, dear friend,

Most truly do I rejoice in your God and Saviour, who took you safe to your distant destination. We will bless him with you and for you. His name only be glorified. May he now stand by you and strengthen you. Keep near him in prayer. Prove him by faith. Let your eye be single. May his love and peace be your portion. I hope dear Mrs. Rodgers will soon recover the effects of her voyage. God bless you all. Tell your son to give himself wholly to the work of his Redeemer. The Lord be with him. I have no time to add more, than fervent love to all. Let me have large accounts of you, soon, directed to Crickhowel. Once more, God bless you. The Saviour be with you. The controversy will soon be over. Jesus shall reign. And oh! shall we reign with him? That is my hope.

Your most affectionate friend,

H. V.

* Subjoined to a letter written by Mrs. H. Vaughan, about the time of returning from Chelsea to Crickhowel.

NOTES OF SERMONS.

NOTES OF SERMONS.

I.*

ISAIAH II. 3.

"AND MANY PEOPLE SHALL GO AND SAY, COME YE AND LET US GO UP TO THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LORD, TO THE HOUSE OF THE GOD OF JACOB; AND HE WILL TEACH US OF HIS WAYS, AND WE WILL WALK IN HIS PATHS. FOR OUT OF ZION SHALL GO FORTH THE LAW, AND THE WORD OF THE LORD FROM JERUSALEM."

WHY, it may be enquired, has our church chosen to commence her annual course at this particular season? Why not await the period of the earth's revolution round the sun, and make the religious, fall in with the civil, year? She shall answer for herself:—Piety, rather than philosophy, regulates my motions; Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, is the centre round which I revolve; his arising is at hand; I catch, in my atmosphere, the rays that beam from his Divine person, and hold them forth as a twilight, a morning star, to usher in the true light which enlighteneth the world. Her "Advent" then was intended, as the preaching of John the Bap-

* Preached on the first Sunday in Advent.

tist, to prepare the way of the Lord, to make straight in the desert a highway for our God. With this view, you will observe, all her services for the Sabbaths intervening between this and Christmas day have been chosen. Her first and second lessons are taken from Isaiah, the old and good evangelist, who most clearly predicted of Christ's coming and glory. Her collects express, in prayers the most devout and fervent, the most simply sublime and reverently holy, what her Epistles and Gospels teach in the authoritative and heart-touching language of the Holy Scriptures, as the proper subjects of meditation and request with regard both to faith and practice, on an occasion of such overwhelming interest and importance.

It is my desire and intention, with God's good blessing, to follow this her most pious example, and in the present and some following discourses, to make her admirably chosen services, the means of preparing our minds for a worthy celebration of that most holy festival, the birth-day of all our hopes, which, by the mercy of our God again approaches. And, oh! that through the grace of our great Redeemer, and the unction of His most blessed Spirit, there may be thus produced in his people, some increasing fruit of faith, hope, and charity, to be presented as an humble offering,—to lay, with ourselves, at the feet of him who at this season was born in the city of David, a Saviour,—yet, as he will interpret it, more precious than gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

The passage I have chosen for my text, from the second lesson of this evening's service, breathes the very spirit of our church in looking forward to the glorious Advent of our Lord—the spirit of holy preparation, and exulting joy.

Judgment had been the principal subject of the first chapter in the predictions of this highly-favoured prophet;—judgment on the hard-hearted and unbelieving house of Judah. From this, the strange work of the Lord, as whose mouth he spake, he passes, with all the fervour of longing expectation, with all the fire of the fullest inspiration, with all the piety of devout affections, to the days of Messiah, when the kingdom of mercy would be extended to all nations, and the whole earth finally become one fold under one Shepherd, and be filled with the glory of the exalted Jesus. These expectations, he pours forth in a strain of most sublime poetry, and under such figures as would be most familiar to the nation he addressed. The most lovely, the most delightful, object upon earth to a devout Israelite, would be the hill of Zion, crowned with the beauties of holiness—God's fair sanctuary. And when, on festal days, the multitudes of pious worshippers crowded by every highway, path, or avenue, to the sacred courts of God's house upon its lofty summit; and he, amidst the throng, saw the joyful sight, and pressed on as one of the joyful band; his devotions would be kindled to the highest pitch, and his spiritual happiness complete.

Well. The prophet turns from the dark scene of the Divine justice he had been compelled to paint in the foregoing prophecy, to contemplate one, more glorious, more happy, than the eye of pious Israelite had ever seen, or the heart of pious Israelite could, uninspired, conceive. He sees, in vision, the head of sacred Zion, in majesty and beauty towering towards heaven, rising till all other mountains sink in insignificance beneath it. So grand does it appear, in his view, as to occupy as it were the earth, and

to be the only object of wonder and attraction. While, to complete the scene, all the millions of the nations are seen flocking from every quarter of the earth ; and amongst them, though not foremost, the house of Jacob, the long-lost house of Jacob, hastening at length to walk in the light of the Lord, which from this mountain shines so gloriously as to make the sun confounded and the moon ashamed.

Such, in general, is the subject of this wonderful prediction. But we may more particularly take occasion to remark from it :—

I. That it implies THE COMING OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST IN THE FLESH.

Why is Zion seen thus suddenly to stretch into the heavens, and extend over the earth ? Whence the heavenly glory in which she shines ? Whose messengers are those, that carry the word from Jerusalem, thus exalted, and compel all nations to enter her gates shut not day or night, and extended wide enough to receive flocking thousands ? Well may we enquire. And what reply can be given ? Does the page of Israel's future history unfold any earthly victories or glories, that could be described under terms so glowing ? Does any human personage appear among the worthies of Israel, in after-times, who could shed such a glory on his city and nation ? Alas ! the earthly state of Israel declined from the time the prophet spake. Never was her temple so beautified, never was her kingdom so extended, never did her sons enjoy such peace, and dwell in such happy security, as when Solomon, arrayed in all his glory, reigned with the sceptre of righteousness. From his time, looking on the ruins of Zion, who can forbear

exclaiming, "How are the mighty fallen; how is the fine gold become dim!" Whence, then, we repeat, comes it to pass, that "in the last days the mountain of the Lord's house is established in the top of the mountains, and exalted above the hills, and all nations flow unto it?" Let it now be triumphantly replied:—Because the expectation of Israel, the Desire of Nations, the Anointed of God, is come! He is come, whose name is Wonderful! A greater than Moses, a greater than Solomon, a greater than John, is come! He is come, whom archangels worship;—come, too, in the likeness of sinful flesh. Let Zion rise, never cease to rise!—This mercy reacheth unto the heavens. Let Zion shine!—The glory of the Lord has risen upon her,—the glory of his grace, the glory of the only begotten of the Father. Let the messengers go forth; let them lift up their voice, and cry with strength, and summon all nations to walk in the light of the Lord.

II. We may, in the second place, remark from the passage, that it sets before us THE DISPOSITIONS WITH WHICH WE SHOULD WELCOME THE GRAND EVENT OF OUR LORD'S COMING IN THE FLESH.

1. We learn to hail it with praise and joy. Observe, that the happy subjects of the latter-day mercies are represented as saying, one to another, "Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob. O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord!"—O come! the messenger of the covenant, the messenger of mercy, has entered into his temple; come, and see his grace and glory; come with holy joy, come and rejoice in the Lord whose arm bringeth salvation unto his people. Oh! all flesh, come and see

the glory of the Lord revealed. I myself will go right early. Come, let us join hand in hand, and heart in heart, and go with the voice of praise and gladness to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, where Jesus has been born a Saviour. There, now He pardons sinners, and binds up the broken-hearted. Thence He sends the Comforter to heal, and the Sanctifier to purify. There He reigns with the sceptre of righteousness, and gathers together the outcasts of Israel, and buildeth up Jerusalem. Come, and behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. Come, and rejoice in the meek and lowly Jesus. Come, as Mary, to his feet. Come, and join the happy throng that hail Him as their Saviour and king, and cry,—Hosanna in the highest, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord, Blessed is He in His suffering humanity, Blessed is He in His glorious majesty! With joy let us rejoice in His dominion of grace. With joy unspeakable, let us look for His kingdom of glory. Such joy, the prophet predicts. Such joy, our church, putting as it were the palms into our hands and the song into our mouths, teaches in the gospel of the day. Such joy may we unfeignedly feel, and offer unto Jesus—the blessed Jesus—as incense and a pure offering.

2. We learn to obey the law, and receive the Word, which Jesus came into the world to publish. Not only does the prophet represent the pious, in the last days, as exhorting one another with joy and readiness of mind to go up to the house of the Lord, but adds the reason they would assign :—" And he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths;" and then, in further explanation,

adds, "For out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

The grand object of the blessed Saviour's incarnation, was to purify unto Himself his chosen, as a peculiar people, zealous of good works. Of this, our church, in strictest harmony with the doctrine of the prophet, intended to remind those that worship in her sanctuary, in the epistle which she has chosen for the day. There, the evangelical law is enforced in its two great branches, of holiness unto the Lord, and love to our neighbour.—Of holiness unto the Lord. "The night is far spent;" the shades of the Judaical dispensation have passed away; you are in the last and final dispensation. "The night is far spent;" the world, and all that is in the world, its sins, and its sorrows, its vanities and follies, will soon and for ever have vanished. "The day is at hand;" Jesus has been manifested in the flesh; He has bruised the serpent's head; He has conquered sin, risen victorious over death, is subduing His people under the rod of his strength; and there remains nothing to look forward to, but "the day"—the glorious day when He shall appear, the second time, without sin unto salvation. "Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light; let us walk honestly, as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." Past mercies, and future hopes—Jesus come, and Jesus coming—the lowly Jesus visiting us in great humility, the exalted Jesus about to appear in glorious majesty—equally call upon us to make holiness our study, and God's glory our

end. Now is the time to be more than ever instant in prayer, more than ever to meditate on the Word of God, more than ever to set the fear and love of God before our eyes, and to make a conscience of all our ways. Now is the time to dedicate ourselves anew, and with renewed devotion and delight, to the service of our God; and to enter, with more steadfast purpose and more ardent desires, on the way of universal holiness. This is the will of the Father who gave his only-begotten Son, and of the only-begotten Son who came into the world. It is the will of Jesus, who lived and died for us.

Nor must we pass by that second great branch of evangelical duty—the love of our neighbour; of which, we are, with so peculiar a propriety, reminded by our ever careful guide, at this season. What brought Jesus Christ from his glory in heaven, to his humiliation upon earth? Boundless love. We are about to celebrate this wondrous act of Divine compassion. How shall we do it! By seeking of Thee, O holy, heavenly Spirit! that most excellent "gift of charity," which the apostle so forcibly calls "the fulfilling of the law." Now, then, is the time, if any man have a quarrel against any, freely to forgive, as he hopes through the Saviour to be forgiven. Now is the time, if any have an enemy, to overcome his evil with good. Now is the time, if any have received an injury, to return it with favours. Now is the time, if any have a persecutor or those that despitefully use him, to pray for such an one. Our Litany will find him the language of love: "Forgive, O Lord, our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers; and turn their hearts!" But more than this. Love has more than this to do. Now is the time to promote the peace of Jeru-

salem, to heal the divisions of brethren, to sow the fruits of righteousness in peace. Now is the time to cultivate, under the Divine Spirit, a more enlarged and enlightened love,—a spirit more deeply conscious of its own infirmities; more tenderly considerate of, and compassionate to, the weaknesses of others; more quick to espy hope in the worst, and to cover what it cannot commend. Does this seem difficult? If *you* are to perform it, let me say, it is impossible. But there are a few words in the text which direct us there, where we shall not fail of strength—to him who teacheth our hands to war, and our fingers to fight. "He will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths." Precious words! To what end, but for this promise, had the law gone forth from Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem? It had been vain.—We should have died under the scorching ray of its unapproachable light. It had been vain.—Firm, indeed, would have been the walls that imprisoned us. But now the Spirit himself helpeth our infirmities. Who, then, has right to complain of weakness? His grace is sufficient for us. "He will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths." He will draw us. We will come.

III. In the third and last place, the prediction of the prophet, as well as the services of the church, set before us A MOST GLORIOUS AND ANIMATING OBJECT OF HOPE. Though the prophecy, we are engaged in considering and applying, will in all probability receive its most literal accomplishment at the Millennial period of the church; yet its final and most glorious one, manifestly is suspended on that event which our collect, with so sublime a simplicity, calls "the coming of Jesus to judge both the quick and the

dead." That coming, and that judgment, will complete the glory of Zion and the felicity of his chosen.

Let prophecy draw away, as far as may be, the veil; and let us, for a few moments, refresh ourselves with a view of the heavenly Jerusalem. Behold it! The holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God, out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. Hark! a voice accompanies—a great voice out of heaven, saying, "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men; and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. For the former things are passed away." Oh, glorious city! Heavenly Jerusalem! But no temple appears. Where is its temple? The Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb, are the temple of it. "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Oh now, indeed, the mountain of the Lord's house is established on the top of the mountains, and exalted above the hills. In heaven itself, in the heaven of heavens, nothing more exalted is seen. By the church, to wondering angels, is made known the manifold wisdom of God. But who are the inhabitants of this city? Behold them! The nations of them that are saved,—no longer the few and scattered, the weak and despised—"the *nations* of them that are saved, shall walk in the light of it. And the kings of the earth, do bring their glory and honour into it. The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there." Oh, what a glorious train! All nations shall flow into it! . . . .

Now, then, while our hearts are warm with these glorious hopes, let us, in fervent sincerity, conclude in the prayer of our church :—"Almighty God! Give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light," &c.

II.

1 Timothy iii. 16.

"AND WITHOUT CONTROVERSY, GREAT IS THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS: GOD WAS MANIFEST IN THE FLESH."

Awake, awake, O daughter of Zion! The night is past and gone; the dimness shall not be such as was in thy vexation, when the yoke of the oppressor was upon thee; the day-spring from on high, through the tender mercy of God, hath visited those that walked in darkness and dwelt in the land of the shadow of death. Awake! Open thine eyes, to behold this day! It is the birth-day of the Lord! The light of the sun, this day, is sevenfold, as the light of seven days—this day, on which the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound.

Arise, O daughter of Zion! Shake thyself from the dust, O daughter of Jerusalem! Arise, and put off the garments of heaviness! Bind, no longer, those tokens of sorrow on thy head! Lift up thy face with joy! Arise, shake thyself from the dust! Mortality and sin need no longer fill you with sorrow. Shake off their dust, mount

up and sing! Sing and shout, O daughter of Jerusalem! Jesus is born to-day!

Loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion! Thy captivity is led captive; thine oppressors are spoiled. Go out with joy, and be led forth with peace, while before you the mountains and hills break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands with joy. "There is born unto you in the city of David, this day, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

Sit down, O Jerusalem; sit down; sit upon this rock which God has laid as a foundation in Zion; its head is far above the clouds and storms which made you afraid. Sit down, and see the conquest Jesus has made. Sit down, and quietly survey the heaven which Jesus has opened. Oh, see; all things are yours! The zeal of the Lord of Hosts hath performed this. His own arm hath brought this salvation. He hath placed salvation in Zion, for Israel his glory. Rejoice, O daughter of Jerusalem! O, shout and sing!

"*Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh.*" Let us consider these words, more awful than which, are not heard in heaven. Let us bring to their consideration, the shepherds' simple faith, Mary's holy joy, the wise men's zeal and humility, the angel's song of praise.

Consider the truth—the amazing truth which they set before us,—"GOD WAS MANIFEST IN THE FLESH."

1. Not only, Divine things manifest to man. The heavens declare the glory of God. The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord. By the things which are created,

are made known the eternal power and Godhead. But more than the creature, has manifested the Creator.

2. Not only persons, with a Divine commission, here are manifested among men. Kings and judges, are sometimes called gods, because they are intended to manifest some of God's righteousness and power among men. But a greater than these, is here.

3. Nor are the everlasting doors of heaven, now opened to send forth an angelic visitant, such as carried Elijah with the fire and whirlwind into heaven, or struck Daniel dumb with amazement. No! Unto the angels, hath he not put in subjection, the world to come, of which we speak. A greater than Gabriel is here.

4. Much less is it a prophet only, in his earthen vessel containing heavenly unction, and illumined from above, that here is manifest. Wonderful the mercy, that of old employed such ambassadors, at divers times, and in divers manners, to speak unto the fathers. A greater than these is here.

5. It is now "God manifest in the flesh"—the mighty God, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders! Here is the august Creator himself. "Thou, Lord, in the beginning, hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands." Yes; here is He who meted out the heavens with a span, and compassed the waters with bounds. Here is He who looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; who toucheth the hills, and they smoke. Yes; the pillars of heaven tremble, and are astonished at his reproof. He is here, who reigneth Omnipotent, the only potentate by whom kings rule and princes decree justice. He is here, who sent the pro-

phets; yea, He who is the wisdom of God—God himself, whose understanding is infinite—the Counsellor. He is here, who in heaven owns no superior, to whom angels minister, and whom archangels adore. He is manifest in the flesh.

Really made flesh. "THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH"—was made "very man of the substance of his mother." He, being in the form of God, thought it no robbery to be equal with God—He hath laid hold of the seed of Abraham. He, being born of a virgin, has become IMMANUEL—"GOD WITH US." There we are lost. Can it be so? Can such love be in heaven? IT IS "MANIFEST." Oh! how manifestly was Jesus—man. Follow the wondering shepherds to Bethlehem. Who hangs there upon the virgin's breast? An infant. Is he less tender than other infants; is he less indebted to a mother's care; does he less need his mother's arms? His clinging hand, his weeping eye, his girdled limbs, his piercing cry, his helpless innocence—all proclaim Him,—SON OF MAN. The stable, the manger—these proclaim the man of sorrows—nursed in sorrow—cradled in affliction. Is he not manifestly *man?* Go with Peter, John, and James, to the garden of Gethsemane. Who there wrestles in the agonies of prayer? Whose soul is sorrowful, even unto death? From whom issues the drops of blood? Whose is that vehement cry? Is he not the Son of Man? Oh! how acquainted with grief, for our sakes! Have you still any doubt? Go with the weeping mother to Calvary. Whose is that bleeding brow; whose is that pierced side, bathed in streams of water and blood; whose is that dying

groan; whose is that bowing head? Is not this the Son of Man? It is manifest! It is manifest!

And is not his Godhead as manifest too? Before he comes, patriarchs rejoice in his day, prophets proclaim its approach, nations desire its coming, martyrs die for its hopes, Providence prepares His way. At his birth, new stars are born, and the sons of God shout for joy. At His death, the veil of the temple is rent from the top to the bottom, the sun becomes black as sackcloth of hair, and death gave up his dead. Truly this was the Son of God. *It was* God *manifest in the flesh.*

Without controversy, great is the mystery of this truth —unfathomably great. God, who upholdeth all things by the word of his power, who bindeth up the waters in the heavens, and swathed the great deep with his bands—Himself a feeble infant, upheld by feeble hands. He who layeth the beams of his chambers in the clouds—cradled in a manger. He whose strength is the pillar of heaven—clinging like the tendrils of a vine, to a mother's tender breast and hand. It is too high for us; we cannot attain to it. It is bathing in a flood of glory. It is sinking in a flood of mercy. Oh, the height, the length, the depth, the breadth! It surpasses knowledge. Boundless, boundless, boundless grace!

But it is a mystery of Godliness. It shews what holiness there is in God. A just God; and yet a Saviour —between man and God. Man, a sinner—and a holy God. Is there such an impassable gulf? There was. But a rainbow spans the gulf. Jesus bears his people's iniquities. God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. Glorious truth! The corner-stone of

Zion! God is holy. The law is magnified. And yet man may be saved. Go to the cradle, once more; look not at the shepherds; look not at Mary; look not at the magi; look not at the angels. Oh, behold a greater sight! Mercy and truth are there met together; righteousness and peace, over that cradle, kissed each other.

It is a mystery, that not only shews the holiness of God, but that *man must be holy, and how he may be holy*. Yes, if we would have any part in Jesus, in this great salvation which cost Immanuel's blood, we *must* be holy. Immanuel came to destroy the works of the Devil. Immanuel came, to purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works, to save his people from their sins, to redeem them from all iniquity. The law of this Jesus, as you have heard to-day, is a perfect law converting the soul. This, Zacharias declared before He appeared; he glories not only in the grace, but in the holiness of the gospel; he blesses fervently that God who had granted unto his people, that, being delivered out of the hand of their enemies, they might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of their life. But it shews a greater mystery—how man *may* be holy. It not only lays the obligation, and enjoins the command, but offers the will and power to obey. Jesus, triumphant over sin and death, ascends on high, and receives the promise of the Father,—the Holy Spirit, that Spirit whose office it is to gather together his elect—all that the Father hath given him out of the world. This Spirit makes a willing heart. This Spirit creates anew the fallen and leprous heart of man. This Spirit unstops the deaf ear, opens the blind eye, loosens the dumb tongue, girds up the weak

loins. By His power, the Ethiopian changes his spots, and the leopard his skin. Before the word of His strength; pride, prejudice, self-righteousness, unbelief, worldliness, fall. In His hands, the Word of God is powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword. It wounds the heart, it pierces the conscience, and makes the man cry, "What must I do?" In His hand, too, the gospel is full of balm and comfort. He binds up the broken-hearted, He brings the weary and heavy-laden to Jesus, He covers them in his righteousness, He comforts them with his peace, He lifts them up with his hope, He supports them with his strength, He keeps them with the power of God unto salvation, He makes them meet for his inheritance. Oh! without controversy great is the mystery of godliness; God manifest in the flesh—a mystery in which the same shoulder supports the cross and the government, holds up the throne with one hand, while with the other it stretches out the golden sceptre of mercy —a mystery in which unite the greatest glory of God and the greatest happiness of man,—a mystery, so high that angels cannot soar to its top, and yet so low that babes and sucklings are by it made wise unto salvation,— a mystery, in the birth of which, time will expire, and to unfold which in the happiness of heaven and the miseries of hell, will occupy eternity.

And now in conclusion:

1. Do I speak to any who make a controversy of that which is beyond all controversy? Why will you contend at such odds? Is not this Jesus, elect of God and precious? Will you run against the bosses of God's buckler? Will you contend with the Most High? There have been

others as mad. Egypt did so; it is the basest of kingdoms. Babylon did so; Babylon is a desolation. Judæa did so; and she is trodden down of the Gentiles, and drinks the dregs of the cup of trembling. Sennacherib did so. Herod did so. The rich man did so; and in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments.

Why will you not submit on such terms? See, see the grace of God; how He willeth not that any should perish! See how freely He gives his Son; is it from want of love? Oh! no! He could not see Isaac perish; He could not let Hagar's child die in the wilderness; He could not let the Shunamite want her son. Yet He spares not Himself—not his own Son. On him, He empties the vials of his wrath. Him, He feeds with gall and bitterness, that He may put into your hand, the cup of life. O wonderful grace!

2. To those, who so far from controversy, long for nothing so much as . . . . Draw nigh to this mystery, and consider God in it. In heaven He is magnificent, &c. but a God afar off. In earth He is lovely, bounteous; but a God afar off. In the sea He is boundless, &c. But in Christ He is full of love, full of mercy. . . . . .

Remember, that the end of this mystery, is to produce godliness. "The king's daughter is all glorious within." . . . . . .

III.

JOHN XV. 1.

"I AM THE TRUE VINE."

THE words of my text declare themselves, at once, as proceeding from him who spake as never man spake. They draw from the heart of every sincere disciple of Jesus, that fervent admiration which the Psalmist of Israel, speaking by the Holy Ghost, has well taught them to express: "Thou art fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into thy lips; therefore God hath blessed thee for ever." In considering them, this advantage at least, we shall have—that of meditating on some of the most blessed words that ever dropped from the lips of the heavenly Saviour, the blessed Jesus, the anointed of God, the accepted of the Father. And oh! may that Father vouchsafe his gracious presence, that our meditations may not be without some fruit of present holiness and future glory, to the praise of his glory in Christ Jesus!

In the observations which I shall offer on this portion of Scripture, it will be my first object to explain the principal parts of that most beautiful figure, under which its instruction is conveyed. We shall then be better enabled, in the second place, to apply it for doctrine, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, to convince or to edify. In the explanation of this figure, two things demand our attention. 1. What is the import of the comparison, "I am the Vine." 2. What addition it receives from that which is adjoined, "I am the *true* Vine."

I. The comparison itself, "I AM THE VINE,"—demands our first attention. Under this lovely image, the Saviour has condescended to represent his own person and graces. How strikingly appropriate the emblem, in every respect! Behold in it, shadowed forth, the mystery of his holy incarnation. Jesus is a Vine, the righteous branch raised up unto David, the stem grown out of Jesse's roots, made of a woman, partaker of flesh and blood, the seed of Abraham. Of this Vine, the church forms the branches. It is the gracious union with our nature, which makes Him the Saviour that He is. It is the foundation of all His work for sinful man. In no other nature, could He have been subject to the law, and fulfilled all righteousness. In no other nature, could He have suffered the penalty of our sins. In no other nature, could He have crushed, have broken, the bars of our death. In no other nature, could He have been a High Priest touched with a feeling of our infirmities. In no other nature, could He have gathered together all the elect of God, in one mystical body of which He is the exalted head.

II. Behold too, in this comparison, the LOWLINESS OF THE SAVIOUR'S MANHOOD not indistinctly set forth. Why was so humble an emblem chosen? Why is not some more stately tree of the forest selected to represent Him whose name and work is "Wonderful." Shall the Saviour of the world be less, in this respect, honoured than the mighty of the earth? Shall Nebuchadnezzar have his royal state and flourishing prosperity compared to a tree in the midst of the earth, whose height was great, reaching unto the heavens, and the sight thereof unto the end of the earth? Shall the Assyrian be like the cedars in

the garden of God, fair by the multitude of his branches, exalted above all the trees of the field! And shall Jesus be compared to the lowly, tender vine, which is either trained near the ground, or clings its tendrils around the supporting elm? Yes, for "HE HUMBLED HIMSELF." He grew up as "a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he had no form or comeliness, nor any beauty that we should desire Him." There was no comeliness of outward state, no beauty of human glory; but there was the comeliness of condescending grace, there were the beauties of meek and suffering compassion. "I am the true Vine"—frail and weak as any other mortal, acquainted with grief. Blessed Saviour! How was He, for our sake, compassed with infirmities; now, as a tender infant, clinging for support to a mother's breast; now, in a father's arms, flying from the sword of persecution; now, with the submission of a child, bowing to parental authority and instruction; one while, hungry and thirsty, his soul faints within him; at another, his frail frame sinks exhausted, under the strength of the noon-day sun; and at another, bends beneath the sufferings of his agonized spirit. Did, ever, any so humble himself? Yet his humiliation is not half told. Behold him at last "crucified through weakness."

III. But the comparison is designed, further, to represent the Saviour, in his priestly office, as THE JOY BOTH OF GOD AND MAN. The vine, though it presents not to the eye the majestic grandeur of the oak, or the stately growth of the elm, yet produces in rich abundance a fruit whose juice cheers and exhilarates the heart, and a great luxuriance of leafy shade which affords the most refresh-

ing shelter from the scorching sun or chilling rain. How appropriately does it, therefore, represent Him who, now about to be offered for the sins of the world, after supper took the cup and said, "This is my blood of the New Testament; it is shed for you and for many for the remission of sins; drink ye all of this." In this cup, indeed, was the wine which cheers both God and man—the blood of reconciliation. As he drank, mercy and truth embraced each other, righteousness and peace kissed each other. God himself drank, and delighted in this cup of salvation—the only cordial for the heart of man. Being justified by the grace purchased by this blood, we are made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.

IV. But this Vine, too, spreads A WIDE-EXTENDED AND REFRESHING SHADOW, under which, the sinner, the justified and pardoned sinner, may sit with great delight. Jesus, crucified through weakness, has been raised through power, and liveth as High Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedec, an all-sufficient and ever-present Advocate for his people, at the right hand of God the Father. His intercession is the refuge of his disciples, who wander as strangers and pilgrims on the earth. To this shelter, they must fly, when the sun of persecution and tribulation ariseth because of the word. Beneath this vine, there is shelter in the scorching noon; hither they must fly when the rains of sorrow descend, and the floods of adversity come, and the winds of conflict blow. They shall find protection beneath the righteous Branch; they shall find in him "an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest."

V. Another property of the Vine will illustrate the

SUCCESS, as the two last did, the NATURE, of CHRIST'S MEDIATORIAL OFFICE. The most careless observer of nature, must have remarked the extraordinary rapidity with which a prospering, cultivated vine spreads its branches in every direction. This spreading nature of the vine furnished the Psalmist with a most happy illustration of the flourishing extent of the Jewish church, under its most favoured monarchs David and Solomon. "Thou hast brought a vine (the church of Israel is intended) out of Egypt, thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it; thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root; and it filled the land; the hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars; she sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river." But, if this figure was beautifully appropriate, when applied to that church and nation, the bounds of whose kingdom stretched from the Mediterranean on the west, to the Euphrates on the east; how much more so, when applied to Him, whose salvation has gone out into all the world, and whose dominion is to be from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth? And how sweet and noble a subject of reflection is it, to the heart of the pious disciple of the blessed Jesus,—that this Vine, as the tree of life, shall again flourish in this fallen world, and make it once more the paradise of God! Such an one will join fervently in the prayer, "O Lord, behold and visit this Vine, make room for this stem of Jesse, gather beneath its branches the scattered seed of the house of Israel from all the countries whither they are driven, and let them dwell safely, fed with its soul-healing fruit, and protected by its refreshing shade!"

Having thus slightly touched on some of the leading parts of this lovely comparison, we must not pass from this head of our subject till we have, very briefly, considered the importance of the addition, "I am the *true* vine;" not only "the Vine," but "the *true* Vine."

I. "TRUE," as opposed to all counterfeits and pretences. The Scribes and Pharisees pretended, that with them was the tree of life. Their doctrines and traditions they taught even for the healing of souls, and would have had men believe that out of their vineyard the weary soul could find no shelter nor rest. But their pretences were vain—vain as that of the bramble in the parable, which invited all the trees of the forest to put their trust under its shadow. They rejected Christ. And every branch that abideth not in Him, is both fruitless and lifeless. He alone is the true Vine. If any other is so, it is by abiding in Him.

II. He is "*the* TRUE *Vine*," as opposed to all corrupt admixtures. His is the pure unadulterated wine of the gospel. There were those who, though willing to acknowledge his claims as Messiah, were still for retaining the rites and ceremonies of Moses, and for making the law in part the ground of their justification. But they did not understand the nature of this true Vine. The fruit which this true Vine yielded, when bruised in the iron press of the Father's justice, and smitten with the rod of Moses' law, was that blood of atonement which alone cleanseth from all sin. To this pure stream, there can be no addition made; it can suffer no admixture. We must not, we dare not, add water to this wine, which only cheers when its streams are permitted to flow pure, as they issued from

the fountain of the Saviour's side. He, he alone, is in this sense the true Vine. Whatever efficacy, other things or persons may have, it is from Him as the fountain, through Him as the channel, and to Him as the end.

III. He is, lastly, "*the* TRUE *Vine*," not only as distinguished from all pretences, and allowing no admixture, but as possessing, from the union of the Divine with the human nature, an excellence which, so far from bearing comparison, cannot possibly admit of any increase. This righteous Branch is not only the offspring of David, in his human nature, but the root, in his Divine. In this true Vine are united those two natures, by one of which the blessed Saviour was capable of suffering, by the other of meriting the forfeited favour of a just and holy God. He is the true Vine!—One, in nature, with the humblest of his branches; yet "the Word" manifest in the flesh. Hence, the mystery and the mercy of his incarnation. He is the true Vine!—In his manhood distinguished above his fellow-mortals by weakness and infirmities; a very man, and more than man, in frailty and sorrow. Yet this sufferer is "the only-begotten of the Father." Hence, the mystery and the mercy of his unexampled sorrows. He is the true Vine!—Life eternal is the product of His branches—but this virtue is derived from that fulness of Godhead which dwelt in His mysterious person. He is the true Vine!—His all-prevailing advocacy is the shade of the weary, and protection of the afflicted soul; but, then, it prevails, because our High Priest, though he be one who, from humanity, can be touched with a sense of our infirmities, is still the mighty God. He is the true Vine!—His fruit is to be for the healing of all nations,

His branches are to cover the earth; but, then, it is because this Mediator may be addressed in the words of the prophet, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre!"

I would apply the words of the text, thus considered—

I. In the way of *invitation*, to those who are not united to the true Vine. In a certain sense, indeed, all who are partakers of gospel privileges, are united to Him; that is to say, they are called by His name, and profess His faith; but to know Him truly, and to have real fellowship with Him, is a much more rare, as it is a widely different, thing. There are three particulars, which are quite indispensable to a saving interest in His meritorious work, and union with His glorious person.

1. Our naturally corrupt and degenerate state, must not only have been believed in as a doctrine, but felt, and made the principle of a corresponding conduct. By nature, we are of the degenerate seed of a wild vine; not some of us, but all, equally. And in this state, we are justly subject to the consuming fire of God's anger. From this wild vine, whose fruit can never be acceptable to God, we must be cut off, and grafted into the true Vine, by God's Holy Spirit. In this process, the Spirit acts by convincing the soul of its sin and danger—so convincing, as to leave it no rest, to give it no peace, until united to the true Vine. You must judge whether this work, necessary in *all*, has been done in you.

2. Neither can there be a vital union with Christ, unless by a faith, which, renouncing every other dependance, makes Him the rock of confidence and strength,—Him only. The *true* vine will endure no rival or competitor.

The soul, that goes about to establish its own righteousness, or add to his cleansing blood any fancied merits of its own, He never knew—will not know. To receive Him, therefore, by faith, and to receive Him as a perfect Saviour, and His redemption, as a complete redemption, is indispensable to a real communion with Him as the true Vine—the head of His church.

3. And another requisite is a spiritual mind and holy life—the proper fruit and evidence of a justifying faith. Union with the true Vine, if it be vital, must conform us in some degree to Christ; somewhat of His image, if it be real, will be impressed on our hearts and appear in our lives. So good a tree must produce this good fruit. Now, can we bear the trial of these simple tests? If not, though baptismal privileges have been ours, and by habit and education we have learnt to profess Christ, we are none of his, He owns us not. This day may we be convinced, how great our loss and danger;—our *loss*, for to be united to Christ as the true Vine, is to be joined to the general assembly of the church of the first-born whose names are written in heaven; it is to quench the thirsting soul in the well of everlasting life; it is to have fellowship with the Father and the Son; it is to have a never-failing arm to support our weakness, a never-sleeping eye to guide us in all our goings, an ever-open bosom into which to pour out all our complaints, an ever-present solace in all our sorrows, an unshaken repose in all disquietude, a shadow from the heat, and refuge from the storm;—it is to abide beneath the shadow of the Almighty.

From this true Vine, flows justification, and peace, and settled intercourse with heaven, a conformity to the image

of Christ, and a hope too stedfast to be shaken, and too glorious to be conceived. This is the blessed fruit of being united to him. How great, then, your loss! How great then your *danger!* Out of this Vine, there is no salvation, no pardon, no holiness. No hope springs from any other. If we abide not in Christ, we have no Father in heaven, nor any Comforter on earth,—nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment, at that day when the decree shall go forth: —Cut it down, cut down the unfruitful tree, and cast it into the fire—that fire that never shall be quenched.

II. I would apply the subject, in the way of *consolation*, to those who are united to Christ as the true Vine. "I am the true Vine." To them, how full of delightful meditation and of profitable instruction, is this text, full as it is of Jesus and the glory of his grace. His mediatorial fulness, his sanctifying grace, his low suffering humanity, his high and eternal majesty, here lie concealed under one of the sweetest figures that could have been drawn from nature's storehouse. Oh! then, beloved brethren, as the weary pilgrim in some scorching clime, thirsty and fainting, hails with delight the prospect of the spreading Vine that crowns the slanting hill, hastens to rest his way-worn limbs beneath its grateful shade, and to refresh his exhausted spirit with its delicious fruit; so do you, not only rejoice in the sight of this true Vine which crowns the fertile hill of Zion; but hasten, beneath its widely-spreading and inviting shadow, to repose your wearied limbs, and refresh them with that life-giving fruit which this true Vine in such abundance yields. But more, more than this, you may do. You may not only dwell safely under it, but it is your happiness to be united to it. "I am the Vine, ye are the

branches." How close does this consideration bring you to the Saviour, to the Father, to the Comforter, to the communion of saints, to the company of angels, to the heavenly Jerusalem! Ye are in Him who is TRUE, in whom is everlasting life. Because he lives, you live also. Live, then, worthy of this new and glorious relation. While you take the comfort of it, refuse not its duties and obligations. Labour to bring forth much fruit. Thus, your Father which is in heaven, the husbandman of this true Vine, the Father of Christ, the Author of all your mercies, the fountain of grace, the giver of eternal life, will be glorified. Thus, your own soul will be enriched with larger and more frequent manifestations of the Divine favour. Thus, you will benefit the members of the same mystical body. Thus, you will set the desirableness of the true Vine in the most attractive form before your fellow-sinners, and invite them, most forcibly, to come beneath its shadow. And thus, through grace, you will sooner ripen for eternal glory. For, great as is the blessedness of those who are united to this true Vine—their present blessedness is not to be compared with the glory that is to be revealed in them. Now, the true Vine is absent, and his branches dwell in him by faith, in a climate where every thing is ungenial and unkind; for, not only does sorrow bend them beneath its weight, but, what is far worse, sin mars their fruitfulness. Soon, they will be ever with, as well as in the Lord. Soon, where the true Vine is, there shall the branches be also, flourishing beside the river of life, green with eternal youth, and bearing the fruit of a never-fading glory!

IV.

JOHN VII. 37, 38.

"IF ANY MAN THIRST, LET HIM COME UNTO ME AND DRINK. HE THAT BELIEVETH ON ME, AS THE SCRIPTURE HATH SAID, OUT OF HIS BELLY SHALL FLOW RIVERS OF LIVING WATER."

THE occasion, on which these words of our Lord were spoken, give them a deep and peculiar interest. It is difficult to put ourselves, even in imagination, into the circumstances of those who heard them from his own blessed lips. It was on the Feast of Tabernacles. It was on the last, the high, day of that feast. We may, without stretch of fancy, suppose the glorious structure, the temple at Jerusalem, bright with the early rays of the sun of autumn. The ways that led to Zion's sacred heights were thronged with rejoicing multitudes. The courts of the Gentiles, of the women, of the male Israelites, contained crowds of every nation, sex, and condition. Branches were in their hands. Hosannas rung in the air. The victim lay bleeding on the altar; and streaming in copious currents from that altar, the water, which on this day was fetched in a golden pitcher from the pool of Siloam, and by the high Priest, poured upon the morning sacrifice. In the midst of this scene stood the High-Priest after the order of Melchizedek, the glory of the second temple, shortly about to accomplish eternal redemption by the sacrifice of himself once offered—shortly about to purchase at the price of his own blood, and pour down in full and living streams, his Spirit on his people—soon about to throw down the middle wall of partition, to unite Jew

and Gentile, Barbarian, Scythian, bond and free, male and female, in one eternal bond of union. He stood, who puts palms of victory into the hands of his chosen, and the song of pure joy into their hearts. He stood and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

I shall consider the words of our blessed Lord, rendered so peculiarly impressive by the circumstances under which they were uttered, as setting before us—

I. The state of those who are prepared for the gospel invitation. "IF ANY MAN THIRST." Exactly parallel with this, in expression and meaning, is that of the prophet Isaiah: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;" and that of St. John, in the Revelations: "And let him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

Let us enquire a little more particularly, what the metaphor, which so naturally transfers the wants and feelings of the body to those of the soul, implies.

1. Thirst, then, is a sensation produced by the exhaustion of that supply of moisture, which is natural to the human constitution. When not satisfied, it produces the most exquisite pains. A burning heat consumes the frame. The eager eye, the shrivelled tongue, the restless motion of the limbs, the staring bones, cry out, for very agony. In vain, to one athirst, would you bring the most melodious sounds to regale the ear, the most lovely objects to delight the eye, the rarest dainties to gratify the palate. Somewhat to slake the thirst—the pain of which devours him;—this is all his desire. To offer him any thing else, is but to mock his pains.

How significantly does this metaphor represent the state

of that soul which the Spirit is preparing for the fulness of Christ. The waters, which it used to draw from its own broken cisterns, have been cut off. They have left emptiness and burning drought of soul. The very body oft-times declares the fever within. Its beauty consumes away; restlessness and disgust mark all its motions; it wastes with leanness. In vain, do unwise physicians seek, by counsels of false peace, to satisfy its cravings. So fed, it only pines the more. Sense of sin has created this consuming want. It must be satisfied at that side, whence flowed both water and blood.

2. But the sense of pain created by thirst, prompts, not only to strong desire of relief, but unremitting exertions to obtain it. With what agony of heart, did Hagar, when the water was spent in her bottle, lay her child down to die. With what eagerness, may we suppose, the mother sprang up, to fetch the life-giving draught from the well, which an angel had pointed out. With what courage, did the gallant followers of David break through the garrison of Bethlehem, to fetch their thirsty master, a draught from its cooling fountain. How readily did the weary soldiers of Jehoram and Jehoshaphat dig the valley of the wilderness full of trenches, to receive the promised floods.

So is it with the soul which the Spirit of God has made to thirst for pardon and peace. Its longings are unbounded; its prayers, fervent and unceasing. It flies to the word, to the ministrations of grace. Nothing can deter it in its search. Its agonies and its hopes equally urge it on. The Spirit's operations are so powerful, that the strength of innate corruption, of long-continued habits, of reproach and persecution, of spiritual wickedness in high places, nay,

even of death itself, cannot keep it from seeking the well-spring of life.

II. But the passage sets before us, secondly, the gospel invitation to those so prepared. "IF ANY MAN THIRST, LET HIM COME UNTO ME, AND DRINK. He that believeth on me," &c.—Whosoever is thus athirst, let him fly from his own resources, which like the accursed waters of Jericho have neither sweetness, purity, or life,—let him fly from the law, which, like a scorching sun, dries up the sinner's hopes,—let him fly from the world whose garden hath no water, and come unto me whose are the rivers of life; in me, whosoever believeth, shall live, though he die; whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst. As cold water to a thirsting soul, so is good news. O, good tidings of great joy! Come, ye weary and heavy laden, come to Christ, and drink, and rest! In Him there is plenteous redemption. His blood cleanseth from all sin. His fountain yields streams of eternal life; and over it he has spread his wings, as a tabernacle for a shadow in the day-time from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and rain. Doth he ask some great thing of you? He simply says, "Wash, and be clean; drink, and live for ever."

III. But these words of our blessed Lord set before us the BLESSEDNESS AND FRUITFULNESS of those who, by faith, accept his gracious invitation.

1. Their blessedness. "He that believeth on me, out of his belly (or heart) shall flow rivers of living water." This, we are expressly told, "He spake of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive." The Spirit is the comforter and the sanctifier of his saints. The comforts of the

Spirit in the believer's soul, are here compared to flowing rivers of living water. The comparison is by no means uncommon. The prophet Isaiah, more than once, employs it in a similar manner: "O that thou hadst hearkened unto my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." Again, "Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all ye that love her; rejoice for joy, with her, all ye that mourn for her. For thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will extend peace to her like a river."

To enter into the full force and beauty of the comparison, we must carry our minds far away from the cool temperature and ever green verdure, produced by our climate; and imagine that, after having long toiled, fainting and weary, beneath the burning heat of a tropical sun, and over parched lands and wastes, we spy the waters of Kishon or of Jordan, where they glide in living streams over their rocky bed. A sweet freshness fans the surrounding air, flocks repose in quiet contentment by its side, flowers appear around, the vines with the tender grape give a good smell, the singing of birds is heard, and all nature revives. The wearied frame catches new life, and a pleasant peace occupies the soul.

Out of the believer's heart, shall flow rivers of living water. He shall not have to weary himself, by wandering in search of them. They shall be within him. The dry and parched wilderness around, shall, indeed, enhance their value, and ever prove whence they are derived. But they shall not dry up the source. This ought not to diminish the fulness of the stream. "He that believeth on the Son of God, hath the witness in himself." He hath received the spirit of adoption, whereby he crieth, "Abba, Father!"

He hath the earnest of the Spirit in his heart—an earnest which keeps the fountain of his joy unsealed, and draws out its gladdening streams to revive and refresh his soul.

2. The Spirit of Christ in the believer, is a principle of sanctification also; and as such, its operations are here compared to "rivers of living water." I need hardly pause a moment to explain that, in general, water, from its constant use in purifying, is by the Holy Spirit in the Scriptures employed as the significant emblem of holiness. As such it was used in John's baptism of repentance; as such it is employed in the initiatory sacrament of baptism, in which is signified a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness. (Ezek. xxxvi. 25.) But the mode of expression in the text, is more than ordinarily full and expressive. It implies much. With regard to the believer's personal holiness, it signifies, that his graces are to be kept ever *lively*, for they are compared to living water. His prayers are to be *instant* prayers. He is to love with a pure heart *fervently*. The work of faith in his soul is to be *with power*. He is to count it *all joy* when he falls into divers temptations. He is to be *strong in the Lord*, and in the power of his might. Not only are his graces to be lively, but *abounding more and more*, for they are compared, not to a river, but rivers of living water. He is to abound more and more in knowledge, and in all judgment, and in all the fruits of faith which are by Jesus Christ unto the praise and glory of God.

The comparison further implies, that he who believeth in Jesus Christ, should be as much distinguished for relative usefulness, as for personal holiness. For these rivers of living water are to flow forth and abroad. What bless-

ings does the river, as it flows, dispense. Along side of its fertilizing streams, flocks feed on a more nutritious pasture; the forests put forth more vigorous limbs, and extend a wider shade; the orchard produces a more luxuriant fruit; cities rise and flourish on its banks; the very wilderness, if the ductile floods are directed over its wastes, is turned into a fruitful field, and flourishes with the green grass, or stands thick with corn. The believer, through sanctification of the Holy Ghost, dispenses blessings far and near. The eye of the poor blesseth him.

In conclusion—

1. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" Be not afraid of the depths of this water. There are shallows, in which lambs may wade. "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth."

Sense of want. Have you found that satisfaction you expected, that happiness you have been pursuing? Does your peace flow as a river, or as the waves of the sea? Rather, is not your soul like the troubled sea, driven of the winds and tossed? He that will, let him come, and take of this water of life freely!

2. Let me enquire of those who have come to him, and have drunk.

Is their peace great? He hath promised to pour floods on the dry ground. He hath promised, "The Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like to springs of water whose waters fail not. Their pastures shall be in all high places. They shall not hunger nor thirst, neither shall the heat nor sun smite

them; for he that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall he guide them." Christ the fountain. The Lord is my shepherd, he maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters.

Your peace shall *increase*. . . . . Likeness of the increase, from the fountain to the stream. . . . .

Does your holiness flow as a river? Is it kept in constant agitation and activity? Grace is to be, not a stagnant pool, but a living stream. Are your prayers, fervent prayers? Is your hope, a strong consolation? Is your faith, a triumphing faith? Is your love, a perfect love that casteth out fear? Are your graces, not like the parched streams of Tema in the drought, but like the overflowings of a copious stream?

Does your personal holiness—the spring which takes its rise in the shade and retirement of private devotion—flow forth to cheer and to improve others? Do you, with the comfort wherewith you are comforted of God, comfort others? Do you bear each other's burdens? Do you pour the floods of your charity, on the dry and parched ground of sickness and poverty? Do you, in your own domestic circle, sow in peace the fruits of righteousness? Does your wife, do your little ones, do your servants, partake of the living waters which flow from your heart—partake of them in your patience, long-suffering, tender consideration, prudent government, wise counsel, and directing example? Do you, in your more public sphere of life, prove that the fountain, at which you drink, is pure and heavenly? Is your conversation seasoned with grace? Do you shew disinterestedness? . . . . .

V.

Col. iii. 11.

"CHRIST IS ALL, AND IN ALL."

When I look at the likeness of some dearly beloved object, I feel little disposition to consider the frame which may be beautiful, or the light which may be advantageous; my heart is fixed; I feed upon the object itself.

The words of my text seem not to admit of criticism. As soon as they are pronounced, they engross the heart, and leave it little inclination to discuss the exact propriety of their introduction, or the probable connection in which they stand. As the mountain rises abruptly from the bosom of the plain, it commands your admiration, not because you have reasoned yourself into its uniformity with the objects around, but from the noble bearing of its own lofty brow;—so these words. We can hardly pause to trace their connection. They arrest the heart at once. They carry it away with a holy fervour. The soul is eager to penetrate, without delay, into the mystery they set forth, —the mystery of Christ. Let us obey the holy motion; and, only pausing to implore the aid of that blessed Spirit, whose it is to take of the things of Christ and shew them unto his church, let us proceed to examine, a little more closely, that glorious object here set before us: "Christ is all, and in all."

I. Christ is all in all, as God consubstantiate with the Father.

1. At the beginning, his name was "I AM." Ere the birth of time, he was the Ancient of Days. When there were no depths, he was brought forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water; while as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world. (Prov. viii. 24—26.)

2. At the foundation of the world, Christ was all in all. O, all ye works of our Lord, set forth his praise. Shine, thou mighty sun, light up the firmament; light up the earth; thou art bright with his glory. The works of his hands shew forth his praise. Let the earth produce her streams, her forests, her mountains, her fields, her fruits, her flowers; proclaim her beauty, her fruitfulness, her grandeur; —all these are his handywork, all these are full of Christ. But let the highest heavens open, and the unseen appear. Angels and archangels that inhabit those blest abodes! whom do you sing as the author of your being, and the fountain of your bliss? You too, are the work of God's only begotten Son. "For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him and for him."

3. But not only before, and at the formation, of all things, Christ was all in all; but since, also, in the sustenance of all things. By him, all things subsist; and by the same consist. He maketh the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice. The winds are brought out of his treasuries. His clouds drop fatness. The voice of his thunder shaketh the wilderness. He looketh on the earth and it trembleth. He openeth his hand, and all things living are filled with plenteousness. He hides his

face, they are troubled. He withdraws his breath, they die, and return again to their dust. O Jesus! mighty God and Creator! we adore thy uncreated majesty and eternal glory. Thou art all in all, in heaven and earth. May that glorious Godhead which reigns above us—about us, reign within our hearts. O thou that fillest all things, satisfy us! With thee is the fountain of life and joy; let us drink, and thirst no more!

II. But Christ is all in all, not only as Creator, but as MEDIATOR, and the appointed HEAD OF THE REDEMPTION COVENANT.

We might here, with profit and delight, did time permit, review the various dispensations which have characterised different periods of the Church,—the Adamic, the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, and the Prophetical; and shew that Christ was, in all, the Alpha and the Omega; that all time has, in its revolutions, wound round him; that the Divine wisdom has been, through all ages, developing him; that amidst all the changes and chances of this world, it has been unchangeably the spring of all, to reveal and to glorify Christ. But, omitting this general view, we must confine ourselves, at present, to the consideration of our Lord Jesus Christ as all in all, in the salvation of the individual members of his church.

First, then, Christ is all in all, in the ELECTION of his people. Let me establish this from *Ephesians*, chapter i; "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ; according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love; having predesti-

nated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will." Now I know that there are some humble believers who shrink from tracing up the fulness of Christ thus far. But why? Is light less bright, at light's great source? Is the stream less pure, close by the fountain head? If the air by the side of the hill is fresh, it is fresher on the mountain's top. The belief of this doctrine, so much abused indeed by some, so needlessly feared by others, crowns Christ the "all in all" in the soul. It lays the axe at the root of human merit and dependences. Nay, rather, if the belief of other truths of God's Word has felled the tree of such confidences, this doctrine gathers the fragments and casts them into the fire. Solely on that account, do we glory in it; because it glorifies Christ. Yea, and we must glory in it. We know nothing of a gospel, which is a mere appendix to man's discoveries, which just finishes off and perfects a plan of man's drawing. The gospel we read of in the Bible, and trace in the hearts of God's people, is a peculiar gospel, neither discoverable by man's reason, nor intelligible to man's natural understanding, nor welcome to his unregenerate heart. The sum of it is, "Christ all in all."

2. Christ is all in all, in the CALL of his people. "The sheep hear his voice and follow him." Various are the seasons, various the methods, of his call. Not so, the impressions his call produces. These, though not the same in degree, are the same in kind, in all;—dissatisfaction with all things earthly, preparing the heart for the joy of Christ; deep sense of guilt, preparing the heart for the peace of Christ; practical knowledge, and bitter experience, of the

depravity of the heart, leading to dependence on the Spirit of Christ. In short, the Call of Christ is the preparation of the soul for the reception of him as "all in all;" it is Christ's hand inflicting the wound which his hand also is to heal; it is Christ awakening the soul to behold himself, —the sun and glory of a new heavens and a new earth.

3. Christ is all in all, in the sinner's JUSTIFICATION. And here we should clearly understand, what we mean by justification. The person who justifies himself, does not sue for mercy, but claims justice; does not ask that his sins may be pardoned, but denying the charge, expects to be treated as one who has never offended. When, then, a person is said to justify another, it is meant that, after having heard what was to be alleged against him, he considers the charge groundless, and that the accused deserves to be in all respects treated as innocent. In this case, he renders him, not pity, but right. How can man make out any ground for such justification before God? The law accuses him, not only of such and such actual transgressions, but charges him with a heart departed from its God, the imagination of which is evil from his youth. In vain does he plead repentance; that is but an apology for virtue. In vain would he plead comparative innocence; that is preferring a claim to less punishment. Nothing but innocence, perfect innocence, will do. His object is, to make out righteousness and to claim justification. Nothing less than this will satisfy a perfect law and a perfect God. O miserable man! stand out of the way. What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness

of the law might be fulfilled in them that believe. It pleased the Father, that in him all fulness should dwell. Peace is made through the blood of his cross. Justification is his finished perfect work. Christ here is all, and in all. In him, there is no condemnation; out of him, every charge stands against us. Man can do many great things; but to build a way between sinful man and a holy God,—that he must let alone for ever. The work requires Emmanuel—"God with us." He hath done it. Woe to him, who thinks he has not done it well, and tries to mend it. But, oh! blessed, blessed is the man, whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered, to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity; he stands faultless before the throne of God, complete in him who is the head of all principality and power.

4. In the sinner's SANCTIFICATION, Christ may be regarded as all in all. "Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and *sanctification*, and redemption." But how, it may be enquired, can Christ be the believer's sanctification? In reply, let me say that certainly,—1. Christ is not to be regarded as our sanctification, by imputation of his holiness to us. Such an idea arises from confusion of things most distinct. Justification is a work altogether without us, and is grounded on a righteousness, not inherent in us, but imputed to us. Sanctification is a work within us, consisting in a vital change in the faculties of the soul. This is not imputed, but implanted. Neither is Christ concerned in the work of sanctification by immediate agency. To convince the soul of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment,—this is the proper work of God the Holy Ghost.

Still, in no ambiguous sense, may Christ be regarded as "all in all" in the believer's sanctification. "Ye are begotten again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ." By whose blood was the precious gift of God's Holy Spirit purchased? By whom were those gifts poured out? "Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive, thou hast received gifts for men, yea, even for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." "Unto every one of us is given grace, according to the measure of the gift of Christ." Again, we may regard Christ as mainly concerned in the work of sanctification, as having, in his prophetic office, revealed that doctrine of eternal life, which the Spirit applies to the believer's heart; also, as the great example from which the Spirit copies in regenerating the soul. Indeed, to paint on the soul the image of Christ, is, in brief, the work of the Holy Ghost in sanctifying; and again, as furnishing by the love which faith in him inspires, the true motive of all evangelical obedience. The apostle explains what I mean—"The love of Christ constrains us." But perhaps poor Mary, weeping at the Saviour's feet, and wiping them with the hair of her head, will explain it best of all.

5. Christ is all in all, in securing the believer's FINAL PERSEVERANCE. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." "This is the Father's will, which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me, I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day." "We have a strong consolation, who have fled

for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us; which hope we have, as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast." Now, then, take up the challenge of the apostle, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

6. Lastly, Christ as one with the Father and the Holy Ghost, will be all in all, in the believer's FINAL FELICITY. There are few believers, I imagine, whose ideas of heaven are not summed up in that one precious word, "CHRIST." To know him in part, is the heaven of earth. To know him fully, to love him perfectly, will be the heaven of heaven. There must, now, be some shades of night; for Jesus' face and love come to us only reflected in faith's dark glass; but—he comes, and then all will be light. At his right hand, we might be sure, if we were not told, there must be pleasure for evermore. In his presence there must be fulness of joy. O heavenly city! divine abode! of which God is the light, and the Lamb the glory! . . . .

I. Is it the declension of grace you fear? "Abide in me." "From me is thy fruit found." Look off from all things, to Christ. In him is treasured up all grace. We go to other treasures, and find they contain nothing. . . .

II. Is it the unkindness of the world? Not only, in the day, does the plant thrive, when the blossom expands; the night, contracting the blossom, preserves the seed. . . . .

III. Is it the more piercing unkindness of Christian friends? . . . .

IV. You find a growing sense of the vanity of earthly things which moderates all your joy. It is well. . . . . Little things help the wing while it is weak, and support

the child who otherwise might fall. But as your sight becomes enlarged, the smaller will all earthly objects appear. As your taste is more refined, the more will you hunger for the true bread. . . . .

VI.

2 Thessalonians i. 10.

"WHEN HE SHALL COME, TO BE GLORIFIED IN HIS SAINTS, AND TO BE ADMIRED IN ALL THEM THAT BELIEVE."

Because sentence against an evil work is not speedily executed, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil. In the unregenerate, delay of judgment encourages the vain confidence of final impunity. They mistake God's long-suffering for indifference.

The same delay oftentimes creates no small amazement in the hearts of God's saints. "Lord, how long?" they cry, "how long shall the enemy triumph?" How long shall wrong thus triumph, and thy saints thus suffer? It is time, it is time that thou lay to thine hand. Yea, the time is come. Behold, behold our desolate heritages! Avenge thine elect that cry unto Thee.

Let both hear the Word of God. "He shall come." "He shall come." The word declares it. The everlasting hills have trembled; the pillars of heaven have been shaken; the foundations of the deep have been broken up; but

when did the purpose of God ever shake? When was his Word known to fail? "He shall come;" and with him the grand assize, the proof, the issue of all things, judgment, heaven, hell. Oh! that there were such an heart in men, that they would consider these things while mercy rules.

I. Weigh these words. "He shall come."

Who shall come? Jesus shall come. Jesus, who died that you might live. Jesus, whose blood cleanses from all sin. Jesus, the merciful Saviour. Jesus shall come. Jesus, at whose name archangels bow, whose sceptre all kingdoms obey. Jesus, the mighty God!

How shall he come? Not, as once, in lowly manhood. Not, as once, when cradled in a manger. Not, as once, with the extended branch of peace. But in majesty, in power, in glory, with the clouds of heaven and his holy angels and his chariot-wheels of burning flame, with the sword upon his thigh and his garments dyed in blood;—to the valley of decision; for ever to settle the controversy, to send forth judgment unto victory, to bruise finally the serpent's head, and overthrow the gates of hell.

When shall he come? When men have become lovers of themselves, despisers of authority. When infidelity is mad; vice, bold and triumphant. When his people's love is waxing cold; when their hearts begin to faint and fear; while scoffers ask, "Where is the promise of his coming?" Then will he come.—Without notice; unexpected, like the lightning that flashes across the heavens. He shall come, and bring his judgment with him.

II. But we turn from the judgment of condemnation, to contemplate that eternal and exceeding weight of glory

which he shall, at his coming, bring to his people. And here—

1. Attend to the CHARACTER of these. They are "*saints;*" they are "*Those that believe.*" Here is the principle, and its operation. Here is the tree, and its fruits. Here is the basis, and the superstructure,—faith and sanctification. *They believe;*—believe the Word of God, its testimony concerning God, themselves, Jesus, judgment. They assent to these truths with their understanding, consent to them with their hearts, and conform to them in their lives. *They are saints.* Born again, not of the will of man, nor of the will of the flesh, but of God. This new birth had enrolled them citizens of heaven. Their treasure and their affection had been above. Their way had been the way of holiness. Their aim, eternal glory.

2. Attend, next, to the unspeakable GLORY AND BLESSEDNESS that await such at Jesu's appearing. "He comes to be glorified in his saints."

No creature can add to the essential glory of God—that is, the brightness of his attributes combined into a light of perfection, which is the sun of the whole universe. But each creature may, acting in conformity with the law of its creation, exhibit the Divine wisdom, goodness, and power; and thus, not increase, so much as manifest his glory. In this sense, Christ at his coming, is to be glorified in his saints.

They shall manifest *His sovereignty.* They are saved by the exercise of prerogative. Who could have repealed the law which consigned them to death, but the same power that made it? Who could have chosen them in preference to others, but he in whom rested the right of dominion

over, and disposal of, all creatures? In them, Jesus stands confessed Lord and King, the only potentate, working all things after the counsel of his own will.

They shall manifest *His wisdom*. Wisdom is finally to be justified of all her children. Much mystery now hangs over wisdom's ways. The methods of God's discipline are now hard to be understood, and liable to be misrepresented. But the end will drive away all mists. When it is seen that these methods have gathered the elect of every clime into one fold, into one heaven,—when they are seen, a goodly company at Jesu's right hand,—wisdom will break out as a sun, and fling from its beams all clouds.

They shall manifest *His grace and mercy*. Who are those that now throng the throne of glory? Whence did they come? Where were they found? Found in their blood, found amid the husks and swine, found amid publicans and sinners, found amid pharisees and hypocrites. They are come from Egypt. They are snatched from the fire. They were children of the devil. O! wondrous grace!—They are now the sons of God.—They are now the heirs of glory—joint heirs with Christ.

They shall manifest *His truth and holiness*. He was pledged to redeem them, and to bring many sons unto glory. He has redeemed them. They have been brought through the great and perilous wilderness. The sea opposed them, and was driven back. Mountains opposed them, and were shaken. Drought threatened, and rocks were made to flow. Famine threatened, and the heavens dropped manna. Mighty kings opposed their way, and were scattered. They are come from the wilderness of the world. They have escaped from the kingdom of dark-

ness. They have passed the valley of the shadow of death. And now they stand robed in his Everlasting Righteousness, conformed to his glorious image, and partakers of his everlasting reign.

Such honour have all his saints.

III. "To be admired in all them that believe." Eternal employments now begin. To admire Jesus, and God in him. Now, for the first time, his eternal Godhead is understood. In the days of their flesh, they longed to know somewhat of this, and were permitted to catch, here and there, a glimpse in the dark glass of their natural senses. But now it is seen in those goings which have been of old, from everlasting. Now they see the state and circumstance of his heavenly abode. Now, they behold the unapproachable light, in which he is clad. The beauties of his holiness now appear transcendent, above all the shining hosts that surround his throne. They now find themselves in a temple, of which his essential Glory is the light, and in which his name, with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, is only adored. They admire the king in his beauty. They now, for the first time, understand the graciousness of his manhood. What! did he—he whose majesty thus fills heaven, he to whom archangels thus minister, he whose praise is the melody of heaven, he whose word is the law of worlds;—did he sojourn with wretched man? Did he draw in our polluted air? Did he, with those feet that now tread down the stars, tread our dusty earth? Did he know our griefs and sorrows? Is this the same that bled on Calvary? The same! the same! That shoulder, that holds the government, once supported a cross. Those lips, that now fix the doom of men and angels, once prayed in

agonies. Those brows, that are now glorious with the crown, once wept blood.

Oh! What admiration fills them! What amazement! What delight! What love! Eternal life is begun. They see Him as he is. This is heaven. The heaven for which they fought and groaned, is come at last, and come for ever.

In conclusion—Examine yourselves.

Do you believe, with the faith of his people? Why judge you so? It is a great thing to believe. Professing faith is the cheapest of drugs; real faith, rarer than gold. Do you distinguish, do you winnow yourself with the fan of God's Word? Try—

To believe. It is to have stood as a criminal at the bar of God's righteous judgment. It is to have received within yourself the sentence of death. Is this your case? Or do you think your unblemished life may spare you this humiliation and pain? But,—not to contend about degrees of self-condemnation and godly sorrow,—does yours drive you, as blind, naked, wretched, miserable, to Jesus Christ, to be freely pardoned? A less degree than this, is not saving.

To believe. It is to live on Christ, to have cast the soul upon his mercies, to have rested all our hopes of life on his atoning blood, to look to his help alone for salvation, to regard him as the author and finisher of our faith.

To believe. It is to be dead with Christ and alive again unto God, to have arisen in the power of a spiritual life, to have put on the new man. In a word—*to be a saint.*

Start not at the term. Are you a saint? If not, you have never believed, you are yet in your sins. But you judge yourself to be a saint, or humbly trust you are. I

trust so too, but would not have you deceived. Why do you thus judge? "You have been sprinkled with holy water, you worship in a holy house, you bear a holy name, you profess a holy faith." Great privileges indeed, but not graces. Great pledges to holiness, but not of its essence. He is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision, which is outward in the flesh; but he is a Jew, which is one inwardly; and circumcision is of the heart, in the spirit, whose praise is not of men, but of God. Are you a new man? In what respects? It is not a name, but a substance, a visible, tangible, thing. Does it shew itself in deadness to the world, in devotion to God? Does it cry and wrestle in prayer? Does it wait in patience? Does it bow in humility? Does it mourn in penitential sorrow? Does it burn in zeal? Does it labour in love? Does it overcome in temptation? Does it look for rest, and long for heaven? (And what is a saint, if it be not this?) If not. Then how will you stand, where will you appear, when "He shall come?" You may brave it out now; numbers and power, antiquity and opinion, shelter and defend you. But then, when every defence will be thrown down, when all that is of the world will reel and fall, then, how will you stand? Or, if you cannot stand, where will you fly? Oh! hear! hear the voice that calls! Why will ye die? Now, fly to the strongholds, yield yourselves to the Gospel of Christ, unreservedly yield, before this great salvation issues in a great destruction. Believe, and be sanctified. Receive Christ as your wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption. Do this, and live!

But you have believed; Christ is your righteousness;

and you are drawing sanctification from the grace of his Spirit. Oh! then, what stirring motives, what cheering consolations, are here offered you! "He shall come, to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe." How stirring the motive here set before you! Oh, that we could realise these things more, that those powers of the world to come were more powerfully felt! Is it indeed so? Is it to this, we are appointed? Are we thus vessels of honour, vessels of glory? Has divine grace so distinguished, so exalted us? What! Christ to be glorified in us, to be admired in us! Wonderful truth! Why not more acted upon as truth? Oh, slow of heart to believe! What is it that now so fetters the children of so glorious a liberty? Why are they not now more in freedom? Why are we not now more conspicuously holy, more eminently devoted? Why always in the valley of sorrows, doubts, and fears? Why not, even now, oftener on the mount, communing with God, and by faith forestalling this eternal weight of glory? We are straitened in ourselves. We are afraid to venture on the promises of God. We shrink from self-denial. We love carnal ease. Let us awake! Let us arise! Oh, let us glorify him now! Let us admire him now! Now, before and in the face of an evil and adulterous generation, let us reflect his light, confess his name, do his works, manifest his praise, and thus let it be seen that we are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a peculiar people.

What cheering consolations are here held out! He shall come, to be glorified in you, to be admired in you. He SHALL COME. Yes, there shall be a period to your contest. Victory is at hand. There shall be a period to your race.

The goal is near. Sin shall not always infest and trouble you.—"He shall come," and with him, perfect holiness. Sorrow shall not always depress you.—"He shall come," and with him perfect bliss. Fear of change shall not always disquiet you.—"He shall come," and with him, an eternal day and endless life. You shall not always have to complain that you cannot glorify him worthily, that you cannot admire him duly. Oh, no!—"He shall come," and you shall arise with body and spirit glorified. Then, your heaven begins. Then, you shall for ever attend his throne, do his will, manifest his glory. You shall then, in his presence, taste his joys. You shall, then, be for ever free, and for ever happy.

VII.

LUKE XXII. 42.

"NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE, BE DONE."

So prayed our blessed Redeemer, in the depth of his agonies in Gethsemane. So we pray daily, but, it is to be feared, with many reserves, with too little sincerity. What enemies are we to our own peace! Insubjection of will is our only real trouble. Why will we so pertinaciously cherish this viper in our bosom? Do we believe that by his will, God hath begotten us, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of his creatures, a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a peculiar people? Do we believe, that

by his will we have been brought to Zion, and an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly of the church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away? And do we believe, that the way to this unspeakable bliss was laid in the death of God's only-begotten Son, that we have been redeemed, not with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without spot and without blemish? Do we believe that the will of God has done these things for us; and yet, do we perversely repine at, and contend with, that gracious will? Alas! we do, too—too often.

Perhaps, God has, in his infinite wisdom, allotted us a weak and unhealthy frame of body. In this case, how often are we tempted to murmur and repine. How strange is this, we think. If permitted, I could now, by Divine grace, be made a blessing to my fellow-creatures; I might administer comfort to their bodies, and medicine to their souls; how sweet, how useful, an employment would this be; but for what am I now fit; stretched upon the bed of sickness, I am a burden to the kindness of others, and a weariness to myself; how happy their lot, who, on each returning day, go forth as the sun to run their course, spreading light and warmth and every blessing to all around them, and above all, by their good works glorifying their Father which is in heaven. O upstart will! Why these perverse reasonings? Is it not as useful, to suffer the will of God, as to do it? May not God be as much glorified by patience as by activity? Behold, to obey, is better than sacrifice, and to hearken, than the fat of lambs.

But is it not part of our folly, that we exaggerate the evils of our condition? Can we not, in sickness, work for God? Is prayer no work? Is self-examination no work? Are joy, peace, long-suffering, meekness, no works? Submit yourselves to God's gracious will. Sick hours are, properly understood, heavenly hours.—During sleepless nights, to converse with Christ, and feel the blessed presence of his Spirit keeping the soul in peace.—During painful days, to find God our health, and strength, and support,—when there is every thing from without to depress the spirits, to find the eternal springs of comfort fresh with comfortable hopes and joys. These are the blessed fruits of sickness, even while its hand is heavy on us. But, when God is pleased to remove his chastening rod, what peaceable fruits does it yield to them that have been exercised thereby. How much self-ignorance, how much unbelief, how much worldly-mindedness, how much asperity, do we leave behind us in the bed of sickness. How much more faith, simplicity, humility, charity, do we bring from it. Blessed will of God! If the cup of God may not pass from us except we drink it, thy will, not ours, be done!

II. It is possible that God has fixed the bounds of your habitation in a sphere which does not appear to give scope to your gifts and graces. You are, perhaps, tempted to think that the circle which you are appointed to fill, is too confined; that God has qualified you for a station of more consequence in his church. And this feeling, though it does not break out into open complaint, often disturbs your peace, and throws stumbling-blocks in your way. O vain man! how plain is it, that God is dealing graciously

with you. If you had your heart's desire, if Satan were permitted to carry you to a pinnacle of the temple, how soon would you presumptuously cast yourself down. Better is the will of your gracious God, than your own. His discipline is good. Let humility and faith cultivate the ground which the good husbandman commits to you—thankful that you have any place in his vineyard. If thou dost so, and it is good for thee, thou mayest expect preferment—more labour, more suffering, and more glory. Meanwhile, with all submission, labour where God has placed you; praying that his, not your own, will may be done.

III. But there are others, who as much resist the will of God that calls them to a post of greater labour and consequence, as the former class do, that which fixes them in what they vainly think too narrow a sphere. These, like Moses, would rather feed their flock in the retirement of the desert, than be placed at the head of the many thousands in Israel; they would therefore, like Moses, excuse themselves;—they have no gifts, no parts, no strength, equal to the exalted undertaking; they pray God, by some other better qualified, to lead forth his people Israel; they fear that they shall but bring disgrace upon the cause of Christ, if they take a prominent part in its defence. Contend not with the will of God. Follow the leadings of his providence. He who calls, will qualify. He who commands, will give strength to obey. Resist not his will. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." His grace is sufficient for you. He loves, with broken reeds, to demolish the strong-holds of the enemy, that the excellency of the power may be

known to be of Him, and not of man. Blessed God! thy will is good; thy will, not ours, be done.

IV. Perhaps God has seen fit to break up, by some unexpected blow, all the plans of usefulness and improvement which you had proposed to yourself. An unexpected death, or an unexpected removal, or some other dispensation, has altered the whole complexion of your affairs. The little circle of religious comforts which you had, in imagination, formed around yourself, is abruptly broken in upon; and, at the very moment when you were dreaming of sitting under the shade of your gourd, a worm preys upon its root; your comforts fly, your strong-holds fall, the well that you had digged has dried up. Such dispensations, the will of God often brings upon his servants. But it is enough that they are his dispensations, that they do flow from his will. Their design is mercy. In the plans, that we had so fondly formed, it is possible we were quite right in the end which we proposed to ourselves, but quite ignorant of the means most likely to secure it. We had resolved to grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ; and yet, with that good resolution, were in all likelihood, choosing that very way which would have seduced us from God instead of leading us to him, fixed us to earth instead of weaning us from it, tied the bands of earthly connections closer instead of dissolving them. In short, the devil was about to cheat us with a heaven upon earth—an earthly heaven—a heaven of creature comforts. But God is too watchful for our good, to permit it. His will, at once, anticipates the danger, and rescues us from the silken snare. If, then, such visitations have overtaken us, let us possess our souls in faith and

patience. Let us, though it be from broken hearts, and with streaming eyes, pray, "Thy will, O God, not mine, be done."

V. There may be others amongst us, whom the will of God, tries, by withholding much of the sensible comfort of religion. They have now been long mourning, weeping, praying, striving; and yet seem hardly to have touched the hem of the Saviour's garment, hardly to have eaten of the crumbs that fall under his table. They pant for the peace of God in Christ, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks; but hope deferred almost maketh their heart sick. Fears possess at times their souls; they know not how to interpret God's seeming rejection of their prayers. Hath he cast them off? Hath he hid his face from them in displeasure? Fear not, broken heart! Christ is with thee, though thou perceivest it not. Your prayers, your tears, your longings, are all the fruits of grace. Some wise reason governs the will of your heavenly Father, in withholding from you the sensible degree of assurance, you desire. Perhaps, if your prayers were answered, you would cease to pray; if your longings were filled, you would long no more. Or, perhaps, you are one of those *last*, who shall be made *first*. Remember, for your comfort, that if many tears are on your face, there is the more work for Jesu's hand. Go on, then, sowing, though it be in tears, and cry, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

VI. Others, the will of God is perhaps proving, by withdrawing a large portion of their worldly comforts. From some fluctuations in trade, or from some of the various changes that affect the value of property, or from

other causes, we find ourselves in a situation very different from what we have been accustomed to; our means of comfort, our powers of doing good, are abridged; a thousand schemes which we had planned, are at once dissolved; a rigid economy has become necessary; a self-denial must be exercised in all the little details of personal and domestic expenditure. We find it difficult to bow our wills; the change is far more uneasy to us than we anticipated. We fancy that the tendency of straitened means is to cramp the mind. A great many little irritations occur, which try the temper, to which we were before strangers. If the change affected ourselves only, it might be more easily borne, but it extends through so many ramifications, it has so important an effect on our children and other relatives, on our neighbours, our influence amongst them, and kind offices to them. And do we thus contend with God? Does not the truth now appear? Is it not plainly seen, how firmly the creature had hold of our hearts?—how unjust a value we had attached to money, station, and their appurtenances,—how little we had realised self-denial,—how far our affections were, from being fixed on things above,—how little were our shoulders accustomed to the cross. Though God has now excluded us from large donations, from the liberal distribution of alms, from hospitable entertainment of friends, are we excluded from prayer; may not our exercise of patience, benefit their souls; may not God be more glorified by the mite which we now spare out of our poverty, than by the large gifts which formerly, out of our abundance, we cast into the treasury? Though we are now forbidden to entertain high and great thoughts for our children, yet are not many sources of temptation

removed? May we not rear them up for the service of God, more safely, in the school of adversity? Is there any respect of persons with God? Does he measure excellence by the the station in which it appears? Is not grace as precious in his sight, in the tanner's house at Joppa, as in the royal pavilion of David? Submit to the will of God! The crosses of which you complain are links in that chain of means by which he attaches you to Christ and heaven. The great day will explain all. Meanwhile pray, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

VII. Perhaps, God's will requires our life, and we find it hard to bend to his dispensations. We are young; bright visions of happiness open before us; we have formed attachments tender and virtuous; a fair field of exertion appears to lie open before us. How severe the stroke that is to sever, at once, all these links. O foolish will, to be thus opposed to God's tenderest mercies! Why so unwilling to leave an earth of sorrow and sighing and sin, and to enter into the joy of your Lord? Can you be better employed, than in glorifying God? Is it not your greatest grief, that you do that so imperfectly here? Then, why refuse to go there, where you shall do the will of God even as it is done in heaven? And why speak of earthly attachments? What can you desire more, than to know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge, to see him face to face, to see him as he is. What earthly attachment can be put in comparison or competition with this? And as for your visions of happiness. How soon would the realities of life dissolve them! Why wish to live, to experience that all is vanity and vexation of spirit? The time so spent—would it not be more sweetly employed,

in realising those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

But, perhaps, we are in a different stage of life—advanced to that period when connections of the deepest kind, and interests of the last importance, have been formed. Wedlock has bound us in its sacred bond. Children expect instruction and support from us. Our death will pierce many hearts with wounds, and expose many to the evils of unprotected weakness and want. Therefore; although we would, ourselves, be content to depart, and be with Christ; yet, for others, it seems better that we should remain. But why dispute with God? If it were better, then he would not call upon you to surrender your life. O, that we had faith as a grain of mustard seed! How quickly, then, would vanish all these doubts and fears! Can we not commit our husbands, or wives, or children, and all their concerns, to the heavenly Father reconciled to us in Christ? Does not his Spirit bear witness with our spirit, when we slight not his suggestions by unbelief, that he takes charge of them, that he will provide for their want, that he will be unto them a sun and a shield, that he will do for them more exceeding abundantly than we can either ask or think?

O, then, let us enter the valley of the shadow of death, if it be our gracious Father's will! Let us gladly ungird our harness, and enter into our rest. If we have followed the good shepherd through the evils of the world, let us not draw back when his voice calls us to lie down in the green pastures, and to drink the still water of everlasting joys.

VIII.*

MATTHEW VI. 9.

"AFTER THIS MANNER THEREFORE PRAY YE."

INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS.—Abundance of prayers daily poured forth on worldly occasions, whilst few in comparison pray to God. The sick cry to the physician; the poor, to the wealthy; the ignorant, to the learned; the child, to its mother; the friend, to his friend, &c. But few cry in earnest, to the God of mercies.

I. DUTY OF PRAYER. As far as commandment goes, the following texts command the duty, though in the gentle form:—Luke xi. 1—13; Luke xviii. 1—7; Rom. xii. 12; Col. iv. 2; Eph. vi. 18; 1 Thess. v. 17; 1 Peter iv. 7; Phil. iv. 6; James i. 5; James v. 13.

The *privilege* of a Christian is a *command* to an unbeliever. These encouragements to prayer, and practical rules for its fulfilment, while they are a comfort to God's true people, are still the terrors of the law to those whom the law has not yet brought to Christ.

II. REASONS OF THE DUTY:—

1. That we might acknowledge the property that God hath in the gifts he bestows upon us; otherwise we should forget the tenure, on which we hold the blessings we receive from his hand. The tendency of man's heart is to self-sufficiency and independency. Prayer is intended to

* From Notes of a week-day Lecture, entered in a Journal of 3rd November 1831.

school him in dependence upon his chief good. Hence Christians' prayers are not answered all at once; nor so soon, oft-times, as they expect. It is good for them, too, to gather their manna day by day.

2. That we might acquaint ourselves with God. (Job xxii. 21.) "Acquaint now thyself with God, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee." Acquaintance grows by conversation.

3. Prayer is the way to keep the heart. We are not used to offend those, into whose presence we are constantly going to ask favours. Besides, coming often into God's presence, breeds a holy awe and a fervent love, whereby we are inclined to please him in all things, and are made fearful of offending him.

III. Excellency, or the power and efficacy of Prayer. Exod. iii. 7, compared with Exod. ii. 23, 24; Exod. xvii. 8—13; Joshua x. 12, 13; 1 Sam. xii. 17, 18; 2 Kings xix. xx.; 2 Chron. xx.; Dan. ix. 20—23, &c.

Conclusion.—The weakness, imbecility, and frailty, of man,—an argument for his seeking the arm and help of Omnipotence. The ignorance, doubt, uncertainty, of man,—an argument for his seeking the wisdom and counsel of the Omniscient. The faithlessness, treachery, and deceptions, of the world,—an argument for seeking the All-faithful and true God.

God's readiness to hear.

Mediation of Christ.

Invitation to sinners, to come in prayer to the reconciled Father.

IX.*

MATTHEW VI. 9.

"AFTER THIS MANNER THEREFORE PRAY YE: OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.—Prayer, first sign of grace and life in the soul. It is the earliest dawn of the gospel day in the heart. It is the unsealing of the fountain of life. It is the first breath of the coming spring—of righteousness and true holiness. Disinclination to, and neglect of, prayer—worst symptom in the unregenerate heart. Misery and danger of the man that does not pray. Encouragement, which the text holds out, to prayer. "FATHER." Tenderness of that name. *(Amplify and enlarge on this.)* How ought this title to encourage us to prayer—to pray in faith and confidence. Various grounds of God's paternity, which the Scriptures reveal.

1. HE IS OUR FATHER BY CREATION. *Job* xxxviii. where the creation of men, natural agents, gives to God, the title of Father. Still more properly, therefore, is he styled in *Heb.* xii. 9, the *Father of Spirits;* and men, his rational creatures, in *Acts* xvii. 28, his *offspring;* and Adam, in *Luke* iii. 38, the *Son of God.* In *Malachi* ii. 10. it is enquired, "Have we not all one Father? hath not one God created us?"

2. BY PRESERVATION. The education of a child, and constant supply of all his wants, is, as it were, a con-

* From the before-mentioned Journal—16th November 1831.

tinual renewal of the relationship of father. *(Enlarge on this head.)* How tender that paternity, which has preserved us under the thousand dangers and trials, to which we are exposed, &c.

3. By Redemption. (Deut. xxxii. 6; Isa. xliv. 24; Isa. lxiii. 16.) Much more, then, is the redemption from sin and misery, which God wrought for us in Christ, a proper ground of paternity. *(Enlarge on the tenderness of the heavenly Father's love, as exemplified in the price paid for our redemption. And take occasion to preach "Christ crucified.")*

4. By Regeneration. (James i. 17, 18; 1 John v. 1; John i. 12; Eph. ii. 10, &c.) *(Take occasion both to exalt the love of God, as our Father, shewn in sanctification; and also to preach that holiness, without which no man must see the Lord.)*

5. By the Resurrection from the dead. (Luke xx. 35, 36; Rom. viii. 17—23; Psalm ii. 7; Acts xiii. 33.)

6. By Adoption. (Eph. i. 5, 6; Rom. viii. 15.)

"*Our* Father." The whole church of Christ should be remembered in our prayers; and those graces and gifts, sought and desired, which tend most to the edification and comfort of his whole body, of which each individual Christian forms a member. (Gal. iii. 28; Eph. iv. 1—6; John xvii. 21, 22, 23; 1 Cor. xii. *passim.*)

"*Which art in heaven.*" Earth, the world, carnal affections, sorrows, disappointments, all are to be laid aside, and our hearts to ascend to heaven, where is the dwelling place of our Father—where is the throne of grace—where Christ sitteth, exalted at the right hand of God, a merciful High Priest—where is the heavenly city and

the inheritance reserved. *(Enlarge on each of these subjects.)*

RESULT OF THE WHOLE.—An earnest call to prayer, on the ground of God's paternal character and readiness to hear. (Luke xi. 9—12.)

X.

ROMANS XII. 12.

"CONTINUING INSTANT IN PRAYER."

THIS morning, I enjoyed the privilege of dwelling on the blessedness of prayer, with the view of encouraging myself and others, to press forward with renewed ardour, and to persevere with increased patience, in that altogether Divine work. I would now, as God may enable me, endeavour to remove one of the many hindrances which keep us from drawing near the mercy-seat, with that holy assurance of hope which ensures a blessing. This hindrance, is a lurking misgiving as to God's hearing and answering our petitions, an unbelief which we do not confess—we should be ashamed to do so—but whose secret operations do, in point of fact, render our prayers less frequent and less prevailing. In opposition to this hindrance, I propose offering a few observations on the various methods in which God answers the prayers of his people.

I. It is possible, then, that I shall meet the very trials

of some who hear me, when I observe, first, that our gracious Father, in answering prayer frequently seems to delay long. I use the words advisedly,—"*seems* to delay long." Far be from our hearts, the thought that he can really delay, that he who rideth upon the heavens in the help of his people can really disappoint them. Oh, no! The poor Syrophœnician woman, when he answered her not a word at her first request, thought the Saviour delayed. When, in answer to her second petition, he replied, "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it unto the dogs;" it cost her much, not to think the delay unkind. But, when the gracious Saviour at last said, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt," she understood then, that love was increasing the favour which it seemed to withhold.

Martha and Mary, very possibly, might have thought that Jesus delayed, when, after hearing of Lazarus' death, he abode two days still in the same place. What! not come to visit us in our affliction! What! suffer his friend Lazarus to be laid in the tomb, without hastening to share the pious grief which embalmed his memory! This seemed unlike the tender Saviour. This seemed like delay. But when Lazarus came forth from the bed of corruption, at his commanding voice; then, the glory of the power and compassion, which apparent tardiness had rendered so illustrious, compelled them to acknowledge "He doeth all things well," we are glad he did not come before.

How severely did the apparent delays of God's providence, try even faithful Abraham. When, at the call of God, he had departed from Haran at seventy-five years of age, God had promised that, in him and his seed, all the families of the earth should be blessed. Long, did the

man of God live upon this promise. At last, even Abraham's faith, for a moment, staggers—"And Abram said, Lord God, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless, and the steward of my house is this Eliezer of Damascus; and Abram said, behold to me thou hast given no seed, and lo, one born in my house is mine heir." God then confirms his faith with a new promise. Still he delays. And Isaac is not born, till Abraham is a hundred years old. Twenty-five years, did Abraham live by promise. But how precious to himself, this apparent delay. How had this blessing withheld, kept him waiting upon his God; how had it chastened and humbled him; how had the trial strengthened his faith, and exercised his patience. And when the gift did come, how plainly did all appear God's doing. How marvellous was it in his eyes. What blessed fruits of active obedience, did it produce in his soul. Afterwards, when God did tempt Abraham, he withheld not his son, even his only son from him. No, he knew that he, whose power had given him against all hope, could by the same power restore, even from the dead. He staggered not through unbelief. Are there, then, any present, almost fainting under God's delays, who have long had some object near their hearts—oh, that they had more *such objects!*—who cannot reconcile providences and promises? Let them not be dismayed. Behold, we count them happy who endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy.

II. The next observation I have to make, will tend to strengthen you in hope and patience, under delay. It is this. That our gracious God commonly grants many

blessings at once. It is, in heavenly things, as in earthly; —after the night, not a ray, but a sun; after a drought, not a drop, but a flood. God delights in producing, in answer to prayers, sudden and great changes. Sorrow is exchanged for joy. For perplexity we have settled counsels; for persecutions—favour. Opportunities of usefulness open where we never expected. We prosper where we had most despaired. We fill the house of our pilgrimage with songs of deliverance. Mercy encompasseth us on every side.

Waiting soul! then wait on in patience. Soon—you know not how soon—your soul shall be more than satisfied, your cup shall run over. How knowest thou, but it shall be with thee as with Samaria;—one day, such was the scarcity, that neither the barnfloor nor the winepress yielded bare sustenance; the next day, a measure of fine flour was sold for a shekel in the gates of Samaria. Do as Jehoshaphat did in the wilderness; he dug the valley full of trenches, when not a drop of water was to be seen, in faith on the promise of the Lord; and the water, in due season, filled the trenches. Have faith, I say, in the Lord. He will bring it, he is bringing it—even his mercy —to pass.

III. I remark, in the third place, that God seldom takes *our* method in answering prayer.

1. With regard to the formation of grace in the soul. We pray for faith, and imagine that it is to descend, with a kind of gentle illapse, into the soul. It comes. We attempt to lean on props. God knocks the staff from under us. Do we fall? No; but faith supports us. We are thinking of sailing to heaven in a calm. God raises

a great tempest, and breaks the ship, and tosses us into the waves. Do we sink? No. But faith saves us.

We pray for charity,—We pray to *love*. God makes us parties in distressing scenes. God suffers us to be wronged. Then bids us love.

We pray for humility. God does not over-rule some leading infirmity of our heart. We stumble and fall; and in the midst of sorrow and shame, humility is formed.

2. With regard to happiness. We form our plans of happiness, settle our relations around us, choose the most delightful friends. Imagination pictures a rare exception to human sorrows and woes. Suddenly, all is broken up and scattered. A child dies, a friend removes, our own abode is unfixed. And are we unhappy? No. We wished to dwell in our own house; but we must dwell in houses we have not builded. We wished to drink of our own wells; but we must drink of wells that we have not digged. We wished to pluck fruit from our own vineyard; but we must take it from one which we have not planted. God very commonly, as tribulation abounds, makes our consolations to abound. Is any among you afflicted? I had almost said—I do say—your joy is at hand. He is near, that will bind up your heart. Your prayers are heard. Out of this cloud, you shall hear the voice—"Thou art my beloved Son."

3. With regard to supplies in times of exigency. We pray to have our wants supplied. We think, that is a quarter whence help will come. But wofully are we disappointed. No help appears. In this person, we say, we shall find a friend. He is removed, or dies, or is too

much occupied. No help appears. Yet help shall come—come, so that we shall say, "the Lord hath done it." His hand is not shortened that it cannot save. O, short-sighted believer! when you have wearied yourself to find the way, prayer shall find an unseen hand and an unseen door, and you shall go in and out and find abundance.

IV. Lastly. God in his answers to prayer, disciplines the soul to entire resignation to his will:—

1. By granting such things as we desired, and find not good when obtained. How often, when we expected pleasure, we have found pain. How often has that which we thought would prove a help, proved an incumbrance. A viper has sprung out of the fire at which we warmed ourselves. Where are the trials which yield us most pain? Are they not found amongst the things which we determined, with impatience, to have. God gave them, and has sent leanness withal into our souls. Oh! then, prescribe not unto the Lord. Surrender all to him. How anxious were they of Cæsarea to keep Paul among them. But when it might not be, they resigned him, saying—"The will of the Lord be done." Remember to bless God for what he does not give. Do not cease to be instant in prayer, because he withholds that which is not good, or what is not good for you.

2. By giving things we did not desire, yet find to be good. How often does a blessing appear, which, from the very fulness of its mercy, startles us. Our unbelieving hearts (are amazed) that any thing so excellent should have come, so perfectly unasked or unexpected. This is to shew us, that God knows better than we, what is good. He

would thus encourage us to trust him when he withholds.

. . . . Many clouds left about the throne of grace, to be cleared at that day when we shall see face to face in Zion. . . . .

. . . . The unbeliever exhorted, not to continue instant in *his* prayer. . . . .

THE END.

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